

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

Office at 434 Main Street.

\$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912.

(Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office,
as second-class matter.)

NO. 34

Woburn Journal.

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From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

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John G. Maguire,

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Two Waifs

Philanthropy Made Them

Valued Citizens

By F. A. MITCHEL

"You've got a mudder?"

"No."

"Fadder?"

"No."

"I haven't nolder."

This dialogue took place between two

little street waifs, both selling newspa-

pers, the names of which they shouted,

the boy in a stentorian voice that could

not have been expected to be contained

in so small a body. He was about

twelve and the other, a girl, nine. Both

had been started out from their nar-

row abodes as soon as they were old

enough to do anything to help their re-

spective families as news agents; both

lost their protectors and pursued the

only method of keeping body and soul

together they had learned.

"What's your name?" asked the boy.

"Bet."

"Hain't you's got anudder name?"

"Dunno."

"Didn't you's fadder have anudder

name?"

"Heurn 'em callin' him Sims. What's

your name?"

"I'm Jack-Jack Wright—I reckon.

That's what they called me fadder."

Jack and Bet met frequently on the

same corner and when trade was dull

would talk over their affairs. Neither

had a home. Sometimes Jack would

sleep on a bench in a park and occa-

sionally when the night was chilly

would steal into some stable and mount

to the hay, where he would wrap him-

self in the soft, warm bed of hay. Be-

ing a provident child, he expended

nothing for lodging in summer, know-

ing that he must save his money in

order to sleep in the newsboys' home

in winter. As for Bet, a washwoman,

who had a room in a tenement house

where she lived with three children,

gave the child a lodging on some bed-

ding in a corner, which Bet paid for

by minding her little ones while the

mother delivered the laundry.

One morning when the two waifs

met on the street corner where they

sold papers Bet told Jack that she had

lost her home. The woman with

whom she had lodged had died and

the children had been taken away.

Bet didn't know what to do for a

place to sleep. Jack said he had made

friends with a colored coachman, who

let him sleep in a hayloft. Some-

times he would steal down to the

coach room and luxuriate on the cushions.

He offered to see what he could

do to extend the accommodations to

Bet. Bet said she thought that would

be fine.

That evening Jack took his little

pal to the stable and asked Ben, the

coachman, if she might sleep there.

Ben, who was an elderly man with a

very kind heart, was inclined to grant

the request.

"Air you children old enough to

know what marryin' means?"

"Yes," replied Jack. "That means

keepin' house together."

Ben shook his head. He brought

his brain to bear on the subject with

the following result:

"Yo' hain't nothin' but chillen no-

how, but anyway I hain't gwine to

let yo' in here without yo' get mar-

ried."

"How we do kin?" asked Jack.

"I reckon I kin marry yo'. I'm a

pa'son. I war pa'son ob de old colo'ed

church in Richmond."

This meant nothing to the children

except that Ben could marry them.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The summer dwellers in the Billerica Woods, Pinehurst, and regions thereabout, had a 4th of July celebration yesterday which consisted of a street parade, unique dress display, a Goddess of Liberty, and incidents; but there was none in Woburn of a general character.

The City Fathers generously appropriated money for a Band Concert, Baseball games, and a fine entertainment for the children. The Wincheater celebration attracted a large number of Woburn people especially to see the fireworks in the evening; but a good share of our population went to Boston, the Beaches, yachting, to ponds and woods and country resorts, for their comfort and fun.

Of course, everything was quiet and orderly in this city.

WILSON AND MARSHALL.

At 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, June 2, 1912, Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, was nominated on the 46th ballot candidate for President by the Democratic National convention at Baltimore, and a few hours later Thomas Marshall of Indiana, was nominated for Vice President.

The convention adjourned without day at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, June 3.

It was a victory for "common" Bryan, and defeat for Champ Clark.

THIRD PARTY.

Col. Roosevelt, who has, since about June 20, been letting himself down easy from the terrible shock he received at the Chicago convention, says there will be no letup in building the proposed new political party, for which he is laying the foundation, and expects to be leader.

Taft or Wilson, the work of its construction will go right on.

Miss Rachel Blodgett, daughter of ex-Mayor W. E. Blodgett, did something at graduation that her folks might well be justified in feeling proud of. She was Valedictorian of her class and delivered a fine, thoughtful and well written address entirely from memory. She memorized the production and gave it, word for word, without halt, hitch or slip of tongue, and without note, manuscript, or prompter. That was a feat that anybody might well feel vain of.

The tribute of admiration that Rev. Dr. Norton pays to the Bulfinch belfry and steeple of the First Baptist church of Woburn comes as near being a perfect piece of literary composition as the building does to a nearly perfect architectural production. Many eminent architects have pronounced the belfry and steeple, with the pillars below added, to be some of Bu finch's best work, which idea Dr. Norton properly shares. See his article in this paper.

Representative Henry L. Andrews of this city, left here last Monday with the Military Committee of the Mass. House of Representatives, of which he is a member, for Winchester, Va., to officially participate in the dedication of a monument erected there in memory of the 34th Massachusetts Regiment.

LOCAL NEWS.

St. H. Jones-Stable To Let.
Daniel B. Beard-Mortgage's Sale.

An occasional grass fire keeps the ladies from rusting out this summer.

July came in grandly this year. A lovelier day than last Monday never laid outdoors.

Parson Parker is going to have a good long vacation. The Unitarian church is closed for the summer.

The Misses Julia and Ellen Dow of Bennett street are enjoying their vacation at Gloucester, Cape Ann.

Like all other good Woburn patriots the JOURNAL shut up shop and loafed yesterday, the Glorious Fourth.

Mrs. Jones, the proprietor, offers the Central House Stables, now occupied by the Hollands, for rent at a reasonable figure.

Last Sunday the First Congregational church issued its last Weekly Calendar of Sunday services until the close of vacation.

By hand of Mrs. Whitten, Burbank W. R. C. 84, presented to St. Joseph's S. S. Montvale last Sunday an American flag.

Last week Mr. Ernest N. Hartwell of Pleasant street, this city, visited his brother, Dr. H. O. Hartwell at his home in Greenville, N. H.

Miss Madeline Winn is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pugh at their home at Akron, Ohio. She left here last Monday in company with Mrs. Harold Pugh.

The man who thinks he can go to the beach, fill up on lobster salad and sour beer, and get home without the aid of a doctor, had better—well, he'd better not try it, that's all.

The Society of the Sacred Heart of St. Charles church are to camp out in Wilmington a week this month. Fr. Keegan and the boys have found just the spot wanted for the camp.

—Mechanics, mechanics, professional men and others would improve it on the public mind that business is mighty dull here and about here just now. It is the same in Boston, so people say.

—Mrs. Celia Valentine Berry, a talented lady of New Gloucester, Maine, niece of Mrs. Bridgman and Miss Valentine, for many years residents of Court street, this city, is writing a history of that pioneer town.

—During this summer vacation union Sunday religious services are to be held in Woburn city churches as follows: July 28, Aug. 4, Baptist Church, Aug. 11, Aug. 18, Congregational Church, Aug. 25, Sept. 1, Methodist Church.

A kindly worded message from Franklin street conveyed the welcome intelligence that our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. P. E. Bancroft, an excellent gentleman, is still an occupant of this mudsane sphere, and happy as a clam at high water all the day long.

Solicitors for contributions to "Help the Poor Strikers of Boston" have found their way to Woburn but do not appear to be doing a landoffice business. General W. A. Bancroft, President of the L. Company, seems to be handling the railroad strike in good shape.

—Josephine Sullivan, 18, daughter of Mr. Patrick Sullivan of 12 Buck Court, while attempting to save the life of an infant last Tuesday afternoon by running in front of an auto was bit by the machine and dangerously injured. She was taken to the Choate Hospital.

—Robert Johnson, son of Lawyer John W. Johnson of Warren avenue, Woburn, Mass., will enter Harvard University this fall, and if he lives to the end of his 4 years term, he will make the 7th immediate descendant of the late John Johnson of this city who have graduated from Harvard in recent years, namely, 2 sons, and 5 grandsons.

—Mr. Philip Owen of Seattle, Washington, has been visiting former neighbors and friends in Woburn of late. His father was Prof. L. Herbert Owen for many years Principal of the Woburn High School, a gentleman highly respected in this community for his learning and character. After his decease Mrs. Owen sold her residence in this city and with her son Philip, settled at Seattle.

—By successfully passing severe theoretical (paper) and practical (or gau) examinations, F. Percival Lewis recently acquired the degree of Fellow of the American Guild of Organists which comprises many of the leading musicians of the United States and Canada. Out of about one hundred and fifty active members in the New England Chapter, Mr. Lewis is one of the six who have attained this, the highest, degree, F. A. G. O.

By reference to the columns of the Old Farmers Almanac, an authority for more than 100 years on such matters, it will be seen that the length of days has shortened some 6 minutes since the sun crossed the Line, and will continue to do so until next Christmas. How rapidly the weeks and months and years come and go! The seasons turn hardly long enough to be counted, but like the "greased pig" in the old fashioned New England 4th of July celebration they slip through the fingers of their pursuers, and there you are.

A long and severe drought with excessive heat from the sun have used up the strawberry yield and but little if any more of that luscious fruit will come to us from home raisers this summer. The same is true of raspberries, blackberries, etc., as Mrs. Crook, the fruit dealer in this city informs us. The prospect for strawberry jam and other sweet things next winter is poor indeed. The Weather Bureau man in Boston reports that June 1912, was the driest month since the Bureau was established at Washington, D. C.

—Discussion of current meteorological conditions is considered legitimate by every well regulated newspaper manager in this broad and glorious land of ours. Indeed, in some sections of it there exists a persistent popular demand for such discussion. On Thursday evening and Friday morning, June 27, 28, over one hundred and fifty persons gathered at the Globe, greatly rejoiced in the conviction, that by far the hottest spell of the season had broken and thereafter, for a month at least cool comfortable weather would certainly prevail; Friday, June 28, 1912, was one of the hottest days that was ever suffered in and around Boston.

—The following members of the Alpha Alpha Club had their annual picnic outing at the Winchester Boat Club house last Monday afternoon and evening, enjoying tennis, canoeing, dancing and a supper served on the broad open balcony of the boat club house.

The party included Mr. and Mrs. Harold P. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rooney, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Fox, Dr. C. Guy Lane, Mrs. Sybil Brown, Callahan and the Misses Maude Leane, Grace Buck, Bessie Buel, Sadie Leane, Mary E. Grimes, Edith Deland, Margaret Trip, Edith Lillian and Marguerite Smith.

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Wedding at Orono.

BUCK-GILBERT WEDDINGS MONDAY
EVENING A BRILLIANT EVENT.

William Allison Buck of Woburn, Mass., son of Deputy Sheriff Joseph H. Buck, and connected with Everett Motor Car Co. of Detroit, Michigan, and Miss Daisy Alberta Gilbert of Orono, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gilbert, on Main street, Monday evening.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Oscar S. Smith, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, in the presence of a gathering of relatives and friends that completely filled the spacious rooms of the Gilbert home.

The double ring service was used with beautiful effect. The bride was attended by the sister of the groom, Miss Grace Buck, who wore, as maid of honor, a pink satin gown, with point lace overdress and carrying pink carnations.

The bride herself was gown in white satin, with pearl ornaments, lace trimmings and white veil and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The wedding march was played by Miss Helen Woodcock of Bangor, while music for the evening was provided by an orchestra of five pieces, under Ringwall, which occupied a music room that like the rest of the house was completely transformed for the occasion, being prettily decorated with palms.

The reception hall was trimmed most tastefully with maiden hair ferns, laurel and peonies, while the dining room shone resplendent in pink, with carnations and Killarney roses, and smilax festoons from ceiling to corners of dining hall.

The parlor, where the ceremony was performed, was most beautifully made into a bower of flowers for the event, American Beauty roses, pinks and peonies predominating in the floral scheme.

Under the direction of Langdon Chilcott of Bangor, the entire house was specially wired for this event and was a blaze of light, thrown into every corner of the house from delightfully shaded globes and adding to the scene a festivity that otherwise might not have been easily obtained. A canvas canopy led from the street to the door, and all arrangements for the event were as near perfect as could be desired.

At an informal reception, held immediately following the ceremony, the usual bride's cake was cut and served to the fortunate recipients, Miss Emily Hamlin found a diamond ring, Miss Ida McPherson, a thimble, and Miss Adda Weed, a dime.

The refreshments were furnished and served by Miss Kate Fitzgerald of Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck took an automobile to Bangor, where they boarded the midnight train for a honeymoon trip, closely pursued in their autos by the bride's young lady friends, who stayed with her to the leaving of the train for the west.

Her traveling gown was of brown and she takes with her the warmest wishes of a wide circle of friends, not alone in this her home town, but throughout all this section, where she is very well and favorably known.

Cordial congratulations are extended to the groom on his acquisition of one of the University town's most popular young women.

A GIRL'S WILD MIDNIGHT RIDE.

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl, who was back at midnight and saved many lives, her deed was glorious but lives are saved by the King's army.

In curing lung trouble, coughs and colds which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia "It cured me," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, New Zealand, "I had a cold and was suffering from consumption, and I gained 87 pounds. Nothing so sure and safe for all throat and lung troubles. Price 20c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists."

Opportunity At Your Door.

BOSTON GLOBE'S \$10,000 BOOKLOVERS' CONTEST IS AROUSING INTEREST ALL OVER NEW ENGLAND.

The splendid sum of \$10,000 in cash prizes is offered by the Boston Globe as awards in its great Booklovers' Contest, which began in the Globe July 1. The first prize is \$2,000 in cash, the second prize is \$1,500 in cash, and the third prize is \$1,000 in cash, with seven other main prizes of generous cash sums and 125 prizes of \$50 each.

You can enter, or at any time while it is in progress. The contest consists of a series of 77 pictures, to be published in the Globe, one each day, the first having appeared on July 1. Each of these pictures represents the title of a book, not the contents of the book, but merely its title.

All the contestants have to do is to begin seeing the pictures and the contents attached to them. In the coupon they fill in the name of the book they believe the drawing represents, their own name and address, and save them until they have all 77 pictures. When they have the 77 pictures solved, the contestant sends in to the Booklovers' Contest Editor, Boston Globe, Boston, Mass., a list of 77 pictures and their answers in one flat package, and the board of judges, made up of well-known Boston men, will decide the names of the winners.

Every picture is drawn to accurately represent the title of the book it is meant for. There are no catches, no subtleties. The contest calls for no solving or guessing. It is really a matter of the best effect of the renewed Baptist Church. To one coming up Main street toward the Square the graceful spire in its dazzling white and green, seen through the foliage and against the background of the blue sky, is ideally perfect, and is an inspiration and a joy. The new treatment brings out the architectural beauty of an edifice which is one of the best examples of the work of Bulfinch and the almost perfect type of the old New England meeting house. It wants only the original pillars to make the facade wholly satisfying and almost if not quite the most beautiful structure in the city. The thanks of the community are due to those who have added this artistic touch in the renewal of the building.

STEPHEN A. NORTON.
Woburn, July 1, 1912

At the annual meeting of the Fifth (Mass.) Regiment Association held at Norwell on Saturday, June 29, as the guests of the City of Norwell, Captain Edwin F. Weyer of Woburn was elected Vice President of the organization. There were present from this city Capt. E. F. Weyer, Joseph W. Field, Warren F. Taylor, Milton Moore, W. C. C. Colgate, Clarence Littlefield and Fort Staples, with Hon. A. H. Lincoln and J. Fred Leslie as guests of Capt. Weyer. The National Guard of this city was in attendance and furnished the music.

Boston Theatres.

R. F. KEITH'S THEATRE
Never before in the history of R. F. Keith's Theatre in Boston has such a sum of money been offered for the production of "The Meistersingers." This magnificent scenic production, in which the Harvard, Seaboard and Weber Male Quartet of Boston appear, is without question the most superb spectacular effort ever staged in vaudeville. The beautiful scenic showing a camp on the shores of Raugley Lakes, the realistic living effects, and the splendid voices of "The Meistersingers," all combine to make this the greatest summer attraction ever seen in Boston.

A Hero In A Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a light housekeeper, averted awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a week, himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented. "I suffer from a kind of trouble and chills," he writes, "after I had taken other so called cures for years without benefit and they almost ruined my sight. Now, at seventy, I am feeling fine. For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50 cents at All Druggists."

The Reception.

The reception given by the 1912, W. H. S. graduating class in Lyceum Hall last Friday night was the most brilliant attended and one of the most brilliant ever given by the class. The class was given for many years. The class was the largest that has graduated from the W. H. S. for a long time, and of course their reception drew a crowd.

Everything passed off splendidly.

The Class Will be an innovation, as novel and had the following caption:

"Following is the 'Last Will and Testament' of the class of 1912, by City Solicitor Freda L. Walker of Woburn." Miss Walker was one of the foremost scholars and her reading of the Will was heartily applauded.

The class parts were by Robert Johnson, history; prophecy, Anna Croghan and Daniel J. Doherty.

The Master of Ceremonies, George W. Low, Miss Katherine D. Barker, Miss Charlotte R. Lowell, Miss Lela C. Murdock, received the guests after which dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock.

WINCHESTER.

Sailing on Mystic Lakes has resumed in no drooping yet this season, but there is time enough left for a few of them.

Mr. S. J. Elder got home from the Chicago convention safe and sound and pretty well fagged out. He worked hard for Taft.

Notwithstanding the upping of early vegetables by the recent frost, farming in the vicinity of Woburn is a happy and contented smile on their faces.

This town is nothing if not patriotic. Did you see the Order of the Glorious Fourth here yesterday? There was a fine concert given by the Italian Band, a brilliant exhibition of fireworks, ball games, a general assortment of athletic sports, and a mighty good time.

I hear that more than the usual crowd of Winchester people are preparing for their summer vacation outing and that a few have already departed. The seashore gets the left of them, but inland resorts, and farm estates are filling up, and trout ponds are pitching their tents in the woods, groves, and along trout brooks and streams.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

W. M. S.—At 7:30 P. M., C. E. Meeting, at 8:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.

W. M. S.—At 7:30 P. M., C. E. Meeting, at 8:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

W. M. S.—At 7:30 P. M., C. E. Meeting, at 8:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

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BAY STATE POLITICS.

Massachusetts Cut Small Figure In National Convention

Shows the Flimsy Nature of Most of the Roosevelt Contests Before National Committee—Charges Against Senator Crane Should Not Have Been Made

The national conventions are over and there appears to be quite general satisfaction over the renomination of President Taft. The delegates have returned to Massachusetts and the Taft men have met with very general commendation for the work they did toward placing the national Republican ticket in nomination.

While the Massachusetts delegation was split in equal parts and found itself unable to agree upon anything while in Chicago, nevertheless Senator Crane will be re-elected a member of the Republican national committee by the state committee. As the delegation could not agree upon this officer, and as the delegation itself had no existence beyond the time of the convention it falls to the lot of the state committee to choose the national committeeman. While that body has not yet acted the opinion is expressed definitely that Senator Crane will be re-elected for four years.

Massachusetts Cuts Small Figure.

Massachusetts has usually cut a considerable figure in the national conventions. Four years ago Senator Lodge presided over the deliberations of the national convention in Chicago. This year, owing to the fact that Massachusetts split evenly between President Roosevelt and President Taft, the state seemed to be practically disfranchised. Senator Crane, former Governor John L. Bates, Hon. Samuel J. Elder and Congressman John W. Weeks would all have been notable figures at the convention if they had not been defeated at the presidential primaries. Probably Ex-Governor Bates would have been the chief attraction for President William H. Taft had he been successful at the polls. Hon. Samuel J. Elder would be a prominent figure in any gathering, while Congressman Weeks is also a figure of national importance.

Not for a great many years has Massachusetts made so unimportant a showing at the national convention as in this year of 1912. It is true that Senator Crane by reason of his great abilities and his political astuteness, was the central figure in the preliminary sessions and work of the convention although a silent one. Had it not been for him the rest of the country would scarcely have known that Massachusetts existed. The price which Massachusetts paid has been to lose its wonted leading position as a leader of states and to become almost a cipher in the great national event.

Samuel J. Elder Explains Contests.

The Republican plans for the re-election of President Taft are already underway. The campaign was opened Saturday by the Middlesex club with a dinner at which the members and guests listened to a thorough presentation of that part of the work of the Republican national convention which related to contested delegations and delegates. Hon. Samuel J. Elder was counsel for the national committee in these contests, and so spoke from a thorough knowledge of the situation.

In his speech Mr. Elder said he had no desire to stir up any controversy but the reported and reiterated charges of theft, robbery, fraud and steam roller with which the press had been full in the last three weeks demanded a reply. He said it was not right to charge that the Senator Crane, or other members of the national committee in the sweeping and brutal manner which had characterized the utterances of Mr. Roosevelt and his followers in the last few weeks. He said it was useless to answer that charges had been made in the heat of political controversies. Proof alone of the truth of such charges could justify them. No such proof had been offered and none existed.

Mr. Elder then went on to say that 103 contests were presented to the national committee involving 250 seats. Most of these were Roosevelt contests and many of them were set up long after the convention, whose regularity was called in question, and long after the delegates elected had been certified to the national committee.

Contests Were Very Flimsy.

When these contests were presented to the national committee they were found to be so flimsy that even Roosevelt members of the committee would not support them by their votes. In more than half of these contests the vote of the national committee was either unanimous or so nearly so that no roll call was asked for. When the contests came before the convention it was stated by the Roosevelt men that robbery had been committed as to seventy or eighty delegates. In order to get this number it was necessary to take in many cases where the vote of the national committee had been unanimous, or practically so. As for instance in the case of the second and Texas district, Mr. Roosevelt was asked seventy votes short of a majority in the convention, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the claim of robbery was presented more for that reason than because of the careful study of the merits of the controversies. After the convention had been called to order, but before the temporary chairman had been elected, Governor Hadley of Missouri moved to substitute about eighty names for eighty other names appearing on the temporary roll. The convention at this time had nothing more to act upon than the inflated, vehement and vindictive attacks which had been made upon the national committee. The convention was asked to

only upon head lines and clamour in place of proof. It was also cleverly contended that seventy or eighty men should be disqualified from voting. This would be putting a premium upon the setting up of contests and if adopted by both sides no convention could ever be organized because everybody would be disqualified. The convention refused to adopt this drastic policy and proceeded in the usual way by appointing a committee on credentials and sending the contestants there to be examined separately and reported on.

Mr. Elder said it was only fair to show that the charge of robbery of the delegates ought not to have been made against the junior senator from Massachusetts when it is remembered that it was largely due to him that no contest was made concerning the delegates-at-large from Massachusetts. That case would have been as strong as any presented by the Roosevelt managers.

Mr. Elder then took up the Arizona case, the Texas case, the California case and the Washington case, in great detail and in conclusion stated that the convention was fully justified in the action which it took.

Work of the Campaign.

The Republican state committee proposes in the course of three or four weeks to hold a great gathering to ratify the nomination. This will probably be held immediately after the candidates for president and vice president have been notified of the re-nomination. President Taft and Vice President Sherman will be invited to attend this ratification and Governor Hadley of Missouri has also been asked to be present and speak. It is probable that a great amount of work will be done during the summer months which will be effective in lining up the voters for the election in November.

SCOTCH COLLIE VIVISECTED.

And Now the University of Chicago Refuses to Pay For It.

A charge of larceny to be made against Joseph Loch, keeper and "catcher" of dogs and other animals used in the physiological department of the University of Chicago, will be fought by the university as a test case. Professor A. J. Carlson, who has charge of the vivisection work, said that he did not believe Loch was guilty of a criminal act in continuing to stray dogs for the purposes of experiment, and the university would allow the charge to be entered.

Loch was brought before Judge Maxwell, in the Hyde Park police court, on the charge of receiving stolen property. The complaint was made by Mrs. Gary McCarthy of 5612 Ellis avenue, who found her Scotch collie in a cage at the university. She declares that while in Loch's custody the animal, which she valued at \$14, was operated upon and as a result will have to be killed.

Judge Maxwell said he thought the most equitable adjustment would be to let the university pay for the dog.

Tom Archer

A Man Who Was Too Proud
to Accept a Favor

By ARNOLD DUTCHER

There are a great many inconsistencies in life, and one of the strangest of these is the acceptance of money favors between friends. A person will scorn to accept \$10, \$100 or even \$1,000 from a friend, or it may be a brother, yet in a matter of a legacy he will rob a dead man's children not yet out of the nursery.

I have sought for the cause of this human idiosyncrasy. The only conclusion I have been able to reach is that it is due almost entirely to pride, usually a mistaken pride, and as often to sensitiveness. Indeed, it is the result of both. The abnormal case of it that has ever come to my knowledge was that of Tom Archer. Tom and I were chums as schoolboys, and at that time he appeared to be my superior in everything. He was a better scholar, better at games, more popular both with boys and girls and stood higher as an all around fellow.

Tom and I went to college together, but I didn't stay there very long. My



YOU DON'T KNOW ME, DO YOU? HE SAID.

books didn't please me, and I was not strong enough to take part in athletic games. I was caught in a prank that was not only silly, but reprehensible, and was expelled. When I went home to my father he said to me:

"I'm sorry for this, my boy, because you'll have to take a back seat in the world on account of it. There's your friend, Tom Archer. I wish for your sake you had taken the stand he is occupying. When you both come to the prime of life you will find him honored and respected, while you will be passed over for a very ordinary person. I'm not saying this to you as a punishment, but as a matter of regret for us both."

I have never forgotten a word of this prediction, which sank upon me like lead. My father secured a position for me as a clerk in a mercantile house, but I wrote a poor hand, could not spell correctly and made mistakes. The head of the firm discharged me, but I begged him not to do so, and I could not outside—that is, in working up again. He consented and I started in trade.

Twenty years have passed since then. The concern in which I was employed has grown enormously, and I have grown with it. Indeed, I am now its principal owner and its manager. I don't exactly know why I was advanced above hundreds of others, but I suppose I must have possessed those instincts that make the business man. But this is another question. What I am going to illustrate is that sensitive pride, which will lead a man to decline a gift from a friend, and try to legally thwart the intentions of a man in the disposition of the property that may one day be his.

One day a seedy looking individual came into my office and, ignoring the boy who advanced to ask whom he wished to see, passed through the opening in the hall, and came straight up to my desk, put out his hand. I looked at him, puzzled.

"You don't know me, do you?" he said.

"I confess that you have the advantage of me."

"I'm Tom Archer."

I had been trained in that dissimulation which the world requires and succeeded in concealing the shock I experienced at seeing my old chum in such a plight. But when I grasped his hand with a show of the old friendship I was enacting a lie. All had changed. He had gone down—very far down—and I had gone, in a practical point of view, very far up. Both of us tried to conceal a recognition of this reversal of our positions and both failed.

Long before Tom left me I realized that he was not only ragged, but hungry, and yet there stood between me and him, so far from my sight, him was concerned, our youth, in which I had been his inferior. The price of a meal, a suit of clothes, indeed, a year's income for him, was to me a mere bagatelle, but how could I offer money to one who had led me in everything a score of years before? What I did was to take his address and trust to my ingenuity to find a way of getting over the obstacle.

The next day I inclosed a check for \$100 in a note, mentioning some favor he had done me when we were boys together and further stating that after all luck was the only cause of success, and I had been lucky. I also claimed that it doubtless gave me more pleasure to give him aid and comfort than had been experienced in receiving the same. I served the dish as delicately as possible, but the poor fellow could not swallow it. He sent back the check, stating that his ill success was his own fault, and he would not respect himself if he accepted charity even from an old friend. He had made his bed and he would lie in it.

I respected him for his refusal, and yet I could not but consider it stupid. I had once offered a man help when he had met with a misfortune in business who had accepted the offer, recovered himself and by a bit of sharp practice taken from me three times the amount I had loaned him.

One morning a woman came into my office and asked if I knew Mr. Thomas Archer. I acknowledged the acquaint-

ance, and she told me that she had gone into a speculation with him in which she had furnished the capital—\$500—and it had been sunk. She did not blame Mr. Archer; he had been honest in the matter, but a lawyer had told her that she might proceed criminally against him. She was uncertain what to do.

I asked her if she would take half of her claim against my old friend. She said she would, and on her assignment of it to me I gave her the money. I desired to spare my unfortunate friend pain, but I was mean enough to let the poor woman down to half her loss. I suppose I should have been ashamed of myself, but I wasn't. I had the cutting down faculty that we successful business men usually possess.

Not long after this Archer dropped in to see me and incidentally mentioned that he had a scheme on hand by which he expected to make a fortune. I was very glad to hear it, but turned the subject, fearing he might smother his pride so far as to ask me to furnish the necessary capital. I would have loved to supply his wants, even give him the money, but I did not wish to invest in his schemes.

It was not difficult to head off so sensitive a man, but in a few days, having gathered his courage, he came back and asked me if I would consider 90 per cent of the profits of the scheme sufficient reimbursement for the capital necessary to develop it. I told him that I knew a man who did that sort of thing and gave him his address. He went off, much encouraged, to find the other man.

Whether poor Tom later came to see through my article I don't know, but he never again hinted at giving me the lion's share of the profits of any scheme.

One spring, being very much run down, I desired to go for a few months' trip. The only reason for my not doing so was that I did not care to go alone and knew of no one who would go with me. I thought of Tom and wrote him a line saying that I was ill and perhaps my life depended upon my taking an outing. If he would go with me, I paying his expenses, he might save me. He replied that nothing would give him greater joy than to thus accommodate his dear old chum, but he was at the time much interested in a patent self filling cork scuttle in which others had advanced the necessary capital, and he could not leave the enterprise without acting dishonorably toward them.

I was much disappointed. At the same time I knew that his patent scuttle was but another name for his sensitive pride which forbade him traveling with me at my expense. I could not but respect him for his independence, but I regretted that he denied me of his assistance in recovering my health.

It was quite awhile before I heard anything more of Archer, and then I received notice of his death. He had died in a boarding house in a distant city. His hand had been very kind to him. On the day of his death she wrote me that he had often spoken to her of me and our mutual friendship. I immediately telegraphed her to draw on me for funds with which to pay doctor's bills, funeral expenses and any amount Archer might owe her for board. She drew on me, but only for \$100. I felt sure that this would not set matters right and sent a check for a hundred more.

It was returned with a note saying that it was unnecessary.

About a year after this when walking along a street, I saw a man coming who looked very like my friend Archer and just as he came within a few feet of me, he turned and ran down a side street. Curious about the matter I followed him and soon was convinced that he was trying to get away from me. I caught him; he turned to face me, and when our eyes met I saw the most agonized expression I have ever seen on any man's face. He was my old friend Tom.

I saw it all. He could not conquer his pride, but he could resort to the most desperate means to enable me to keep him from starving. I put my arm through his and led him to a restaurant, where I called for a feast and a quart of champagne. After I had filled him up I said:

"This confounded nonsense has been going on long enough. I have decided to leave you the income on \$25,000 as long as you live to begin from today. You will either accept it or I shall proceed against you criminally for obtaining money under false pretenses. Take your choice."

He chose the annuity. It lifted him out of his abnormal condition, and I take more pleasure today in his companionship than that of any other living man.

FLAX WEAVING IS ANCIENT.

And the Process Has Improved but Little in Forty Centuries.

Flax weaving, according to a recent authority, is 4500 years old as an industry. Egypt was the first country to raise flax. All fine table linen is made from water spun flax, as water is essential to its manufacture. Vapor has been tried, but unsuccessfully. The process of manufacture has improved but little in 4500 years. Flax linen made by the Egyptians being often found in an excellent state of preservation, wrapped about the bodies of mummies.

There is no grass bleached linen today, as grass bleaching is too slow a process. Chemicals are used to shorten the work.

Very little flax is raised in the United States because the air contains too little moisture. The finest flaxes and handkerchiefs are made in Ireland and the Scotch flaxes wear perhaps better than any. Straight line patterns do not wear as well as figures with rounded edges.

In single thread damask the same number of threads run each way. In double thread damask there is double the number of threads in the weft, which doubles the wear.—New York Post.

The Wedding Cake.

The custom of having a special cake at weddings was introduced into England by the Romans. This cake, or rather, biscuit, signified fruitfulness, hospitality and prosperity. The rice that was showered upon a bride had a similar meaning. For many centuries after the Romans left the custom was to break the biscuit over the bride's head, and then the fragments were picked up and piled before her for distribution to her friends. At the restoration Charles II. returned with a small army of French cooks, who speedily converted the ancient biscuit into a delicious piece of confectionery, food it with sugar and gradually adorned it with emblematical devices till it towered into the amazing structure which the luxury of later times has developed.—London Chronicle.

PRES. BUTLER ON CONVENTION

Gives His Views of the Republican Sessions

FACTS OF THE CONTESTS

Was Member of Credential Committee—Believes Charges of Roosevelt Forces Unfounded—California Case Cleared of All—Many Contests Dismissed Unanimously—Speaks Highly of Governor Hadley

The following statement concerning the Republican national convention has been made by President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university.

"I took upon the action of the Chicago convention in renominating President Taft and in adopting a platform of conservative and orderly progress as having met the greatest crisis which has confronted the American people since the civil war," declared President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university. Dr. Butler was not only one of the delegates to the convention from New York, but was the member of the resolutions committee selected to draft the first copy of the party platform.

"What was this crisis which has been successfully met?" was the query suggested by Dr. Butler's announcement.

"What was really at stake," he answered earnestly, "was the preservation of our representative form of government, with its provisions for the judicial protection of private rights, from an attack that was in essence and principle Bonapartist in character. Had the forces of law and order been overthrown in that convention, we should have been well on the way toward establishing in the United States an imperialist democracy. It is my own opinion, as it was that many delegates, that no equally serious attack upon the government has been made, save in the doctrines of nullification and secession."

Dr. Butler was especially concerned and indignant over the charges which have been made to the effect that the contests for delegates brought by the Roosevelt forces were unjustly decided.

"There has been such crimination and so much reiteration of charges by the Roosevelt supporters," explained the Columbia president, "that those of us who have regard for our personal reputations feel that it is necessary to explain to the public at large that the majority of the convention was not in reality composed of 'thieves' or 'robbers.' Every contest was decided fairly and squarely by the national committee, and later by the committee on credentials, and finally by the convention itself. The country ought to know, and all Republicans and independent voters who feel disposed to support Mr. Taft ought to know just what the facts are."

The Facts of the Contests

"The proposal that 68, or 78, or 92 delegates—all these suggestions were made at one time or another in some form—whose seats were contested should not be permitted to take part in the organization of the convention was preposterous. Senator Root's ruling on this point was in strict accord, not only with the law and precedent, but with common sense. Had he ruled otherwise, it would be within the power of any person or with or without any basis, to disqualify a large part of the convention and to turn it over to the minority."

No delegate whose seat was in contest was permitted to vote on his own case or any subsidiary motion relating directly thereto.

"The talk of the so-called fraudulent delegates," continued Dr. Butler, "has just this amount of justification, and no more. There were contests in four cases: Arizona, California, Texas and Washington, which in my judgment were worthy of serious consideration, because of either the question of fact or of law that were involved. The remaining contests were either puerile or impertinent. Most of them had been started by artificial stimulation after the delegates had been elected, for the purpose of influencing the public opinion in other states, as well as the convention itself."

"Before casting my vote on the contested seats in Arizona, Texas and Washington, I took the most competent advice I could get from lawyers who had studied the evidence and the arguments, and who had no personal or partisan interest in the matter, and I was guided by their judgment."

"What were the merits of the contests to which you refer?" Dr. Butler was asked.

"The Arizona case seemed perfectly clear," was the reply. "The Texas case offered the alternative of accepting a delegation chosen under the auspices of Cecil Lyon in accordance with his peculiar system, or Federal patronage, or a delegation chosen by and from the Republicans of the several congressional districts of Texas. It is not as well known that the north as it ought to be that the Texas convention consists of delegates from more than 250 counties, in about 100 of which there is no discernible Republican organization. From and on behalf of these 100 counties, more or less, Mr. Lyon himself receives and votes proxies. Under his leadership the Republican vote in Texas has decreased from about 150,000 to less than 30,000. That his system of selecting delegates was a farce and a fraud on the party and the public was to me perfectly evident."

"The Washington case presented elements of graver doubt than any other case that was considered. While with more time at my disposal, I might come to a different conclusion, I felt on reading the statement of the two opposing parties and on examining the briefs of their counsel, that I

should not be justified in voting to seat the Taft delegates.

The California Case.

"The case of California was, in my continued Dr. Butler, 'although it is the one about which the greatest uproar has been raised. In the California case there is no material difference upon the facts. The question arising there is purely one of law. It is a rule of the Republican party, finally established after a long struggle against the partisans of the unit rule in the convention of 1880, that every congressional district in the United States is entitled to its own separate representation in the national convention. In 1880 the unit rule was granted to cast the entire vote of Illinois for Grant against the protest of a number of individual districts, although the state convention of Illinois had instructed him to do so. Precisely the same question arises this year in regard to California."

"If the presidential primary law—passed, he it remembered, after the call for this convention was issued, at the special session of the legislature called by Governor Johnson—had provided for the election of delegates—at-large by general vote of the Republicans of the state, and for district delegates by a general vote of Republican electors in each district, there would have been no difficulty whatsoever. Such a law would have brought the California procedure within the rule as to district representation. But what was done was quite different. It was attempted to submerge the individual districts and their preferences under a state majority. That majority proved to be 77,000, and I do not see how the delegates-at-large from the state of California, but the Roosevelt delegates in every congressional district but one. In that one district the Taft delegates received a majority of more than 100 votes. The sole question submitted to the national committee, to the committee on credentials and to the convention, was: 'Should these be these two delegates entitled to their seats, despite the provisions of the California primary law? On that question I have not an instant's doubt. To deprive them of their seats would mean not only that the Republican national convention is hereafter to establish the unit rule, with all its shocking unfairness, but that legislatures in Democratic states shall have power to dictate how the Republican convention shall be made up."

"By its action in the California case the convention served notice that, where presidential preference primary laws are enacted, they must not attempt to deprive separate congressional districts of the right of representation to which party law and party precedent entitle them."

Fair to the Minority.

Dr. Butler did not neglect to call attention to the fact that the national committee had in many instances dismissed unanimously the very contests over which the Roosevelt supporters are now questioning the action of the convention, and that in the committee on credentials members opposed to President Taft's renomination voted with his friends on some of the matters in dispute.

"Mr. Taft's title to his nomination is just as clear as any man's could be," asserted Dr. Butler. "It is the result of the different methods of procedure in different parts of the country that the public at large has been led to believe that contests were decided unfairly in his favor."

"Moreover, the majority of the convention was scrupulously fair to the minority. At every point ample time was given for the consideration of every disputed question, and a roll call was taken every time it was asked for. It was a mistake to think that a convention of 1078 men can be turned into a rubber stamp. Senator Root's ruling were models of clearness, fairness and cogency. Nobody dreamed of appealing from any of them."

The closer preachers labored without money and without price. They gained their substance, as did their neighbors, by the ride and by their daily toil in the clearings and the cornfields.

The Rev. Justinian Williams, Methodist, and the Rev. Peyton Nowlin and the Rev. Thomas Kinney, Baptists, were the first preachers in Saline county. They preached on Edmonson's tree and in the Big Bottom. "Old Ben Nowlin," as he was called, was a sedate gentleman, dry as to manners and serious, but with a kind heart and good intention.

His colleague, Kinney, however, was of a vivacious disposition and very popular. He was without literary attainments, but invariably provoked his congregation to laughter. Nowlin took him to task upon one occasion for his levity. Kinney answered:

"Well, I'd rather laugh to laughing devils than to sleep ones, as you do. You make them sleep, and I make them laugh. My congregations will pass yours on the road to heaven. I bet you a coonskin they will!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Didn't Like the Reference.

Tramp—"You know the sayin', mum."

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," said the other.

"Once you speak in proverbs I'll refer you to another mum. Tramp—Which one is dat, mum? Mrs. S.—The one back in the woodshed.—Boston Transcript.

A Tight Fit.

"How do you like the rooms in your new flat?" asked Bill Brown.

"Pretty fair," answered Jim Jones.

"What do you mean by pretty fair?"

"Well, they're a little tight across the shoulders, but otherwise seem to be a good fit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irony of Fate.

"Did your husband have luck on his shooting trip?"

"The very worst. He accidentally shot the friend who was going to take us on an automobile tour and missed the man to whom he owed a lot of money."—Baltimore American.

Security.

"Did you look that forgetful friend of yours the book he asked for?"

"Yes, but I took care to borrow his umbrella the same day."—Washington Star.

Hard Work.

"Plodder is looking pale. He's just killing himself with hard work."

"What's he engaged at?"

"Inventing a labor saving machine."—Puck.

tection of American citizenship, control of the trusts, so that while wrongdoing will be punished, honest business will be free from danger or alarm; revising of the tariff downward where duties are too high, the alleviation of the causes that operate to increase the cost of living, or any one of a dozen other topics, for the reason that the whole Republican party has declared itself in favor of just these things. No bolt can be successfully organized on the question of whether or not the people shall rule, because the Republican party has declared itself in favor of making rule of the people as effective and potent as possible.

"In a word," concluded Dr. Butler earnestly, "nothing is left but a purely personal issue, and that in turn must be large measure based on perfectly reckless allegations of fraud, none of which will stand any investigation whatever, and all of which were gone into with the greatest patience and care."

Bruce at Bannockburn.

Robert Bruce was the descendant of a Norman. He was half an Englishman and half a Scotchman, and by his mother's side he was a claimant to the Scotch crown. After many daring adventures and rude perils, borne up throughout by strong persevering courage and an ardent love of liberty, Bruce was able to get together a patriotic army to meet the English at Bannockburn in 1314. He won the battle against the Scotch army, and the English king, Edward II, was looking on. He turned to his favorite knight and said: "Argentine, the rebels yield. They beg for mercy." "They do, my liege," the reply was. "But the end did not only in a victory, but in a rout.—Samuel Smiles' "Duty."

Poetry.

It is a shallow criticism that would define poetry as confined to literary productions in rhyme and meter. The written poem is only poetry talking, and the statue, the picture and the musical composition are poetry acting. Milton and Goethe at their desks were not more truly poets than Phidias with his chisel, Raphael at his easel or deaf Beethoven bending over his piano, inventing and producing strains which he himself could never hope to hear.—Ruskin.

Sins of the Fathers.

Fair Girl—I am sure papa would not object to you, but I am afraid mamma will. She says your family have deucedly good taste in choosing a son-in-law. Good gracious! What did she get that idea? Fair Girl—I think she judges by the butter that your father used to recommend as good.

Hoist With His Own Petard.

"You're looking a wreck, have you been?" You look like a wreck. "I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel, and I hired a bruiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up, and here I am."

His Present Love.

Wife—I came across some of your old love letters today. How you loved me, Harry! Husband—Yes. Is supper ready? I'm awfully hungry.

Etiquette.

Mrs. Blank—Is your husband going to Mrs. Jason's funeral? Mrs. Dash—Decidedly not! She never returned my last call.

PIONEER PREACHERS.

Those of Missouri's Early Days Had to Be Expert Riflemen.

Nearly every pioneer preacher in Missouri was an expert in the use of the rifle as one of the laymen. Services were usually held in a neighbor's cabin. Notice of "meeting" was promptly and generally circulated, and the settlers attended, uniformly bringing their rifles to guard against possible surprises or to obtain game on the way to or from the service.

The pioneer preachers labored without money and without price. They gained their substance, as did their neighbors, by the ride and by their daily toil in the clearings and the cornfields.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Third Quarter, For July 7, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iii, 20-35. Memory Verses, 28, 29.—Golden Text, John iii, 19.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

This lesson is found in Matt. xii, 20-35, as well as in Mark iii and is a sample of their treatment of Him whom they should have welcomed as their Messiah, but of whom it is written: "He was in the world, and the world knew him not; he came unto His own, and His own received Him not" (John i, 10, 11). In our lesson, verses 21, 22, it is written that they said: "He is beside Himself. He hath Beelzebub and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils." They frequently told Him that He had a devil (John vii, 20; viii, 52; x, 20), and as early in the record as Matt. xii, 14, it is written that "the Pharisees went out and held a council against Him, how they might destroy Him." It was the old story of Ps. lxxxiii, 11, "My people would notarken to my voice, and Israel would none of me." Even in the days of Enoch, the seventh from Adam, we read of the angels and their words and deeds (Jude i, 14, 15). It is also written that at the end of this age, to which we are fast hastening, there shall be only a form of godliness without the power and sound doctrine will not be endured (II Tim. iii, 1-5; I Pet. iv, 3). The great adversary, the father of lies, who to-day questioned the word of God and made God a liar, will yet gather the nations to make war with God's people, Israel, and the Lamb of God Himself, but beast and false prophet shall go alive to the lake of fire and the devil to his bottomless pit (Rev. xvi, 14; xix, 19, 20; xx, 10; Zech. xiv, 1, 2).

Like the multitudes who cling to Him when he in humiliation and upon whom He always had compassion, there are multitudes now who would listen to the gospel if they could hear it, but many of the religious leaders of today are as much against the gospel of God concerning His Son, Jesus Christ, as were the scribes and Pharisees against Jesus Christ. Those who today believe that Jesus is God, the Creator of all things, who died for us, bearing our sins in His own body on the cross, rose from the dead, ascended to Heaven and is coming again to set up His kingdom of righteousness and peace on this earth, are accounted unlearned, ignorant, behind the times, narrow and all else that unbelieving words can describe. But his approval is everything. How utterly foolish seemed their accusation in the light of His question, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" (Verse 23). How great and far-reaching His saying in verse 27, "No man can enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods except he be first blind the strong man." The devil is the god of this world, blinding the minds of all unbelievers. The whole world lieth in the wicked one. And it was not wholly an untruth when he said to our Lord as he showed Him all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, "All that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it." (II Cor. iv, 4; I John v, 19; Matt. iv, 8; Luke iv, 6). Those who talk of winning the world for Christ do not seem to believe these truths nor consider the necessity of getting rid of the devil, but it stands, as our Lord said—the strong one must be bound before his goods can be taken.

The unpardonable sin of verses 23, 30, makes us think of I John v, 19: "The world is a sin unto death. I do not say that he shall pray for it." Let us not forget verse 28 of our lesson, "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men and blasphemers whosoever they shall blaspheme," and also I John i, 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." What, then, can this sin be that hath never forgiveness, but the persistent refusal to listen to the voice of the Spirit, whose delight is to point to Jesus Christ, who alone can forgive sin? As the light is none other name" (Acts iv, 12), if that name is refused or dishonored there can be no forgiveness, but only eternal damnation (verse 30).

As he was told that His mother and His brethren were without, desiring to speak to Him, He stretched forth His hand toward his disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren, for whoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother" (verses 31, 32; Matt. xii, 46-50). On another occasion He said, "My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it" (Luke viii, 21). When a certain one spoke of the blessedness of being His mother He said, "Ye rather blessed are the ears that hear the word of God and keep it" (Luke ix,

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 35

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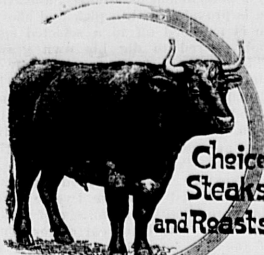
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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

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From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m. 2:45, 3:45, 6:45, 7:30, p. m.

From New York direct 7:00 a. m., 1:10, 11:30

a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, p. m. Saturday

7:30 p. m.

For North, direct 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8:45

a. m., 4:50 p. m.

For Lowell and Haverhill, 7:45 a. m., 4:50 p. m.

For Winchester, 7:45 a. m., 2:45, 4:50 p. m.

From Burlington 9:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

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Councillor-at-Law,

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Ways

How the Cat

"Won Out"

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"There's more than one way to kill

a cat," remarked Hildreth darkly.

"Why say 'care once killed a cat,'"

quoted Mrs. Hildreth flippantly.

"I can dispose of this one with a

well aimed bullet," Hildreth retorted.

"It's all very well for you to make

light of the matter, Linda. You didn't

lose a night's rest because of the howl-

ings of that infernal cat. I'm fagged

out this morning."

"Have another cup of coffee, dear,"

soothed Linda, smoothing away the

amused smile from her face as she

realized that her usually good temper-

ed husband was actually growling over

the matter. "I'm sure I can get rid

of the cat before you come home to-

night."

"How?" Frank was mollified and

accepted a fresh cup of coffee.

"Mrs. Bliss wants one."

"Well?"

"She has often admired Blessums. I

will give him to Mrs. Bliss."

"She won't want him after he's se-

renaded her once or twice," murmured

Mrs. Hildreth as he kissed his wife.

clapped on his hat and reached for his

newspaper in one breath.

When his flying form had disappear-

ed in the direction of the station Mrs.

Hildreth sighed and poured herself an-

other cup of tea.

"I just hate to give Blessums away,"

she said mournfully. "He has always

been the dearest cat in the world, and

this late day! I can't understand it, an-

way, why Blessums should take it into

his blessed old head to yowl under

Frank's window every night. I sup-

pose I've got to go over and tell May

Bliss. It will break my heart to give

away my lovely cat, but it certainly

wouldn't be right to place a mere cat

in the hands of a stranger."

"Therefore an hour afterward found

her walking up the pretty suburban

street to the Queen Anne villa, where

lived her most intimate friend.

"The darling pussy cat? Surely I'll

take him," cried the delighted Mrs.

Bliss when she saw the sleek feline.

Bliss when she saw the sleek feline.

Bliss when she saw the sleek feline.

Bliss when she saw the sleek feline.

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MODELED FROM MEMORY.

Danton Was a Wonder, Though He Did

Once Mix His Subjects.

Danton, the celebrated caricaturist,

had a wonderful power of modeling

from memory. After one long look at

his subject he could go to his studio

and make a bust quite perfect in its

resemblance.

One day a young man came to him,

saying that his sister was ill and about

to die and that, although the family

wished her bust modeled, they dared

not excite her by mentioning it.

Would he undertake to reproduce her

features after seeing her once? Dan-

ton agreed, and next day the brother

informed his sister that he intended

to present her with some jewelry and

that a young man would bring some

specimens for her approval.

Danton brought in the jewels and

going home, modeled a bust of strik-

ing resemblance. Next year an old

gentleman, the father of the young wo-

man, came to order a bust of the brot-

er, who also had died. This, too, was a

marvelous success.

The result of such planning, how-

ever, was not always as satisfactory

to his patrons as in these cases. A

gentleman who could not persuade his

wife to sit asked Danton to enter a

certain ominous day and fix in his

memory the features of the lady op-

posite him.

He did so, modeled a beautiful bust

and sent it home. It proved, however,

to be not the mistress, but the maid

who had also taken the trip in the

omnibus.

MONARCHS AND COINS.

Napoleon in a Temper and Louis Phi-

lippe on a Hunt.

The great Napoleon was not great

at the wheel table, and a characteris-

tic story is told of him at St. Helena.

At a private party of what he took

out for Napoleons to use as markers,

and one of the young ladies took up

one of the coins and asked him what

it was. The polite hero snatched it

rather roughly from her hand, pointing

to the impression, exclaimed, "C'est

moi!"

The annoyance caused by this in-

cident ruffled him so much that he in-

stead of the game to look for it where

upon a foreign ambassador who was

one of the party set fire to a billet of

1,000 francs to give light to the king

under the table.

Dynamics and Tree Planting.

Possibly what at first sight appears

to be the strangest application of dynam-

ite is for the purpose of planting

trees. Yet its success in this con-

nection is said to be peculiarly remark-

able. When a hole is made with a

spade the surrounding soil is left in

its hard condition. The result is that

the roots find it difficult to start. They

are cramped in the tight quarters of

the hole and cannot pierce the sur-

rounding hard wall of earth. With

dynamite a large clean hole is blasted

out, and, in addition, the soil on all

sides is loosened for five or six feet.

When the tree is planted the young

tender roots force their way with

out effort through the crevices, suck-

ing up nourishment, and commence to

grow from the moment they are set

without any retardation whatever.

Peas and Lentils.

The word "pea" is derived from

Pis, a Greek city of Elis, which seems

to have been the center of the pea

growing industry for years before the

time of Christ. The antiquarians aver

that the "pease potage" for which

Esau sold his birthright, was a dish

of peas. In those times they were

called "lentils," and even at the pres-

ent day the English common people

of several of the English shires, nota-

bly Middlesex as well as Oxfordshire,

call them "lens," dropping the "n."

In the time of Mary they were called

"peasens," and in the time of Charles

I, "pease."

A Literary Sensation.

What's the cause of the excitement?

Look! There's a great crowd around

the public library building. Something

must have happened.

"Wait a minute. I know the libra-

rian. I'll telephone over and see what's

wrong."

(Business of telephoning.)

"Well, what is it?"

"Somebody has started a rumor that

there is a business man inside reading

a book of poems."—Chicago Record

Herald.

Unlike Fishing Lines.

"That fishing song in the new opera

is clever, don't you think?" asked the

"critic."

"It's replied the hard luck angler;

"No; 'at all natural.'"

The Woburn Journal
Telephone 55.
Residence 280.
FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912

EXPENSIVE.

Reports in Friday morning's newspapers showed that the "Safe and Sane" 4th of July celebration was generally tried in this State, and while the laws were observed, and everything was quiet, it was apparent that this condition was obtained at the expense of true patriotism.

Nowhere was seen any manifestation of the old style, ante-'S and S., Independence Day spirit, which most people will regard as a positive loss. It seemed more like a State Sunday School picnic than a 4th of July celebration.

Here in Woburn there was "nothing doing" of a patriotic nature. Men lazily lolled under the trees on the lawns, and the women knitted and talked on the verandas. All of them took frequent draughts of Horn Pond water. But Patriotism was a minus quantity, and of Chinese firecrackers and fireworks at night there was scarcely any.

It was "safe and sane" enough, but dull.

THE NEW PARTY.

One day late last week representatives of 40 States of the Union, calling themselves the Provisional and Progressive (Roosevelt) Committee, met in Chicago and voted to hold a convention in that city on August 5, 1912, for the purpose of organizing a third, or Roosevelt, party to be called the National Progressive Party.

These gentlemen haven't quite recovered from their defeat at the Republican National convention; but will doubtless think better of their bolting movement when they get to realize that there is no room in this country for three political organizations any more than there was when Garrison, Phillips, and other Abolitionists undertook to form one.

The Boston Journal, of which Frank Munsey of Starks, Maine, and New York City is Editor and proprietor, is and will continue to be the New England organ of the Roosevelt Faction.

WATER.

If the heat and drought continues and the city's water supply is not carefully husbanded, Horn Pond will have to go out of business.

Last Saturday there were pumped at the Woburn station: 3,555,000 gallons.
On Tuesday, July 9, 3,200,000 gallons.

A few days ago we received a Conductor's check which contained the names of all the stations on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, a distance of 183 miles. The road was completed from Chicago to Rock Island in 1854, and in January of that year a grand banquet and ball was given at Mobile in honor of the event, it being the first railroad running out of Chicago to reach the "Father of Waters" and the first to build a bridge over it. Rufus Smith, late of Woburn, Mass., father of the present Mrs. Horace Conn of this city, superintended the laying and spiking down of the rails of the new road, and he had those of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern shortly before, just as Pat was ready to go ahead with a trainload of ties he called out to the boss, "say, Mike, at what post must I unload these?" to which Mike replied: "annawan" (anyone). Pat. "But which one?" persisted Pat. "Annawan" (anyone) will do, Pat, annawan; now go ahead." Patrick and his gang unloaded the ties and piled them up on the ground which has been occupied by the fair and thrifty village of ANNAWAN, Henry County, Illinois, for almost the last 60 years. Mike named it.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce, which is by far the strongest factor in securing the highly commendable object, for building from the material to be gathered by its suburbs, a "Greater Boston," have just issued a book of nearly 450 pages, entitled: "New England: What it is and what it is to be," from which the reader is able to gather a great deal of valuable information respecting this fair and prosperous Yankee land. It is compiled by George French who was, more than 30 years ago, for three months, Editor of the Woburn Journal, and is great on statistics. The Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, of which Mr. L. D. Gibbs is General Advertising Agent, will please accept our thanks for a copy of the book.

The American Shoe and Leather Association opened their annual convention in Mechanics Building, Boston, with about 200 delegates from all over the country. It is likely Woburn was represented in it.

It was 103 at Bath, Maine, last Tuesday, and 100 at Brunswick.

On account of the extreme heat the great merchantile houses of Boston closed their doors at noon last Wednesday, and quit work for the day.

It looks now as if Woburn is to be left out of the 8th Congressional District and given a place among strangers. Woburn can stand it however.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
W. R. Comer—Old Times.
Edison Electric Illum. Co.—Rain Maker.
Wood, Putnam & Wood—Bryant & Stratton.

Miss Beatrice Grant goes to Harpswell, Maine for her vacation.

Wells Beach and Ogunquit, Me., seems to be a favorite resort for many Woburn people.

The second band concert was given by the National Band last evening on the Common.

Miss Mary Haggerty, Times Office bookkeeper, is enjoying a week's rest from her labors.

Mrs. James H. Lionell with her mother and sisters are at Southport, Maine, for the summer.

It is said that the patent leather business is improving and factories may soon be in operation again.

Brush fires have given the Department all the business they cared to attend to, night and day, for a week.

Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf of North Berwick, Maine, is visiting her cousin Mrs. Charles Taylor, 25 Pleasant St.

Alderman Cadwell's Spring Water and Tonics are in great demand this hot weather. There are none better on the market.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Strout have closed their house and with their children are at their cottage at Point Allerton for the summer.

Mrs. J. F. Fowle, whose home is at Nantasket, will entertain her niece, Miss Frances Haggerty during the summer vacation.

Mrs. L. W. Patten of Tauton, has returned home after a pleasant visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Hartwell of Pleasant street.

Mrs. Lesqueriaux and Mrs. Charles Taylor were guests of Mrs. and Miss Greenleaf of North Berwick, Maine, over July Fourth.

The Methodist Sunday School went to Lynn Beach for their annual outing last Wednesday by special cars and presumably enjoyed the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shea will not occupy their bungalow at Pinehurst Park this season but have rented it and will remain at their pleasant home on Salem street.

Mrs. Mary E. Plannett went to Attleboro last week, where she will visit with her mother for the next three weeks and enjoy the cooling breezes from a pine grove near by.

Vacation season is in full blast some going, some returning, and a few days in the mountains, or by the seashore. Picnics and trolley trips are also taken nearly every day.

The Middlesex County Association held its annual outing at Bass Point last Tuesday where a fish dinner was served at the Bass Point House and a general good time enjoyed.

An Agricultural Department has been added to the Warren Industrial School which promises to become a success. It is practical education for the boys and should be encouraged.

Please take particular notice of the name and place of the person who advertises in the JOURNAL, this week "Old Things." He published an interesting book a couple of years ago.

The shower last Monday afternoon put many telephones on Salem street out of commission, and at one house it was said that a ball of fire was seen to pass from telephone to floor.

Mr. Thomas Heariz, Superintendent of the Five Cents Savings Bank Building, and Mrs. Heariz are taking their vacation in short seaside and inland trips which they very much enjoy.

Miss Mary Ellen Connolly of Bennett street left last Tuesday morning for East Bridgewater, Mass., where she will spend her vacation with a cousin and enjoy life among relatives and friends.

Dr. Seth W. and Mrs. Kelley of Woburn are seeking rest and comfort up in New Hampshire. Dr. Kelley's host of friends are glad to know that she is in better health than for a year past.

Last Friday, July 5, was very early for sweet peas but Fred Dockhwa was on deck as usual and brought the JOURNAL a bouquet of the largest and handsomest ones we ever saw, and it filled nearly a peck measure.

Beaches are a blessing in hot weather. Not that we mean to say that beaches without water are a blessing but in conjunction with an ocean they are lovely. So said scores of Woburn people last Monday.

During the short and peculiar shower of Monday afternoon several buildings in neighboring towns and cities were struck by lightning. At about the same hour on Tuesday there was almost an exact repetition of the shower.

At Buckman & Kean's patent leather factory the heat of Wednesday, July 9, was so great they shut down until next Monday. The thermometer stood at 104, causing the leather to stick badly and work had to be suspended.

Mr. Charles E. Smith of Bennett street who has been ill for several weeks, was taken to the Boothby Hospital, Boston a few days ago for treatment, and at last accounts was improving and resting comfortably, with encouraging hope of his recovery.

Mr. Charles B. Bryant of Woburn, now in his 91st year, never saw a baseball game until a few days ago. He has been a resident of this city for 50 years and was a prosperous leather dealer in his younger days. He is still an active man, visiting Boston nearly every day and spends much time at the Public Library and places of interest about the city.

A High Testimonial.
Lady (engaging a maid)—Was your last mistress satisfied with you? Maid—Well, mum, she said she was very pleased when I left.

Chain lightning, tremendous heavy thunder and rain were the features of the shower here yesterday that broke the drought and hot wave.

Miss Maude Littlefield and Miss Ethel Burbeck left last Wednesday for a visit with friends at Wynnotte, Pa., and on their return Miss Littlefield will stop in New Jersey with her aunt, Mrs. Higgins, formerly of Woburn.

People living on Mishawum Road said bedquills were necessary to keep warm last Sunday, Monday and other nights this week. We do not vouch for the truth of the story, and readers of the JOURNAL are allowed to believe as much or little of it as they please.

It was 105 degrees above zero at Callahan's Crossing, Church avenue, this city, at noon last Monday, July 8. Concrete walks increased the heat somewhat, but it was 100 degrees and over at several points—the hottest day of this season. The upper part of the city suffered least during the terrible torrid spell.

Heat beat the First Congregational church last Sunday evening, prevented holding the regular services last Sunday evening and was the cause of a very small attendance at the forenoon meeting. It would have been a bad time to take up a contribution for Foreign Missions.

Capt. John P. Crane left Warren avenue, Woburn, last week, for Poland Springs, Maine, where he has spent his summer vacations for several years past, and will remain there until the 4th of next September. Here he will remain a few weeks, and then go to his winter home in the South.

Last spring Peggy bought a bush of "Rambler" roses, a bright and fragrant perennial, and brought it home. In due season, the front yard had the ground, like Paul, she planted the roots in the ground close to the fence with but small hope of a yield. Then like Apollon, she began to water them, and the practice kept up to the present time. According to divine promise, the good Lord "gave the increase," and a bunch of finer "Rambler" roses than those brought to the Editor a few days ago no person ever saw or smelled of.

The proverbial "thunderbolt from a cloudless sky" reached here on Monday afternoon when the heat was most intense. With the exception of a thin haze that rested lightly on an air around Rag Rock there was not a single drop of a shower when, all at once a terrific clap of thunder, instantly followed the most vivid flash of lightning, and that by a downpour of rain that did not a body and soul good to see. It came from a shower travelling from the west round to the north, but was too brief to do much good, and the intense heat, the "artillery" soon ceased, the rain stopped, the shower went over to Malden and hit a few buildings, and the hottest night of the year followed.

FIRE.—The alarm from Box 41 last Saturday afternoon and Sunday was for a fire in the Woods off Washington street, Button End. The alarm from Box 271 Monday at 1:15 p. m. was for a fire that destroyed a small barn owned by August Norden off Webster street, North Woburn.

The alarm from Box 291 at 8:05 Tuesday evening was needless, being pulled for a burning limb of a tree on Elm street, North Woburn. The alarm from Box 58 at 3:50 Thursday afternoon was for the house of T. J. Quirk, 30 Carter street being struck by lightning during the storm raging at the time. No fire, chimney injured and house filled with smoke.

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride.
To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode home back at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung trouble, coughs and colds and pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," says a letter from a patient, "W. E. Patterson, Tex." "After four in our family had died with consumption, and I gained 40 pounds. Nothing was sure but Dr. King's New Discovery. All throat and lung troubles. Price \$60 and \$100. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists."

Conway—Doyle.
Miss Marie Gregory Conway, daughter of Mrs. Anna G. and the late Dr. James H. Conway of Woburn, Mass., and niece of Rev. William F. Gregory, S. J. of Kingston, Jamaica, E. J. Gregory, of Boston and Mrs. James McDonald, of Woburn, Mass., was married to Mr. James Madison Doyle, Ensign U. S. Navy, on Wednesday, July 3, in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Philadelphia.

Following the ceremony there was a solemn Nuptial Mass, the Celebrant of which was Rev. Thomas F. Shannon, uncle of the bride and Rector of the church, in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and friends of both the contracting parties.

Monseigneur O'Farrell, of Boston, an intimate friend of the family, gave the bride away.

John Loughlin, Esq., a member of the Philadelphia bar, was groomsmen and Miss Julia Minnick, a former schoolmate of the bride was maid of honor. The bride wore a crepe meteor trimmed with old point-lace, and carried a bouquet of Lilies of the Valley.

The bride's mother was gowned in dove colored satin trimmed with Duchess lace and wore a hat to match. The ceremony over, breakfast was served to the guests in the rectory, the decorations being smiles and pink.

The groom's present to the bride was a precious stone; the groom's father gave a necklace of pearls and diamonds. The officers of the ship (the North Carolina) presented a solid silver service set and Mr. Doyle's classmate a chest of silverware. In addition to the above, the bride's presents from relatives and friends, which included china and articles useful and ornamental, were many and valuable. The bride and groom left the same day for Virginia Beach where they will stay three months.

Miss Conway was graduated at the Convent of Mercy Merion, Philadelphia and subsequently took a post graduate course at Mount Saint Vincent on the Hudson, New York. Since her graduation she has traveled extensively.

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EDWIN F. WYKE, Postmaster.

WINCHESTER.
4th of July week was a strenuous one for our home firemen. They were called out about every day and always on the jump.

It is realized here that the Employers Liability Law went into effect on July 1. Contractors should get their employees insured at once.

Many of our people are busy packing their gripsacks for a departure to summer resorts in Northern New England. It will be very quiet here soon.

Our people lived through the torrid week last week, but it was a tough one. Such severe heat for so long a period is rare. The drought was a hard one too.

The first quarterly report of the Winchester Hospital was issued last week by the Directors and made a good showing. It proved the necessity of a town hospital, and that one properly operated and ably administered would be fully sustained. Our people like the new one.

Democratic leaders of this town say the Baltimore convention made a mistake in nominating Gov. Wilson. The Democratic Party will not vote for a College man, he is President, Professor, or undergraduate. They are not built that way. That comes pretty near hitting the nail on the head. Champ Clark would have suited them better.

An Egotist.
Tommy—Pop, what is an egotist? Tommy—Pop—An egotist is a man who thinks he can form an impartial opinion of himself—Philadelphia Record.

For the third tremendous week of their remarkably successful engagement "The Meistersingers" will introduce a number of new features, in addition to new songs. The combined Harvard, Schubert and Weber Male Quartettes have created a veritable sensation in their new spectacular scenic production "Camping Out," and as a result F. Keith's Theatre is packed to the doors nightly with an enthusiastic crowd. All those who have not already seen "The Meistersingers Camping Out" should lose no time in visiting the "Amusement Centre of Boston" and witnessing the greatest summer attraction ever staged.

Boston Theatres.

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French-Bryant.

WEDDING TO BE FOLLOWED BY AN EXTENDED HONEYMOON TOUR OF EUROPE.

Woburn, July 8.—The wedding of Miss Ethel Merrill Bryant, daughter of Charles W. Bryant, and Charles William French, son of Mrs. Susan French of Francis street, took place at 8 o'clock this evening at the home of the bride's father, 1 Fairmount street, Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Norton, pastor of the first Congregational Church, and Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian Church conducting the services. The bride's gown was of white meteor crepe trimmed with duchess lace. She was unattended.

There was a reception, the guests being members of the Gabolite Whist Club and other intimate friends of the bride couple. The ushers were Edward Johnson and Fred E. Leathe.

After their honeymoon trip, which will conclude with a tour of Europe, Mr. and Mrs. French are to live on Francis street, where they will be at home to their friends after Dec. 1.—Boston Globe, July 9.

Provide Your Own Rain And Have It When You Want It.
A practical man wrote some time ago:—

"If you could command rain when it was really needed, and only when it was needed you could control your crops. Three-fourths of the chance of farming are caused by the uncertainties of the skies. Irrigation makes you master of your land. It does not mean that you can control the weather, but it means that you can control the water that is in the ground. No floods can occur, for you control the flood-gates."

"When crops wilt and die because of insufficient moisture, the attention of New England farmers, gardeners, and florists is directed toward irrigation. During June the territory around Boston was given but little more than a quarter of an inch of water, and when July began, the crops were suffering and in danger. Except in the low spots the soil was either cracked or as dry and loose as the dust in the well-travelled highway."

The rest of this article will be printed in the JOURNAL when the weather gets cooler.—Editor.

"Durbur in Kinemacolor."
Not since Nature herself presented that great masterpiece of the Ages—"The Creation"—has the world witnessed a spectacle of such awe inspiring and mighty grandeur as that of the dazzling Durbur, which with the pomp and panoply of regal ceremonial and magic magnificence that even outshone the fabled gorgeousness and romanticism of the Arabian Nights, marked the elevation of George the Fifth to the exalted state of Emperor and Empress of India.

"The Durbur" has made a sensational success at Tremont Temple, where it is now in the tenth week of an all summer run. Matinees are given daily at two-thirty, the evening performances being at eight fifteen. The price range from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

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REPUBLICANS ARE HOPEFUL

They Feel in Massachusetts That Taft Can Be Elected

SENTIMENT MORE FAVORABLE

History of Presidential Elections Shows Campaigns Won When Defeat Seemed Certain—Third Party Movement Weak

Notwithstanding the professed belief of the Democrats that their candidate for president is to be elected this fall there is a much stronger feeling today among Republicans than ten days ago that President Taft can be elected if his supporters get to work in earnest and continue persistently until the close of the campaign.

Following the convention at Chicago some Republicans felt discouraged over the outlook. That is not true today, at least not in any true degree. There is nothing in the situation when it is carefully analyzed which should give discouragement or cause party workers to feel despondent over the outcome of the campaign.

It has often been the history of previous presidential campaigns that the candidate who started in a somewhat discouraging way has been fought to a successful issue, through the intelligent labors of the party leaders, and through circumstances which have developed some time after the convention.

The nomination of Mr. Bryan on the free silver platform in 1896 appealed to a great number of voters at first blush. The country was undergoing an era of low prices, especially in agricultural products. There was a feeling that gold had appreciated and in this way brought about the depreciation in the prices of commodities.

Farmers were sighing and crying for dollar wheat, and the plaintiff of the farmer was simply characteristic of the attitude of men in all lines of production. Democratic orators were crying that high prices meant prosperity and low prices meant ruin and that there was not enough of the circulating medium to make prices normal.

The situation in 1896. The Republican party faced a situation that was simply overwhelming in its indications of coming defeat. The campaign was in this condition when both tickets had been placed in the field. It is true that leading party men in the east refused to support the Democratic program and organized a third party, but in the middle and western states and in some of the southern the enthusiasm for Bryan and free silver was so great that it would have discouraged almost any man except Marcus A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican national committee.

It is a matter of history how the Republican party waged that campaign against the mightiest odds, and which resulted in the election of William McKinley of Ohio as President of the United States. It was not accomplished without the hardest kind of hard work in every state and that kind of effort will be necessary in the campaign which now confronts the country in order to secure the re-election of Mr. Taft. Certain conditions could not have been more discouraging than they were in 1896.

Third Party Is Not Active.
It is evident that the Republican party in this campaign has to wage a determined fight for the success of the Republican ticket. There does not appear to be much life in the third party progressive movement. Those who have studied the situation with some care believe that whatever that movement may amount to it will draw as heavily from the Democrats as from the Republican ranks. It is noticeable that there is a much better feeling among Republicans who were supporting Mr. Roosevelt than there was before the convention. A great many leaders in that movement decline to follow Mr. Roosevelt into the new party and they express their intention of supporting the Republican party and making their contests for progressiveness with the party lines.

Of the men who were leaders in the Roosevelt campaign for the nomination, few are now realizing that when once they step outside of the party fold they are no longer members of the old party nor qualified to participate in its primaries. The members of the new party would be limited to nominations within that party and none of them are able to say they would be successful as candidates to win an election to any position in any district in the commonwealth.

Cost of Living Is Everywhere.
It is clearly evident that the Democrats intend to lay much stress in the campaign on the cost of living and thereby to secure possible converts from the Republican ranks. The Democrats insist that the tariff is responsible for the high price of living they seem to forget that prices in England have advanced practically as much in proportions as in this country. They forget that the housewives raised a riot because of the high prices of meat and attacked the shops of the dealers.

The cost of living is not confined to the countries which have protective tariffs. As a matter of fact this question is quite as acute in low-tariff countries as in those having high tariffs. The consumer can easily discover by exercising a little thought that in many directions at least, the cost of living in this country is governed by the law of supply and demand. In the case of potatoes for instance, it was a shortage in the crop last year which forced the prices in cities to something like \$2 per bushel where \$1 has usually been the normal price. It was the drought last year and not the tariff which governed the price of potatoes. A similar investigation would reveal many similar

causes for in nine-tenths of the cases where prices have advanced the causes have been the same.

The Facts Will Be Shown.
It is quite within the possibilities that these facts may be shown to the satisfaction of the voters before the election comes around next November. That is where a part of the campaign work must be done. It is the province of political organizers to educate the voters to the facts which enter into the issues of the campaign.

It is said it will be the endeavor of the Democrats to show that the trusts make high prices. As a matter of fact it has been shown conclusively in the past as a general proposition that trust-made articles are those which have not generally been advanced with the exception of meats and a few other commodities. The great majority of trust-made goods have either remained the same in price or been lowered.

DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES.
English Army Methods in the Execution of Condemned Spies.

The ceremony of disposing of a condemned spy in the English army all ways follows a definite precedent. The unfortunate man is surrounded by a detachment of infantry, and after he is provided with a pick and shovel he is marched off to a selected spot and ordered to dig his own grave.

This done, the tools are taken from him and his eyes are bandaged. The attending chaplain reads portions selected from the burial service, and from the ranks of the escort twelve men are selected at random by the officer in charge.

These men, having stacked their own rifles, are led to where twelve other rifles are awaiting them, six of which are loaded with blank cartridges. One of these is handed to each man, so that no one knows whether the rifle he holds contains a bullet or not, and none can say for certain that the shot fired by him killed the prisoner. The firing party then marches to an appointed position. The commands "Present" "Fire" are given, and almost before the last word rings out the volley is fired and the spy falls into the grave he has dug.

Nearly every man is more or less affected on being selected to form one of the firing party, and many men have been known to faint away on being singled out, while others are so overcome as to be scarcely able to pull the triggers of their rifles.

Carlyle's Bluntness.
Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension for Lord Tennyson. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye again to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents who knew nothing about Tennyson would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet. "Richard Milnes," replied the sage, "on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks

Marooned

A Man Lived For
Years Alone on
an Island

By MILLARD MALTRE

In Casco bay, on the coast of Maine, there are several hundred islands. The principal business of the natives of the islands is fishing.

One day some thirty years ago a couple of fishermen setting their nets for mackerel saw a ship bearing a flag they did not recognize cast anchor near one of the smaller islands. Presently a boat was lowered over the side and pulled to the shore. There were three men in the boat, two pulling the oars and one sitting in the stern. Landing, all three went into a wood growing near the shore, where they remained only a few minutes. Then two of them returned, got into the boat and rowed back to the ship. The anchor was pulled up, and she sailed away.

Curious to know something more of the matter, the fishermen when they had finished setting their nets, went to the island and looked about till they came upon a man sitting on the ground, leaning up against a tree. Beside him were a bottle of water and some ship's biscuit. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, his hair being partly gray. It was evident that he had been marooned on the island.

The fishermen asked him what he was doing there, but he evidently did not understand the English language, for he shook his head and replied in another tongue. They pointed to the mainland and asked him if he did not wish to go with them, but to this he also shook his head. It was some time before they could make their minds to leave him there, and before they did give him some matches and a fish, also some old blankets they had stored in their boat.

This incident occurred, as I have said, about thirty years ago. The marooned man built himself a hut on the island, in which he lived from that



HE TOOK FROM WITHIN THE BOUQUET A GLASS GLOBE.

time to this. But he never told how he came to be left there or where he hailed from. He did not even give his name. Indeed, his lips were sealed as to everything concerning his previous history. He was known as the marooned man of Casco bay.

He made a boat for himself out of pieces of scantling and planks that drifted on to the island and carried a living by catching lobsters and selling them.

Finally he died, and some persons went over from the mainland to bury him. They found his secret, and the main events pertaining to it, he having written it down during the last few weeks of his life when he felt that his days were numbered. From this record the story that made him a marooned man has been constructed.

One day a lady stepped into a little shop where flowers were sold in St. Petersburg and asked for some roses. A young girl stood behind the counter and brought out the flowers. The lady was one of the friendly kind and talked kindly with the little flower girl, asking her her name and if she had any father or mother, and so on. The girl told her name, which was Lisa—told her mother was dead and that her father owned the shop, but she attended to the business, since her father was seldom there. The lady asked some questions about the father—Paul Merovich was his name—if he had any other business and what took him so much away from home. Lisa could not answer this last question, nor did she know whether her father engaged in any other business.

The lady appeared so friendly that Lisa told her all about herself and the flower business. No such kindly person had ever before come to the shop, and Lisa was asked about Merovich himself, for Lisa knew that her father was very reticent about himself and had often cautioned her not to talk about him or what he did or how he spent his time, to others. She would not have given any one else the information she had imparted. Her customer was so kindly, so sympathetic, that she could not refrain from doing so.

When Lisa told her father that Mrs. Burovich was intimate with the family of General Scholoff, she noticed a changed expression came over his face. But he said nothing and she went on talking about her lovely visitor. Her father appeared desirous to learn all about what had passed between the two women, but being himself a close-mouthed man, he spoke no more than was necessary. So long as she was willing to talk he was ready to listen.

After that Mrs. Burovich came often to the shop, always buying flowers and always paying more than the price asked for them. One day when she had gone out for something and on her return found the lady in the living room back of the shop. She told Lisa that she preferred to make herself comfortable while she waited. When Lisa mentioned this to her father he was displeased and told Lisa not to go out any more without locking the shop door.

Mrs. Burovich spoke often of the family of General Scholoff, to whom she seemed much attached. Indeed, she sometimes told Lisa when she bought flowers that they were intended for Mrs. Scholoff or some other member of the family. Lisa told all these things to her father, who seemed much interested in the matter, though he never commented on it. But one day he surprised Lisa by proposing that she take a handsome bunch of flowers to Mrs. Scholoff. Lisa was delighted at the idea, since it would enable her to show indirectly her appreciation of Mrs. Burovich's kindness. She would say nothing to her friend about the matter, fearing that she would not permit her to give away her flowers. In this her father heartily agreed with her.

Lisa wished to put this scheme in operation at once, but her father told her to wait and he would secure some choice flowers that were very rare at that season. So Lisa waited, and one day her father brought her an enormous bouquet, which he suggested be placed in the center of the floral offering. Lisa clasped her hands in delight. Her father placed the flowers in position just before Lisa went to go to the house of the general and told her that if Mrs. Scholoff was not at home she had better leave it for her in her husband's care.

While Lisa carried the flowers on the street she detected a singular odor, as of something burning, but it did not occur to her that it came from the bouquet. When she reached the general's house she asked for Mrs. Scholoff, but was told she was not at home. Then she asked if she might leave a gift for her with the general. The servant went in to report the matter and returned to tell Lisa to go into the general's office.

General Scholoff looked at Lisa suspiciously. She was telling him what she had to say when he began to sniff the air, then snatched the bouquet and held it under his nose. Tearing the bouquet apart, he seized a string, on the end of which was a spark, questioning the spark between his thumb and fingers till he had extinguished it. He took from within the bouquet a glass globe about the size of a walnut. This he put in a glass of water, then called an attendant, telling him to send Lisa into the room just before she went to the house of the general and told her that if Mrs. Scholoff was not at home she had better leave it for her in her husband's care.

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The government was out that Lisa was to be sent to Siberia. This brought the voluntary surrender of Merovich. Lisa, though innocent, begged to be allowed to suffer in his stead. This was, of course, not granted, but great sympathy was felt by Mrs. Scholoff, and especially by Lisa's supposed customer, and the government at the time had political reasons for not sending Merovich to Siberia or executing him. Merovich proposed that if they would leave his daughter unpunished they could do what they liked with him. He would agree, if they banished him, never to return to Russia.

It was finally stipulated that he was to be sent to a desert island. So long as he never appeared anywhere else his daughter should go unpunished. If he left his island she would be sent to Siberia, which her father knew was a worse fate than death.

A ship bound for North America sailed soon after this, and the word was sent to the captain to maroon him on an island on the Atlantic coast. He was left on a deserted island, and there he lived, dead to the world, that his daughter he had implicated and whom he nevertheless dearly loved might escape the horrors of the Siberian mines.

The Magic of a Siphon.
When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U, in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel, the water will flow out of the pipe, and the level of the liquid in each of the two vessels will balance the other, and if the water is at the same level in the two vessels it will remain at that level in both vessels. If the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon itself has no magic about it, but a pencil has when it falls or than any other similar phenomenon in nature, yet some of the siphon's manifestations seem to be not only magical, but almost incredible.—St. Nicholas.

Forgery in Ancient Greece.
Dactyl is Greek for finger, and from this the word dactylography, to apply to knowledge of finger rings, is derived. Rings as signets hark back to ancient Egypt, from which country they probably came to Greece. Solon, the Greek lawgiver, who died 558 years before the Christian era, enacted a law that no engraver or cutter of signet rings should keep by him the impression of any ring he had cut. As these rings were used to sign documents of various kinds, this law was intended to prevent fraud and forgery.

Humble Pie.
There is a queer twist of language in the phrase "to eat humble pie." The word "humble" is a corrupted form of the original "humble," which is an indelible part of the carcass of a deer and would make very poor pie. The words "humble pie" have the same original meaning as "to eat crow," a phrase common in political life. There is an enforced humility in this process, and the change from "humble" to "humble" introduced a thought which harmonized with the idea sought to be expressed. The last form of the phrase has entirely supplanted the original.

COLORS OF BUOYS

Spell the Same Words of Warning in All Our Waters.

DAY GUIDES FOR MARINERS.

The Simple Code That Governs These Valuable Aids to Navigation—How the Whistling Buoy and Bell Buoy Fog Signals Are Operated.

As everybody knows, there are black buoys and red buoys, buoys with horizontal black and red stripes, buoys with black and white vertical stripes, not to speak of bell buoys and the much larger buoys that lie well out at sea and are called "mammoth buoys." Each of these aids to navigation has, of course, its own particular meaning. The place that each occupies is carefully chosen for it, and its arrangement is governed by a careful system.

Buoys are called "marks," in contradistinction to the "night marks"—the lights and beacons. For the purposes of the Lighthouse board the coasts of the United States, including the lakes and navigable rivers, are divided into various districts, each district being under the charge of an officer who sees that all buoys in his district are properly cared for.

For obvious reasons similar buoys in all districts mean the same thing. In other words, a buoy of a particular distinguishing color of the coast of Maine carries the same significance that a buoy of that same color has off the coast of Florida. So the mariner who enters the New England port is guided and directed in precisely the same way as the mariner who enters a southern port, and the same is true of all other parts of the country.

The government publishes coast charts showing the colors and positions of the buoys. The Lighthouse board publishes, in addition, a yearly list, distributed gratis for the benefit of navigation, in which each one of the thousands of buoys is located and described.

The passenger standing at the rail of the liner coming in from sea will probably first notice a "mammoth buoy." These buoys are used only in special cases—such as, for example, to mark the approaches to channels over bars or shoals that lie some distance from the coast. Red and black buoys designate the channel. They lie on either side. The red buoys, which have even numbers, must be left on the starboard or right hand in passing in from sea. The black buoys, always with odd numbers, must be left on the port hand.

When there are two or more channels these are distinguished by a difference either in the size or in the shape of the buoys.

An isolated rock, wreck or any obstruction that has a channel on either side of it is shown by a buoy with red and black horizontal stripes.

Buoys showing white and black perpendicular stripes and lying in mid channel indicate that the vessel must be passed close to avoid danger.

As an indication that there is a turning point in the channel we see buoys surmounted by triangles, cages, etc. There are buoys which carry fog signals, such as the bell buoy and the whistling buoy. The latter is used off the coast to show dangerous outlying shoals or other obstructions. It is surmounted by a conical buoy, which is sounded by the ringing through it of air admitted and compressed by the rising and falling motion of the buoy itself. It has been found that these buoys are particularly adapted to turbulent waters, the murch or the violent sea is the louder the sound given out by the buoy. The whistling buoy, a most unpleasant neighbor, may be heard at a distance of about ten miles. Under very favorable conditions it has been heard fifteen miles.

The bell buoy consists of the bottom section of a buoy floating in the water on which is mounted a framework bearing a bell, which, instead of the ordinary tongue and clapper, shows a small cannon ball supported on a platform just beneath the bell's mouth. This ball rolls to and fro with every motion of the sea.

Bell buoys are employed in harbors and rivers where the water is smooth or than in the roadsteads and where it is not necessary that their sound shall be heard a great distance.

The ordinary buoy, not of the whistling or bell variety, is made either of wood or of iron. Those of iron are hollow with air tight compartments and are of three shapes, called respectively nun, can and lee buoys. The nun buoy is almost conical in shape, the can buoy approaches the cylindrical form, and the lee buoy is very long and narrow, somewhat resembling the spar buoy in form.

The wooden or spar buoys are sticks ranging in length from twelve to sixty feet and painted according to the color to which they are to be put. The lower end is fitted for a mooring chain. Buoys have many vicissitudes and are exposed to many dangers. Passing steamers run down the iron buoys and tip them open or cut off big pieces of spar buoys with their sharp propeller blades. As the iron buoys are made in compartments, they are seldom sunk by such collisions, but their line of flotation is often lowered, and they have to be replaced.—Harper's Weekly.

Didn't See It.
"Now," said the lawyer, "please tell us how the altercation began."
"I didn't see any altercation," replied the witness. "I was too busy watching the fight."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Medical Etiquette.
Medical etiquette, instead of being kept up, as people so often imagine, in the interests of the doctors, is maintained in the interests of the public. It is they, not the doctors, who would suffer most were it done away with.—London Spectator.

The Remainder.
Dear Snapsnaps—Can you tell me what is the remainder of the quotation beginning "Man proposes, the woman disposes; woman opposes."—Buffalo Times.

Easily Answered.
Wife—The doctor has advised me to go south for a month's rest. The question now is where to go.
Husband—Go to another doctor.—Fliegende Blätter.

Not So Bad.
"A penny for your thoughts," chirped the young lady.
"Well, I've had worse offers from publishers," responded the poet.—Kansas City Journal.

LANDED A BIG FISH.

Then He Hooked Bigger Game and Had an Exciting Time.

A singular fish story is told in the East Indian papers. A fisherman started for the river, accompanied by a shikari, carrying a rifle for use in case of an encounter with big game. The fisherman had some time landed a large fish and then moved up stream to another pool. On his way he passed a ravine and caught sight of an enormous tiger.

In a panic the fisherman concealed himself behind a pile of rocks and was flustering himself that he had escaped observation when the fish fell from his hands in full view of the tiger.

The fish was foundering in the road, and the tiger instantly pounced on it and carried it off. But the book still held, and as soon as the tiger felt the resistance of the line he gave his head an impatient shake, which resulted in the harpooning of his upper lip.

At this critical moment the enraged animal saw the fisherman, who was in the boat, and he was so startled by his daring position, and actually began to play the tiger as he would a fish.

The tiger stopped for a moment in apparent amazement at such audacity, and then he turned and swam back to the scene with his rifle and sent a bullet through the brute's brain.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FRENCH TOBACCO TESTERS.

Men Who Find Smoking Anything but an Agreeable Task.

The French, governing officials, official testers of tobacco form a category of civil servants of whose activity little is known outside their own department.

Tobacco is a state monopoly in France, and the experts are employed under the ministry of finance to report on all classes of tobacco that are permitted to be sold in France. The men are mostly supernumerary inspectors of tobacco factories.

Their hours of business are from 9 to 5. As a rule, it is the lower grades of tobacco that need the most careful attention. They have to report not only on the cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco put on the market by the French Tobacco Regie, but also on all imported tobacco.

Smoking when compulsory is anything but an agreeable duty, these employees say. They are in constant danger from its caused by the excessive use of tobacco, and they combat this by taking large quantities of black coffee, which is also said to assist them to differentiate between the various kinds of tobacco on which they have to give their opinion.—Exchange.

Zeke Knew Rufe.

Rufe was telling Zeke about a terrible escape he had had the night before after he had crossed the dam at the river and was making for his cabin about a half mile through the dark still. "The same day went Zeke out of the house and sat by the sea-side," he was very suggestive of the fact that he was about to leave the house of Israel and gather from the sea of nations a special people for a special purpose. In Heb. iii, 5, 6, we read of Moses faithful in all his house as a servant and of Christ as a Son over His own house. In Matt. xxiii, 38, 39, Jesus said, "Behold your house is left unto you desolate, for I say unto you ye shall not see Me henceforth till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." As it is in Luke xix, 13, "occupy till I come," and in 1 Cor. x, 26, "Shew the Lord's death till He come," or in Eph. ii, 27, Acts iii, 21, "I will overturn till He come whom the heavens must receive until the times of restoration of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets." The kingdom is no mystery, but one of the plainest things revealed in the Scriptures, but that the kingdom which was at hand should be postponed and an age intervene between its rejection and its actual coming was something not before revealed, and only fully revealed later to Paul, as he states in Eph. iii, 10, and elsewhere. This age in which we still live is covered by the seven parables of Matt. xiii, the first of which and its explanation we have in our lesson for this week. Some of the parables are so simple that they speak the parable to the multitudes, but explained it to His disciples when alone with them, saying, "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God, but unto them that will not, all these things are made parables." Then He gave the reason (verses 10-12). In verse 13 He seems to indicate that this parable of the sower is a key to all the parables, or that this one is so simple that it is understood if it is not understood, it is difficult for the multitudes to understand. With the explanation given so fully by Himself, no further comment is necessary. Let us, however, note carefully that the great work given us is to sow diligently the incorruptible seed of the word of God (Luke xiii, 11; 1 Pet. i, 23), remembering that He will watch over it and it will not fail to accomplish His pleasure (Jer. i, 12; R. V.; Isa. lv, 11). The devil is always ready to snatch away the word lest people be converted, but he shall be saved. He is the god of this world, blinding the minds of those who believe not (2 Cor. iv, 4). The thing to do is to receive the word with meekness and bring forth fruit with patience (Jas. i, 21; Luke xiii, 16). If we are true believers, saved fully and forever by the great sacrifice of Christ, we will, by His grace, have victory over the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches, the pleasures of this life and the lusts of all other things which might choke the word and hinder our fruitfulness.

Ducks and Water.
Many things are said to be as natural as ducks and water, but a French writer tells of ducks that hated water. There were three of them, and they had lived some years in Paris, where they had their daily bath in a small bath. Their owner finally took them to the country to live beside a lake. He was surprised at putting them into the lake to see them instantly scramble ashore and waddle to a neighboring stable, whence they never came out except to feed. Never could they be induced to swim in the water save by force or fear, and when there they always drew closely together, so as to occupy no more space than their bath basin in Paris. They were thoroughly domestic, tame, and they never became used to it.

Feminine Mind.
They lived in a little town adjacent to Pittsburgh. Hubby was trying to get his wife along and make her forget that she wanted a new suit.
"Now," said he, "the town committee is offering a prize for the prettiest lawn."
"What is that to me?"
"Who don't you enter the contest?"
"You know I haven't had a lawn in five years. I haven't even a gingham that is fit to wear."
"Moral—You can't take their minds off the subject of dress.—Pittsburgh Post.

Caesar's Appearance.
Julius Caesar was a thin man, tall and with a very wrinkled, seamy countenance. His forehead was broad and full of wrinkles. His eyes were not large, but described as exceedingly bright and quick. His nose was of more than usual size and his chin full and prominent. He walked with a slight, scholarly stoop in his shoulders. His ears stood out well from his head, and his hair was always cut close. Early in life he became bald.

Heart and Lungs.
The action of the heart, lungs and digestive system is involuntary, for the reason that it is indispensable to life and must be carried on under all circumstances. If a man's heart or lungs or his heart or had to remember that he must breathe or that his food must digest he would have no time to do anything else, and if by chance he should forget to keep his heart going or his lungs in operation he would fall dead on the spot.

Most Important Event.
"What do you consider the most important event in the history of Paris?"
"Well," replied the tourist who had grown weary of distributing tips, "so far as financial prosperity is concerned, I should say the discovery of America was the making of this town."—Washington Herald.

Good News.
Cashier—Have you heard, sir, that John Jones is a bankrupt? Banker—Well, that's good news. We will now get a little of what he owes us, whereas, if he had remained in business, we never would have got a cent.—Fliegende Blätter.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Third Quarter. For July 14, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark iv, 1-20. Memory Verse, 20—Golden Text, Jas. 1:21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

"Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people." "Anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, He went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him" (Matt. iv, 23; Acts x, 38). The great theme of Scripture is the kingdom fore-shadowed in the dominion over all things granted to Adam and Eve and consummated when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever (Gen. i, 26-28; Rev. xi, 15). After Adam lost the dominion by listening to the devil, handing the dominion over to him and thus bringing sin and the curse upon our race and the earth, God began to reveal by type and statement a Redeemer and a redemption and a restoration of all that was lost by sin. The Redeemer is first mentioned as the seed of the woman, the redemption is set forth in the sacrifice which provided the coats of skins, and the restoration of the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever (Gen. i, 26-28; Rev. xi, 15). After Adam lost the dominion by listening to the devil, handing the dominion over to him and thus bringing sin and the curse upon our race and the earth, God began to reveal by type and statement a Redeemer and a redemption and a restoration of all that was lost by sin. The Redeemer is first mentioned as the seed of the woman, the redemption is set forth in the sacrifice which provided the coats of skins, and the restoration of the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever (Gen. i, 26-28; Rev. xi, 15).

When I parted from her I think we were both dwelling on this, for a cloud passed over her young brow as she over mine. Nevertheless a thrill ran through our clasped hands, overpowering our fears.

Marcella did not invite me to the house, knowing that her father, who at least intended to guard her from such as I, would not permit me to come there. But she met me on the bridge, which was midway between her home and the village, where she often went. Down the river bank was a secluded path on which we could walk without fear of detection. Though pricked by conscience, I was not strong enough to conquer myself or her and go away from her, for I had not even a good suit of clothes, and was she not an heiress?

For awhile, despite the wrong of it, there were flashes of zest in this for hidden fruit and times when all but our dominant love faded for the moment and left us exquisite happiness. But there came a time when those periods during which we were apart were unbearable. We were drawing near that condition when pent-up love must burst its barriers. It was Marcella who first proposed flight, though I had been thinking of it. The conditions could not remain as they were. Some one who knew would tell; Marcella would be shut up; our communication would be broken. And so at last we came to the inevitable conclusion that we must go away together, be married and when the knot had been tied would ask for forgiveness.

Looking back on this period, it seems to me that I must have been demented. I, a pauper, had no right to woo the daughter of a rich man, certainly no right to consent to an elopement to gain that which I could not gain honorably. I was a thief as much as or more than one who starves and steals bread or the wherewithal to buy bread. I was hungry for love, while the starving life in his body. But I yielded, and now I am paying the penalty.

And yet am I paying a penalty? There is in me a pleasing sense of doing penance for my sin. Is it for the sin? No; it is for her love. I glory in my suffering, since I know that I have saved her from what I could not bear to have brought upon her. If we were to go away together we should have come sooner. Farmer Hosmer got wind of something wrong and sent Marcella up. He did not know where the danger lay and had never seen me. Indeed, I had purposely kept out of his way, for I dreaded to meet him. Marcella's imprisonment made me desperate, and then—and then—

One night when all was still and dark, carrying a ladder, I went to the Hosmer farm, stood under Marcella's window and threw gravel lightly against the panes. Softly she raised the latch and looked out. I ran up the ladder and was about to ask her if she would go with me when she said: "Heaven! What are you doing? Father drove to the county seat today and is expected home every minute!"

As she spoke there was a sound of wheels crunching on gravel almost under the window. Marcella, frantic, pulled me in.

"The ladder!" I exclaimed. "He will see it!"

He did see it, for I heard the wagon stop directly under the window, and certain mutterings that told me I would be caught in Marcella's room.

"Success! Success! Success!" came to me, from where I knew not, and a resolution was taken to save Marcella from a stain.

"Get into bed," I said, "and pretend to sleep."

She obeyed me and, gathering up a few trinkets on the bureau, a bracelet, two or three rings and some gold pins, I stuffed them in my pocket, open-

Penance

A Man Decides to Steal and Suffers For the Theft

By HENRY MELLABY

Here I am in prison for a crime I have confessed, but have not committed. And yet the most difficult task I have is to keep the one who would suffer by exonerating me from doing so. I have been sent up for seven years and shall probably serve all of the term except what I may get off by good behavior—that is, unless the true story is divulged.

It came about in this way: I met Marcella at a barn dance. I was a farm hand and she the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the county. There was that between us when we first saw each other to make us great happiness or great trouble, and whether it was in this or in that or what it was I can't say. I only know that we were like the poles of the magnet—drawn together by a power far beyond that of the greatest magnet—for it was not a senseless but a living force.

We danced together many times, and when the dawn was breaking I was her escort to her home. As I walked with her up the walk to the house, a great white structure with an L, for the many things a farmer needs and I noticed the huge barn full of grain, a



I WAS CAUGHT WITH THE ARTICLES ON ME

chill came upon my heart, for I saw that they were a barrier between me and the girl who would inherit them at her father's death.

When I parted from her I think we were both dwelling on this, for a cloud passed over her young brow as she over mine. Nevertheless a thrill ran through our clasped hands, overpowering our fears.

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IT IS NOT TOO LATE

In the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You want to have it changed while the work is being done. The fire

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., as second-class matter.

NO. 36

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John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 480 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Best results guaranteed.

THE END

OF THE

THREAD

And What Came

Of It

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Phineas Clode lowered his silk um-

brella, shook the clinging raindrops

therefrom and opened the front door

of the boarding house.

As he entered the cheery red car-

peted hall a kitten playing with a

spool of white thread dashed away with

a wave of a ridiculously small tail,

leaving the spool on the floor with the

loose thread running under the heavy

curtains that hung before the parlor

door. "That," said Mr. Clode under his

breath as he placed his umbrella in

the stand and stooped to pick up the

spool. His neat and orderly spirit was

shocked at the sight of the tangled

thread on the floor.

So he began to wind it on to the

spool, and he wound most industri-

ously for five minutes before he reached

the end of the thread, which had a

small loop in it. This he fastened

neatly in the little notch cut in the

end of the spool and dropped the spool

on the table beside the parlor door. At

least Mr. Clode thought he dropped the

spool there, but as a matter of fact it

rolled off into the umbrella stand and

fell among the folds of Mr. Clode's silk

umbrella.

At the dinner table Phineas Clode

was pleased to note that a new com-

panion was placed opposite to him. She

was a small, fair woman, rather deli-

cate looking, and as she walked into

the dining room he noted she slipped

slightly. Mrs. Bennett, his landlady,

introduced Phineas to the stranger. Her

name was Miss Cynthia Felton.

"Miss Felton is my second cousin,"

said Mrs. Bennett with an amiable

smile at the middle-aged lady, who

was in every respect her "star-

boarder. "She is going to remain with

me all winter."

Phineas Clode felt a vague pleasure

in knowing that he would have this

sweet-faced vis-a-vis for several

months.

He was startled out of a

dream of many quiet games of chess

with Miss Felton by the voice of Mrs.

Bennett, his next neighbor.

"Somebody taken your lace?" she

said in her hard shrill voice. "I call

that mean."

"Oh, no; I didn't say any one had

taken it!" protested Miss Felton, with

a shocked glance around the table. "I

merely said I had lost it."

Meanwhile Phineas Clode ate his

supper quite innocent of any partici-

pation in the disappearance of the lace.

He had planned out his evening with

the same precision that he devoted to

the neatly kept ledgers in the ware-

house where he had been head book-

keeper for many years.

As soon as he had eaten his dinner

he would walk three times around the

block while he smoked a cigar. Then

he would return to his boarding house

and read the evening paper in his

comfortable alcove bedroom.

As soon as he had met Miss Felton,

however, he thought he recognized the

quiet, concentrated mind of a chess

player. If she didn't know how to

play he might teach her.

So after he had walked around the

block three times and returned to the

boarding house prior to report that

the rain had ceased, although the sky

was still overcast, he joined Miss Fel-

ton at the round table where she was

engaged in some intricate needlework

which employed the drawing of many

threads from a piece of linen and then

sewing the threads through in confus-

ing groups that finally evolved into a

charming pattern.

"This is a fine drawn work," ex-

claimed Miss Felton in response to his

question.

"The lace you lost—I heard you men-

tion it at the table—was it something

like this?" Phineas gazed vaguely

around the room as though he thought

some lucky chance might reveal the

hiding place of the lost lace.

"Oh, no, indeed. It was knitted lace.

It was such a pretty pattern."

"What was it like?" inquired Phineas

gravely. He was interested in it

and growing more so every moment

because Miss Felton was so sweet.

"Well," said Miss Felton, dropping

her work on the table and looking at

him, "it had a background of thin

butterflies with roses here and there.

A friend of mine originated the pat-

tern and set the stitches for me just

before I left home. She has since died.

So the midsummer love pattern—that

what she called it—will never be made

after all."

"Midsummer love," repeated Phineas

reminiscently. "Seems to me I

used to know a song called that."

"Yes, there is one—I used to know

the words. When any state at

Felton hummed under her breath in

a sweet, rich tone, and Phineas joined

in his good tone, and they both blus-

hed and looked guilty when the bridge

players at the other end of the room

encouraged their effort.

After awhile Miss Felton went to

the piano and played some accompa-

niments for Phineas, who sang "The

Soldier's Farewell" and "Mary of Ar-

gyl." Then, to Phineas' delight, he

learned that Miss Felton was a de-

voted chess player, and the rest of the

evening was spent in a quiet corner of

the room over the chess table.

At exactly 8:30 the next morning

Phineas Clode put on his hat and

manipulated his pocket watch. He

was on time. He looked at his watch

of the hall stand, for it was rain-

ing again. As he accomplished this

apparently unimportant act Miss Fel-

ton came slowly down the stairway,

while at the same moment there

entered the room a lady whom he

had just left, Mrs. Bennett and

Miss Chase, the stenographer.

When morning greetings had been

exchanged Mrs. Bennett called up to

Miss Felton, who had paused halfway

down the stairs.

"Did you find your lace, Miss Fel-

ton?"

"No, indeed; not a trace of it."

"Odd where 'tis," clipped Miss Chase.

"Raining?" she asked Phineas.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Phineas,

giving his umbrella a little shake as he

opened the front door.

Then that spool of thread flew out

and rolled slowly down the breadth of

the carpet.

Phineas started. Mrs. Bennett smiled

significantly at Miss Chase, who mur-

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1912

JUDGE CORSON.

Complimentary to Western Ozone and correct individual living it was announced in these columns a few weeks ago that Hon. Dighton Corson of South Dakota, a native of Canaan, Maine, would probably be a candidate for reelection this fall.

Judge Corson will be 85 years old next October; is one of the ablest jurists in the West; and has occupied a seat on the South Dakota Supreme Court Bench continuously for nearly the last quarter of a century.

He was strongly appealed to to run again, and finally consented to do so very reluctantly. His name was placed on the Taft ticket, and although vigorously supported by the Bench and Bar, the Press, and hosts of friends, Roosevelt's popularity pulled the Judge's opponent through by the skin of his teeth.

The handsome support he received, and his splendid victory of 3 to 1 votes at the Primaries over President Taft, enabled Judge Corson to emerge from the contest one of the proudest and happiest men in South Dakota.

NEW FIFTH DISTRICT.

As near as we are able to figure it out the following towns and cities make up the new Fifth Massachusetts Congressional District:

Andover, Methuen, Lowell, Billerica, Burlington, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Dracut, Reading, Dunstable, Tewksbury, Tyngsboro and Wilmington of the old Fifth District; Acton, Ayer, Bedford, Foxboro, Concord, Groton, Hudson, Lincoln, Littleton, Maynard, Pepperell, Shirley, Stow, Westford, Berlin, Bolton, Harvard and Northboro of the old Fourth District and Woburn of the Eighth District.

THE FIFTH DISTRICT.

Among the prominent gentlemen who have already been suggested as possible candidates for Congress from the new Fifth District we see the name of Fred F. Walker of Burlington, who is at the head of the State Animal Industry Department, whose candidacy is being favorably received all over the District. Our advice to Mr. Walker is, let well enough alone; go slow but sure; don't rush; one foot at a time; in other words we would have our friend Walker, in a political sense, "tarry in Jericho a little while longer and let his hair grow."

TALKING GOVERNOR.

The Boss politicians of Boston have been talking Governor this week. The Democrats talk it and the Mayorality all the year round, but they have had something new to talk about lately.

Gov. Foss has allowed it to be spread abroad that he is seriously considering the matter of seeking another term in the gubernatorial chair, and his party are uncommonly stirred up over the report. But what is of more consequence to the Republicans is the rumor that Louis Frothingham has pulled out and will not be a candidate for Governor this fall.

WELL PROVIDED FOR.

As a reward for his withdrawal from the Democratic Presidential contest the highly esteemed Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts is to be given a portfolio in President Wilson's Cabinet—probably, Secretary of War. That is settled beyond peradventure.

Governor Foss will make a fine and able Secretary.

Years ago the JOURNAL, cast in its kite towards helping William F. Kenney introduce and permanently establish a Commercial Department in the Woburn High School. Mr. Kenney was then member of the School Board and in earnest. He was materially aided by Principal Herbert Owen, who believed in giving youth a practical education instead of a purely ornamental one. Mr. Kenney's project was a gratifying success. The Commercial Department became popular and began to grow at once, and has kept on growing until its graduates are met with on all parts of the globe—even in faraway Manila. Our School Board are giving this, the most useful and valuable Department of the Woburn High School, more attention and strengthening it. The other evening the Board chose John E. Martin of West Paahody, teacher in the Department to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Esther Bean, under whose management it has prospered. Since he graduated from the Salem Normal School Mr. Martin has been engaged in teaching in the Com. Dept. of Bloomington, Ind. High School, and Geneseo, Illinois High School, which city was our home for 20 years.

The Sixth National Shoe and Leather Market Fair held in Mechanics Building, Boston, July 10-17 was a splendid success. Delegates from all parts of the United States crowded the big building every day of the fair. The principal representatives of Woburn were the Woburn Machine Company, one of the largest and most enterprising manufacturers of shoe and leather machinery in this quarter of the country, who also enjoy an extensive and profitable market for their mechanical productions in the West.

President Bancroft of the Boston L Street Railway Company is handling the great strike of operatives on his lines in a manner that insures success in the end. The State Board of Arbitration have got about through with the case.

Because Woburn is a Democratic city they have put it into the new Fifth District, where it couldn't get a Congressman in a 100 years, let it try ever so hard. But it makes no difference if he is a houn, they gotta quit kickin my dawg aroun."

Hon. James Wilson Grimes of Reading is a candidate for Congress from the new Fifth District. He has represented Woburn in both branches of the Legislature.

It is reported that Congressman Butler Ames of Lowell has made up his mind to resign.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
Dorothy Cox—Shoe Polish.
Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank—Notice.

Miss Edith Place is at Ogunquit, Maine, at the cottage of Mrs. Bertha Taylor.

The State Ornithologist has another good Bird story in this issue of the JOURNAL.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Andrews are taking their two weeks vacation at Camp Bellingham.

The Misses Grace and Gertrude Heats sailed for Bermuda from New York last Saturday.

Mr. Harry Parker of Church Avenue expects to spend Sunday next with friends at Portland, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert and daughter of Montvale Avenue, are at the White Mountains for a vacation outing.

Lawyer Albert Converse and family will spend the month of August at Littlejohn's Island, Casco Bay, Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Nancy Chamberlain and Mrs. Moore and her daughter Mildred are at their summer home at Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

Mr. Charles E. Richardson and wife of Arlington Road are entertaining their son Frank and wife of Spokane, Washington.

It is reported that the Gas Company are busy connecting houses at North Woburn, since putting in mains in that part of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Nichols expect to spend several weeks at their farm in Union, Maine, as is their custom every summer.

Mr. George H. Taylor spent last Sunday at Ogunquit, Maine, where his family have a cottage for the summer and enjoyed the cool sea breezes.

Dr. Thomas Caulfield's family are at Salem, Willow for the season, where Mrs. Henry Leach and children will join them and enjoy sea breezes.

Miss H. E. Kenney sailed from Boston last Tuesday for Carmouth, Nova Scotia, where she will spend some weeks by the sea shore visiting friends and relatives.

Fred Stanley and his salesman keep the old Boston Branch grocery on the jump all the time, for Fred is bound to serve the public and keep prices down to hardpan.

The one low rumbling thunder clap that Shaker Glen kindly sent us last Tuesday afternoon had no perceptible effect on the superheated atmosphere, but it was sweet music, all the same.

The Golden Rule Class of the Baptist Church with their husbands as guests went to Revere Beach last Monday evening by auto where they had supper and a general good time, in the cool sea breezes.

Mrs. Rod Beadle writes from Groveland one near the coast, ranging rushing Merrimack River, that she stood the first week of the great heat wave fairly well; but the last week conquered her; and she's no spring chicken, either.

Compared with the terrible heat that reigned night and day from July 3 to 12, last Sunday was nearly a comfortable day. Previous heavy showers of rain, thunder and lightning, with frequent puff of eastern sea breezes rendered life worth living.

It will be learned by a careful perusal of the JOURNAL of July 12 that Capt. E. F. Waver, P. M. has had the hour for delivery of Sunday mail changed, and a very good change, we should say. It gives more time to devote to beans.

Mr. John M. Portal has resigned the office of Military Instructor in our public schools. His place should be filled at once, for how can the boys go on with their studies without a Military Teacher? The necessity for this must be apparent to everybody.

Some of our city people are practicing the sensible rule of taking their vacation comforts short trips and visits at nearby resorts, returning nights to their homes. Thus they get to the beaches, country groves and ponds, and favorite inland places and enjoy them.

It is a good way to spend a summer vacation, and is getting more and more fashionable every year.

Rain was a welcome visitor to this city yesterday.

The Bennett street gray squirrels have resumed their daily calls on people in neighboring thoroughfares.

The many friends of Mr. Charles E. Smith will be glad to learn that he is slowly improving notwithstanding the intense heat.

Mrs. Minerva Bryant, a former resident of Woburn, whose home has been in Wakefield of late, will go to Franklin, Mass., for the rest of the summer.

Mr. M. J. Coryell instructor of the course in agriculture at Warren Academy gave an interesting talk on the work he is doing there last evening at the Grange meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Francis left this week for Berkeley, California, where Mr. Francis goes as practical instructor in the electrical laboratory of the University of California. He has held a similar position at Harvard University for some time.

The Board of Assessors have issued the annual Ward Book for 1912. It is as always the case, has the name of the voter; his place of residence street and number; and age. It is a nice and handy book to have, and everyone wants a copy.

Ned Shea and his Maggie of Salem street are not to occupy their cottage in Billerica Woods this vacation season. They and their brood are casting eyes eastward and seaward for summer rest and comfort, and will tarry mostly in Casco and other Bays on the Maine coast.

A week ago today a case of the largest and sweetest strawberries that has been seen in Woburn this season came up from Nova Scotia, the last of the crop down in the Maritime Provinces and were gobbled up by our people in less than 35 minutes. But weren't they good!

Knights of Sacred Heart went into camp at Wilmington last Monday under the command of Lieutenant Daniel J. Canty, M. V. M. as military instructor. Rev. James J. Keegan will be at the camp each day of the week during the encampment, which is for one week, breaking camp tomorrow.

Old farmers were wont to say that corn to make its best growth needed "yellow" days, and a plenty of them. It was discovered, however, that it made a difference whether the "yellow" hue was produced by solar heat and drought, or the reverse, as in a yellow rug on which rests your feet.

The following are the new officers of Woburn 883 B. C. & J. A. President, Stephen J. Bezanon; Vice President, Christopher Blackburn; Recording Secretary, Robert Creed; Financial Secretary, Edward B. Northrup; Treasurer, Roderick McDonald; Trustees, Lewis Long, William G. Bezanon, Warden, Walter Hamilton; Conductor, Frank Whiston. This is President Stephen J. Bezanon's second term in the chair.

Mrs. Susanah (Clemson) Henshaw died Friday morning, July 12. She was born in Birmingham, England Feb. 19, 1833. About fifty-eight years ago she came to Woburn which has been her home ever since. She leaves one brother, Nathan (Clemson) of Stoneham, and three children—Henry A. and Annie M. of Woburn, and Lalla H. Davis of Matteawan, N. Y., and two grandchildren. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at half-past two o'clock.

While examining an old leather covered box in the attic of the Witham house, the residence of Mr. John J. Grothe, the carriage maker, Mr. James F. Cutler found in the box the Penny Savings Bank of Boston tucked in between the wood and leather belonging to William Pierce of Woburn who lived with Witham, on which the amount due him, with interest, amounts to \$3,500. Pierce died about 20 years ago, and Judge E. F. Johnson, as administrator settled his estate. Where does this money go?

Next Thursday, July 25 the reign of the Dogstar will begin. It will end on Sept. 5. The days between the two dates are called Dog-days. Several years ago an astronomer discovered in the firmament a star, or group of stars, which he thought resembled a dog. So he named it Dogstar, and that has been its name ever since. Unlike most earthly potatoes, the advent and exit of the Dogstar demands no special ceremonies. It comes and goes just like other dogs, and the 40 days of its reign are generally hot ones.

It has been just 40 years (1872) since Woburn began saying it has an abundant supply of the best water in the suburbs of Boston, and never in that long period have our people had stronger reasons for appreciating and praising its merits than since July 3, 1912 to the present date. Ice cold and clear as crystal, with the temperature at 92 to 100 degrees, it is a luxury to drink it such as no other suburbanite is privileged to enjoy, and even to look at it in the goblet as it stands on the table has the same soothing effect. Horn Pond is the natural product of the cold bubbling springs beneath and in the hills surrounding it; no contaminating inlet from bogs and fens pollute it; and it is a wonder then that our people love and prize the cool, clear water of Horn Pond, drink it heartily, and that the B. & M. Railroad officers in Boston send here for it?

Daniel Ames Kimball.

Harford, Ct., July 12—Daniel Ames Kimball of Stockbridge, Mass., died tonight in a private hospital here. He was visiting his daughter in this city when he was taken ill. He was President of the House of Representatives of Stockbridge—Boston Herald.

Mr. Kimball was a native of Lowell, and brother of Mrs. Frances K. Harlow and Mrs. William R. Cutler of this city.

Culinary Ignorance.

Mrs. Kaller—Cook is such ignorant things nowadays. Mrs. Justward—Aren't they? They can't do the simplest things. I asked mine to make some sweetbread the other day, and she said she couldn't—McCall's Magazine.

The Largest Room.

Germany has the world's largest room, in which felt disks for paper mills up to 233 feet in circumference can be woven.

Saving The Seagulls And The Egrets.

Twenty years ago the gulls and terns of the Atlantic seaboard were in imminent danger of extinction by the milliners' agents. Hundreds of thousands of these birds had been slaughtered in the breeding season and some species had almost disappeared.

Mr. Abbot H. Thayer started a subscription paid to pay Warden to protect the birds during the breeding season, and then the National Association of Audubon Societies took over the work. Under the care of this organization the birds have increased wonderfully in numbers. When the work was begun there were on the New England Coast only about 20 pairs of laughing gulls which bred on Muskeget Island. Now there are more than a thousand there and they are spreading along the coast to the Gulf of Maine.

The increase of the herring gulls and the terns under this protection has been phenomenal. Even the least tern or sea swallow, which was nearing extinction in the East is increasing.

At the beginning a strenuous attempt was made to save the herons and egrets of the white egret. Egrets formerly were scattered through the United States in large numbers in all suitable localities from the Hudson River to Oregon and from Florida to California. The efforts made to protect them came so late that notwithstanding all that could be done to save them they continued to decrease until there were only three or four left.

Mr. Thayer, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, learned to the belief that nothing could save them from extermination. The plume hunters had killed three wardens, "shot out" the heronries that the wardens were employed to protect and had managed to shoot up other heronries while the wardens were temporarily absent, until only a few of the birds were left in the United States and these were scattered far and wide. When Mr. Thayer was and deeply stricken down, Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association gave up the attempt to protect the egret against the Indians and desperadoes of Southern Florida and the direct of the association turned their energies toward other birds in the attempt to save the few birds left.

Thus far the enterprise has been successful beyond expectation. Last year about three thousand egrets were known to be in existence and this year there are at least five thousand in known colonies scattered through the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf States.

Protection in the South Atlantic States was so successful last summer that from twelve to twenty egrets appeared in Eastern Massachusetts and remained here the greater part of two months. No such number has been seen here within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and it is reported that a few are here again this year.

The Association has succeeded in securing the passage of laws in many states making the sale of the plumage of these birds illegal, and if this work is sustained financially the public sale of the plumage will be stopped through out North America.

The egret is fast being exterminated in every part of the world where they exist, and if they can be protected here the time may come when the United States alone of all the countries in the world can boast of living examples of these beautiful species.

Will the American people support this beneficent work by contributing liberally toward it or shall we see the egret and its white warblers of the passenger pigeon?

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH.

A Hero In A Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a light-housekeeper, averted awful wrecks, but a few years ago he was killed by a wreck, himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented. They cured him of kidney trouble, and he wrote after I had taken other so called cures for years, without benefit and they also improved his health. I feel fine. For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, try Electric Bitters. Without fail. Only 50 cents at All Drugists.

Captain John Dooliver Dies.

Alameda Home.

VETERAN MASTER MARINER AND PILOT CAME TO CALIFORNIA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Capt. John Dooliver, one of the best known pilots of San Francisco harbor, died Friday evening at his home, 1828 Clinton Avenue, Alameda, after an illness of several weeks. Captain Dooliver had been a resident of Alameda for twenty years and of California for sixty years. For a generation he had been prominent among the master mariners of San Francisco.

Mrs. Florence Conger Dooliver, the widow, and their children, J. Walter Dooliver, Charles Irving Dooliver, and Mrs. May E. Dooliver survive him.

Captain Dooliver was a native of Massachusetts and came to California at the age of 16 years. The funeral will be held from the Clinton Avenue home tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock and interment will follow at the California Electric Crematorium at Oakland.—San Francisco Examiner, July 6, 1912.

The Doolivers were a Woburn family and have many old friends still residing here.

Paragon-Cabaret.

UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT IS TALK OF NEW ENGLAND.

The seekers of summer amusement are flocking to Paragon, and its famous Cabaret Show in the Palm Garden, in larger numbers than ever. The prevailing idea on the part of all who take any interest in unique amusements seems to be to go to the Cabaret as often as possible while it lasts. While in New York and at Resorts the Cabaret is all the rage just now, for some unexplained reason the Cabaret is not permitted in Boston proper, improper, or to be more correct—and the place is denoted at Paragon Park in the few brief weeks of the summer affords the only opportunity for enjoying this unique entertainment which may be taken with one's food or drink, or both.

The Largest Room.

Germany has the world's largest room, in which felt disks for paper mills up to 233 feet in circumference can be woven.

BAY STATE POLITICS

Much Curiosity over Intentions of Gov. E. N. Foss

CANDIDATES TO SUCCEED HIM

Pelletier and Walsh both willing to run—May defer to Foss if he wishes to try it again—Better outlook for Mr. Taft.

The political situation in Massachusetts is no clearer on the Democratic side than upon the Republican. Governor Foss in a half-hearted manner has stated that he is not a candidate for re-nomination and that he will not be in the field for the Senate. Now-a-days the statements of Mr. Foss are never accepted even by his political associates and friends at their face value. His statements have so often been amended, withdrawn, or ignored that they mean nothing to the discriminating politician or statesman. There has been rather strong suspicion all along that he would like to be re-nominated for governor and then to make the fight for senatorship if the legislature should look good to him after its election.

The seasoned politicians who said before the Democratic National Convention that Foss had no show of being nominated for the first place or the second now wag their heads and say, "I told you so." As a matter of fact they never believed the Democratic party would come so far east for the presidential candidate. They said there would be no politics in selecting a man from Massachusetts with its small number of electoral votes when they could place the nomination in some doubtful state which had a larger number of electoral votes.

Foss For a Third Term?

Now those believe that Mr. Foss would really like very much to round out his gubernatorial career with the usual three terms to his credit. He has enjoyed being Governor for it has given him an opportunity to get in the limelight and advocate his pet views as a state official. Besides that, he has always had a strong desire to go to the United States Senate, and if elected Governor again with a Democratic Legislature, he might be able to reach the height of his ambition.

A good many of the political wise-actors take very little stock in the candidacy of John F. Fitzgerald for the United States Senate.

They realize that there are through out the state many Democratic politicians who have very strong antipathy for the Boston Mayor. The western part of the state has never followed Fitzgerald, but has often taken opportunity to show him that it had no regard for him, either as a man or a Democrat. The Boston Machine has tried to lead the Democratic party in the state in its own way and this has always been bitterly resented in certain sections of the Commonwealth. If the Legislature were Democratic, it is probable that Foss would be stronger with it than Fitzgerald.

Some of the politicians on the Democratic side are saying that Mr. Foss is necessary to carrying the state this fall. They also say that Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for president, is anxious for Mr. Foss to run in order to help the National Ticket in this state in November. If that be true, Mr. Foss may run.

Two Active Democratic Candidates.

Nevertheless there are two active candidates for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in the persons of District Attorney Pelletier, and David I. Walsh of Fitchburg, who was the Democratic candidate last year for Lieutenant Governor. Mr. Pelletier has taken out nomination papers and Mr. Walsh will do so immediately, if Mr. Foss is not a candidate. There is evidently considerable feeling between Mr. Pelletier and Mr. Walsh. Mayor Fitzgerald is understood to be favorable to the nomination of Mr. Pelletier but he is not friendly to the candidacy of Mr. Walsh. Both men have a considerable following in the Democracy, and if both should decide to be candidates there will be a lively time at the primaries.

Usually the Democratic leaders in such an emergency have controlled the situation by forcing one candidate out and put their O. K. upon the other. Whether Mr. Walsh would submit to being forced from the fight in order to smooth the pathway of Mr. Pelletier is an open question, but he has shown a disposition not to be controlled by the Boston Machine, and it may be that he would refuse to be forced out of the field.

Looks Better for Mr. Taft.

So far as the presidential contest is concerned it certainly looks much better for Mr. Taft. Democratic opposition to Mr. Wilson is beginning to come to the surface. For many months the Boston American has been printing reasons which were intended to show that Mr. Wilson was not a strong candidate. Some of these reasons were the expressions of opinion regarding the races of southern Europe coming to this country, which Mr. Wilson has expressed in his writings in the last few years. In the opinion of the American these writings made him objectionable to the members of these races living in this country and having a vote, and therefore would weaken his candidacy before the people. This opinion was probably a correct one. Very likely Mr. Wilson may have written without malice, but his criticisms have fended a considerable number of these people.

Nominally, the American is supporting the candidacy of Mr. Wilson. Nevertheless its criticisms of him in the past are still remembered by those who were criticised by Mr. Wilson in his historical and other writings.

BAY STATE POLITICS

ings. If the American were really anxious to undo its work of the last few months against Mr. Wilson, it would probably be unable to do so. But it is evident that the support of Mr. Wilson by the American is more or less halfhearted. Under the guise of supporting him it seems to be giving backhanded stabs which may be fully as effectual opposition as if it were open.

There are many Republicans who believe that Mr. Taft will have the support of a large number of conservative Democrats who are not altogether pleased with the radical platform of the radical candidate of the Democratic party. It is significant that most Democrats who came away from the Baltimore convention feeling convinced that Wilson was to have a walkover in the coming presidential contest have revised their opinions and now conclude that it is a fight rather than a picnic.

Persons is Not Opposed.

In one congressional district in the state there appears unlikely to be any contest for the Republican nomination. This is the first district now represented by Congressman George P. Lawrence. He has declined a re-nomination. Ex-Senator Herbert C. Parsons of Greenfield is the only man sought to succeed Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Parsons has been one of the leading Republicans of the western part of the state for a number of years, and is well known also as editor of the Greenfield Recorder. In his candidacies for the House and Senate in previous years he has shown himself to be a very popular man and a good vote getter. The district is regarded as Republican by a good margin and the nomination on the Republican ticket ought to be a long step toward the election.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Next week will mark the fourth and positively last week of "The Meisteringers Camping Out" at B. F. Keith's Theatre. This mammoth summer attraction has created a genuine furore, and during the past month the wonderful singing of the combined Harvard, Schubert and Weber Male Quartettes, and the beautiful stage setting built by Mr. Keith for their vaudeville debut, have been the talk of all New England. For the last week of their remarkably successful engagement, a splendid program of popular and semi-operative airs has been selected, including several fine solos.

WINCHENTER.

Lighting used our village in a rough and ungainly manner last week. It struck and damaged several things badly. It was a big shower.

I am told that a few of our Doctors are preparing to spend the month of August at the seaside or in the woods. They ought not to leave people unprotected.

Mystic Lake is a boon for this town Woburn may have better drinking water than anybody else, but to sail over or swim in Mystic Lake every time. It was very much used for such purposes during the recent heated term.

Prolonged absence of rain and in some places injured the field and garden crops badly in this town and vicinity, and it is likely that the fruit crop may be seriously affected. The oldest inhabitant is unable to call to mind such powerful heat for so long a period, nor so much suffering caused by it.

"Well, old man, did Binks keep his word and share his last dollar with you?" asked Hodgkins.

"Yes," sighed Downdown. "He did, but he'd made the same promise to twenty others, and all I got was a nickel."—Harpag's.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

12 P. M., Sunday School.

At 4:45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D.

SUNDAY SCHOOL at 12 M.

At 4 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

P. M. Evening Service.

WEDNESDAY at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.

Rev. E. M. Jones, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Preaching, 10:30 A. M.

Sunday School, 12 M.

At 4 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

At 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

First Church of Christ Scientist.—Service in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13, every Sunday morning at 10:45.

Reading Room open to the public daily except Sunday, from 2:30 to 4:30.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices to cost a line.

In this city, July 14, Thomas Gravelle, aged 85 years, 10 months, 2 days.

NOTICE

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 490, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following is a true list of the members of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank Corporation as of July 5, 1912.

Samuel Cook
John R. Carter
John W. Johnson
Fred J. Brown
George E. Fowle
William B. Rogers
L. W. Thompson
Charles W. Thompson
Edward C. Calder
James F. McDonald
A. Herbert Holland
Harold P. Johnson
Eugene R. Maguire
Charles C. Hastings
John G. Maguire

In compliance with the requirements of Section 29 of Chapter 490, Acts of 1908, I hereby certify that the following officers of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank are charged with

SUMMER DRINKS

Chelmsford Spring Ginger Ale, \$2.20 per case. \$1.00 relate for empty bottles and case.
Moxie, 20c. bottle, \$2.25 doz.
Lime Juice, 10 and 25c. bottle.
Grape Juice, 25c. bottle.
Hire's Root Beer Extract 15 cents bottle.
Colman's Root Beer Extract, 10c. bottle.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House,
FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 2423.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we chose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—\$20.

Whitcher's
PILL BOX
LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
(Subject to change without notice.)

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 8:45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; SUNDAY at 8:45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; RETURN, leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN CENTRE at 8:45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; SUNDAY at 8:45 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.

Leave STONHAM SQ. for SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6:30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; SUNDAY at 6:30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; RETURN, leave SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM for STONHAM SQ. at 6:30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.; SUNDAY at 6:30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:45 P. M.

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HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS RUGS
Made into handsome and durable
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Caneless Chairs Reupholstered.
Telephone 492 W.

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Coke and Wood
335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
Telephone connection.

IF YOU ARE ILL
from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you suffer from headache, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and build, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.
For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address
LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH DR. KING'S
NEW DISCOVERY
FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

THE BLACK SQUAD

Grimy Vulcans That Feed the Fires on Ocean Liners.

HEROES OF THE STOKHOLD.

These Models of Human Grit Practically Brave Death Every Time They Face the Blistering Searing Blasts of Heat From the Glowing Furnaces.

An inferno, all smoke and heat and fire and nakedness, is the stokehold of an ocean liner. As you enter it, picking your way over the burning ashes, the hot blast from the furnace mouths smites you in the face; it scorches your eyes and sears your lungs with every gasping breath you draw. Your impulse is to turn and fly. Life seems impossible in such an atmosphere.

And yet the inferno hums with life and strenuous, almost savage, industry. Opposite the huge boilers, cowering with suppressed power, like so many chained giants, are the figures of men as if carved in ebony, glistening with the sweat that streams from every pore. They are working furiously, muscles swelling and knitting as if they would burst through their sheath of skin-limbs in quick succeeding poses of fierce labor which would delight the eye of the sculptor and baffle his skill.

Gathering up a shovelful of coals, each man propels them with a quick forward thrust of the body into the white hot heart of the furnace and with a dextrous turn of the wrist spreads them evenly over the fire. Then, quick as the eye can follow, another shovelful succeeds and another, as if life itself hung on the breathless swiftness of the sequence.

Such is the stokehold in which the vulcans of ocean mammoth liners and battleships feed the greedy furnaces, which keep the propellers revolving to the tune of twenty knots and more an hour—the men of the "black gang" who, clad in trousers almost as black as their grubby bodies, and with a filthy "sweat rag" knotted round their necks, toil thus for four hours at a stretch, until the last "ounce" is taken out of them, and they crawl back to their quarters for a well earned eight hours' rest.

If a crewman faints, overcome by the heat and exhaustion, he is quickly laid aside in some corner, with a little tepid water dashed on his face, and while he is left until he "comes round," his fellow workers pick up the slack (the latter to clear the fire periodically from refuse) with a fiercer energy than before, adding the fallen man's labor to their own. The moment he recovers consciousness he struggles to his feet, seizes the shovel and is at it again. "Go off watch?" Not he! He's as good as man as any, and the fireman never knows when he's beaten.

To call such men heroes is no abuse of an often misunderstood word. They are not only the backbone of the ship, but the backbone of the world's commerce. It is not only the backbone of the ship, but the backbone of the world's commerce. It is not only the backbone of the ship, but the backbone of the world's commerce.

Have Hearsay Evidence.
A rumormongering listener to the testimony of the witness, interrupted him, saying:
"You said that you made a personal examination of the premises. What did you find?"
"Oh, nothing of consequence," replied the witness. "A beggarly account of empty boxes," as Shakespeare says."

"Never mind what Shakespeare said about it," said the magistrate. "He will be anxious to testify for him, but if he knows anything about the case"—London Tit-Bits.

It is impossible to found a lasting power upon injustice and treachery.—Demosthenes.

Elephants in Siam.
The whole elephant tribe is looked upon with great veneration by the Siamese. The elephant is the symbolic animal of the country, and though his ponderous strength is daily used in his master's service, he is man's collaborator, not his beast of burden.

Names in China.
In China married women preserve their own names after marriage, the name of a person being regarded as very important in that country.

A Famous Tea House.
The first and best tea house in London is the one which is still doing business in London. The firm is the oldest established tea house in England.

Wedding Funerals.
In Japan, and of flowers, they hold funeral services at the home of the bride's parents the night she is married. This is to show that the young lady is dead to her father and mother.

RUSSIA'S RED STAIRCASE.

Its Steps the Scene of Many Fateful and Historic Incidents.

The red staircase is very ancient and very memorable in the history of this city. From the Church of the Assumption, where all the czars are crowned, it led to the old palace of the Kremlin, and now it leads to the new. This marble structure was built on the site of the former church by the Emperor Nicholas, but he left the historic staircase undisturbed.

It was on the red staircase that Ivan IV., known as "The Terrible," stood when he received the celebrated letter from Kurbski, his traitor general, who from a safe place of refuge sent a message of defiance by his servant. This naughty czar is said to have nailed the foot of the messenger to the red staircase with his famous iron staff while the letter was being read to him. This same iron staff is in the hands of the czar's son, and he used it to strike his son and heir. Great and fierce was the sorrow of Ivan over this horrible tragedy, and as he stood on the red staircase one night mourning for his son he saw the comet which, he believed, foretold his own death.

Another historic scene on the red staircase began with the ringing of the 100 bells of Moscow, relates the New York Herald. Regiments of soldiers, numbering thousands, followed by a great crowd of people dragging cannon, were marching to the Kremlin. They had been roused into fury by a false report that a brother of Natalia, widow of the Czar Alexis, had seized the crown and that Ivan, the last of the Russian throne, had been murdered.

Reaching the palace, they clamored for vengeance. Suddenly the tumult was quelled as Natalia appeared on the platform of the red staircase with her two children beside her—Peter, her son, and Alexei, her daughter. Peter, her own bright, handsome boy.

Natalia trembled as she faced the angry crowd, who had placed ladders against the rails and climbed up to the platform, but the young prince, Peter, who had been crowned, stood and looked at them without showing a sign of fear.

On July 6, 1682, the same young boys, Ivan and Peter, appeared on the red staircase surrounded by boyars and nobles, but under very different circumstances. Peter looked on the crowd with the same calm gaze as when he stood holding the trembling hand of his mother before a mob in sane with rage. The people now greeted him with joy, and the great procession that preceded and followed the two brothers passed slowly down the red staircase on its way to the Cathedral of the Assumption, where, amid the pomp, magnificence and ceremony of the coronation, Ivan and Peter were crowned czars by the patriarch.

The steps of the red staircase have been ascended by conqueror and conquered. Napoleon ascended these steps when he took possession of Moscow, and perhaps he felt forebodings of his destiny when he passed over them for the last time.

A Similar Mistake.
In one building company was a mechanic who used to fiddle around the machine box to look over the letters of those that seemed interesting he opened some, and after having read them he would write on the envelope: "Opened by mistake."

This happened so many times that the rest of the shop force got on and became resentful.

The offender was in the habit of bringing a fine lunch with him, and this he had spread out when the conspiracy was planned. A phony call to the telephone room came, and the mechanic came back a piece of pipe with a semicircular minus bore a card read lug.

"Bitten by mistake,"—Chicago Post.

The Top Hat in Sculpture.
The statue of Alfred de Musset, placed some years ago at Neuilly, just outside the Porte Maillot (Paris), represents the poet in the outdoor costume of his epoch, holding a silk hat in one hand. Personally I infinitely prefer this "dandy Musset" to the huge and cumbersome group outside the Comedie Francaise or the enormous composition in relief on the Comedie-Reine. Musset is perhaps the only individual—certainly the only poet—who has three statues in Paris.

The most remarkable effort in this line which I have noticed is the large equestrian statue of Mr. Sawbridge in front of the principal entrance to Olanthigh towers, near Wye, Kent. I fancy he was a lord mayor, and seated on a pegasus. As he is holding an enormous Victorian top hat about eighteen inches in front of his brow, a tight frock coat completes the total ensemble.—London Notes and Queries.

One Didn't Count.
A local official, at a dinner in Philadelphia, praised the Quaker City ardently.

"I must even praise," he said with a smile, "our exclusiveness—we carry it so far, you know. British and American, with and without residence is equally important, and they who live above Market street are doomed. Here, surely, is exclusiveness with a vengeance."

"They tell a story about a dinner in Littlehouse square. At this dinner, as the fish course began, one woman whispered to another:

"Dear me, there are thirteen at table!"

"But the other woman smiled and answered calmly:

"Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. Cadididder-Waddle. Mrs. North-Broad is not really one of us. She lives uptown, you know."—Exchange.

POWER OF THE OCTOPUS.

The Force Exerted by its Formidable Sucker Limbs.

Both the octopus and the cuttlefish have arms of constant size, with a formidable array of suckers, which the sucker comes into contact with an object the central piston, having previously been used as a compass to find the cavity of the sucker, is at once withdrawn and a perfect vacuum produced, explaining the great tenacity with which the suckers cling. They number upward of 100 pairs to each arm of the octopus and once they obtain a grip on the victim, until the arm is actually torn away from the body of the octopus, it is practically impossible for its prey to disentangle itself.

In addition to these suckers the octopus has a powerful pair of jaws, shaped like the beak of a parrot, behind which is a formidable armor plated tongue used as a rasping organ. The octopus will attack and kill a crab, lobster, mussel and other sea creatures, and the body of many of its powerful jaws and devouring the contents. In spite of being a creature of such awe inspiring looks the octopus has several enemies in various species of whales, sharks and conger eels. In fact, the latter are particularly fond of devouring the smaller octopuses.

Conger eels hunt for the octopus and when found proceed to browse on the sucker. The octopus tries to lure the slippery, slimy conger tight, but in vain, and, finding its limbs growing less, discharges its ink in the face of the foe and under cover of the turbid water beats a hasty retreat. It is to his arms or clothes on the pain of being disarmed and made a swabber of the ship. A general punishment for the offender at this time was for the offender to be bound to the mainmast with his arms outstretched, the alternative being a scraping of the tongue. All sorts of old and frequently hideous punishments are to be found described in old manuscripts.

A BULL RING BEGGAR.

The Intruder Wanted Bread, but He Got "Thomas Cow."

Sometimes the bullfight in Spain is used to compel the attention of the authorities to grievances that are otherwise unnoticed, as is seen in the following incident described by Harry A. Frank in "Four Months Afoot in Spain."

The newsmen will long remember his first bull—certainly if, as in my own case, the first bullfight slips at the moment of thrusting his barbed darts and hoofs over the barriers, and half around the ring by the snort animal. Still less shall I forget the chill that shot through me when, with the fifth bull at the height of his fury, a giant and awkward boy of fifteen years sprang suddenly over the barriers and shook his ragged blouse a dozen times in the animal's face. As many times he escaped a goring by the closest margin.

"The toreros did not for a moment get 'Thomas Cow' and, desirously they maneuvered until one of them drew the bull off, when another caught the intruder by the arm and marched him across the ring to the shade of the mayor's box. There the youth, who had taken this means of gaining an audience, lifted up a mournful voice and asked for food, asserting that he was starving—a statement that seemed by no means improbable. The response was thumbs down. But he was given a fortnight in prison.

"Incidents of the sort had grown so frequent of late in Seville as to make necessary a new law, promulgated in 1875, which forbade any person from entering the arena without a permit. Printed words in all probability meant nothing to this neglected son of Seville."

The Uncertain Apple Tree.
An apple tree is the result of a graft from the tree that is known to be a producer of a certain kind and flavor of apples. If the seed were planted and one relied on it to produce a select grade of fruit the result would be disappointing for the reason that the seed from the most remarkable varieties will be shown. Perhaps they will be miserable little crabapples or misshapen, bitter fruit or a useless conglomeration. The seed of some other variety back to its origin, notwithstanding years of cultivation. The varieties of apples known today are a result of careful selection and constant grafting of the best of the past year to year until the present development has been attained.—Harper's.

Handsome Goethe.
Goethe was pronounced "the handsomest man of Europe." He was a fit and fine fellow, yet he would not allow himself enough to dress decently.

"Ah, madam," I replied, "it isn't always the dearest worshiper who puts the most money in the collection plate."—New York Tribune.

Always Ahead of Him.
Miss Cate (an amateur pianist)—This line in your hand, Mr. Dubb, indicates that you have a brilliant future before you. Dubb:—Is that so? Miss Cate:—Yes, but this other line indicates that you are too slow to overtake it.—Boston Transcript.

A Mind Reader.
Mr. Dorkins:—Martha, why do you always interrupt me as soon as I begin to— Mrs. Dorkins:—Because I always know exactly what you are going to say. What's the use of my wasting time by waiting to hear you finish?—Chicago Tribune.

Ungrammatical.
Dusty Rhodes:—Will you please give me a hint to get something to eat with? Bunker Hill:—My good man, you can't purchase a set of false teeth for 10 cents.

We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

Borneo's Marriage Ceremony.
In Borneo the bride and bridegroom sit on metal logs before the priest, who gives them cigars and betel while he blesses them. He waves above them two fowls bound together. The bridegroom then places the betel in his bride's mouth and claps between his lips. They are then married.

A Secret.
A clever woman once gave a very smart designation of a secret as something for one, enough for two, nothing for three.

Austrian English.
The proprietor of a hotel at Prague, Austria, has appended the following notice to his English rate card: "Disturbed guests are pleased to bring their afflictions to my own person."

Sensitive.
Dentist:—We must kill the nerve of that tooth. Patient:—Then I will go out of the room. But too soon he turned to witness it.—Mergendorfer Blattler.

Living on Rubber.
The rubber slug is one of the many pests of rubber plantations. It attacks the young trees and feeds on the juice oozing from the cuts. Doubt having been cast on the suggestion that any animal could subsist on rubber, a successful of juice was placed before some rubber slugs, which lapped it up like a cat lapping up milk. Scientists have come to the conclusion that this slug contains some rubber digesting ferment as a gastric juice.

HIDEOUS PUNISHMENTS.

Murderers Were Once Buried Alive Tied to Their Victims.

Old time punishment for offenses at sea was most severe. The code of the time of Richard I. of England, drawn up for the government of his fleet on the crusades, provided "that whoever killed any person on shipboard should be tied with him that was slain and thrown into the sea. And if he killed him on the land he should be like manumitted with the parble slain and be hanged with him in the earth."

In earlier times a thief was to be ducked three times, towed ashore at the stern of a boat and marooned with a loaf of bread and a can of beer. Murder was punishable by the culprit's being hanged by his heels "until his brains were beaten out against the ship's side."

The penalties imposed for sleeping on watch were progressive. For the first offense the man was to be "hoisted" with a bucket of water; for the next offense he was to be strung up by his wrists and to have two buckets of water poured into his sleeves; the third time he would be loaded with weights and bound to the mast, and "for the fourth time he was to be hanged to the boltspire, with a can of beer and a biscotte of bread and a sharp knife, and so to hang and choke whether he would cut himself down or not. If he did not cut himself down or not, he was to hang till starve."

Among the rules issued by Raleigh for the governing of his South American expedition in 1597 was that no man should be allowed to gamble for his arms or clothes on the pain of being disarmed and made a swabber of the ship. A general punishment for the offender at this time was for the offender to be bound to the mainmast with his arms outstretched, the alternative being a scraping of the tongue. All sorts of old and frequently hideous punishments are to be found described in old manuscripts.

In 1775 a man found drunk aboard or where he was not allowed to be, the following morning when in the presence of the ship's company he was presented with a pint of salt water, which he had to drink.

The dreaded "cut" is probably the best known of the old naval punishments. Whipping was provided for at least as long ago as the fifteenth century, and in Drake's time the regular trouncing of the ship's boys by the boatswain on Monday morning regarded as the only means of insuring a fair wind the rest of the week.—Chicago News.

Modest Kit Carson.

Christopher (Kit) Carson touched the wild life of the west at more points than any other person of any time. But he was always modest, declares a writer in the Century Magazine, and disdained anything which savored of flattery. One day in 1862 the great frontiersman chanced to stop at Max Graham's saloon on the Colorado river, in New Mexico, a well known point on the Santa Fe trail, when a regular army officer of high rank who was there exclaimed exuberantly:

"So this is the distinguished Kit Carson, who has made so many Indians run!"

Carson silenced his eulogist by quietly remarking, "Yes, I've made some Indians run, but a good deal of the time they were running after me."

A Dish of Potted Roses.
There was a time when Englishmen could celebrate St. George's day by feasting on roses as well as wearing them. Old cookery books abound in recipes for the preparation of potted roses. One writer tells how to make potted roses: "I first pound some of the most fragrant roses in a mortar. Then I take the brains of birds and pigs well boiled and stripped of every particle of bone, and mix them with some of the roses, some oil, a little cordial, some pepper and some wine. After having beaten and mixed it well together I place it over a slow fire. When this dish is brought to table the most delicate fragrance is forth, covering the guests with delight." Every good housewife in the seventeenth century made rosewater, which was used for flavoring food.

Too True.
A popular clergyman in an address on generosity in New York said: "A woman remarked to me the other day:

"Mrs. Blank is very shabby this spring. Mr. Blank dresses the ground she walks on, yet he won't allow her enough to dress decently."

"Ah, madam," I replied, "it isn't always the dearest worshiper who puts the most money in the collection plate."—New York Tribune.

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A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride.

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung troubles, coughs and colds which might have ended in consumption if not for the government of his fleet on the crusades, provided "that whoever killed any person on shipboard should be tied with him that was slain and thrown into the sea. And if he killed him on the land he should be like manumitted with the parble slain and be hanged with him in the earth."

CHANGEABLE CHICAGO.

Has Eight Counties and Many Varied Spellings to Its Credit.

"Few people know that Chicago has been in eight different counties of Illinois," said an old Chicago man. "It was first placed within the limits of Madison county, Illinois then being a territory, Sept. 14, 1812.

"Subsequently it was included in the following counties in order: Edwards in 1814; Crawford in 1816; Clark, after the territory was admitted as a state, 1819; Pike, 1821; Fulton, 1823; Peoria, 1825, under the jurisdiction of which it remained until the creation of the county of Cook, Jan. 18, 1831.

"The name of the city, too, has been spelled more than a dozen ways. Father Hennepin called it Che-cau-gou; La Salle, Sheagou; on an old French map of 1822, Cheagou; on another old map of 1823, in the Historical society library at Madison, Wis., it is Chicaugau; Father Gravier (1690) wrote it Chicaugua, and in 1700 St. Some wrote it variously Chikago, Chienago, Chicaqu and Chicago, he being the first to give the letters the arrangement which finally was settled upon as the authorized spelling. Charlevoix gave the same spelling in 1721. In the Greenville treaty this revised it is Chikago.

"The name of old deed filed away among the archives of the Chicago Historical society, as applied to the river or creek (1774), it is plainly written Chikago. The word was the Indian word for eagle, and the name of the river, the red men strong, mighty, powerful, courageous.

"In 1725 a chief bore the name Chicaugau under some one of its many spellings, who went to Paris and was made much of by kings and princes."

\$100 Per Plate

was paid at a banquet to Henry Clay, New Orleans in 1842. Mighty deeds for those with stomach trouble or indigestion. Today people everywhere use Dr. King's New Discovery for these troubles as well as liver, kidney and bowel disorders. Easy, safe, sure only cents at All Druggists.

MEMOIR OF SAVAGES.

Wonderful Feats of the Zulus in Conquering Verbal Messages.

The memory in savage or uncivilized peoples is often trained to a degree very surprising to those civilized men and women who have grown used to depending on the written word for the transmission of the remembered word. The transmission of whole epics, like the "Iliad," by word of mouth no longer seems so incredible when you read of the feats of memory of which present day Zulus are capable.

These people, says Mr. Gibson in "The Story of the Zulus," have no writing and are accustomed to transmit messages and record events by memory alone. This they can do because their mental impressions are made especially by reason of their acquired or inherited habit of giving undivided attention to the subject in hand.

Communications between the British authorities and the Zulu kings were almost invariably conducted by means of verbal messages carried by natives. A certain ultimatum addressed by the British to Cetewayo was conveyed to him, not upon paper, but in the brain cells of the messengers whom he had sent to receive it from the British commissioners.

Although the document contained some 4,000 words and was accompanied by much comment on the state of things it was desired to remedy, the whole was repeated to Cetewayo with perfect accuracy.

MOVING PICTURES.

Why They Sometimes Show Wheels Turning the Wrong Way.

Every one must have noticed that in moving pictures the wheels of carriages or automobiles often seem to be turning backward instead of forward. One puzzled person wrote to the Scientific American asking why, and this is that paper's answer:

In taking a moving picture there are perhaps sixteen exposures made each second. If now the spokes of the wheel of a carriage move with a speed so that the spokes are in the same position at each exposure, that wheel will seem to stand still in the picture. If the wheel is moving slower, then the spokes will be seen farther back in the successive views, and the wheel will seem to turn backward, while it will seem to turn forward when the spokes move fast enough to occupy positions further forward in each exposure.

It is a matter of the interruption for the exposure and the motion of the wheel. If there are sixteen exposures and the wheel turns through the space between two spokes in one-sixteenth of a second the wheel would be in the same position at each successive exposure and so would not seem to move at all.

Gymnasium Training.
Every person who has received gymnasium training is aware of the fact that an exercise which calls for painful effort on the part of the beginner is often performed almost without any conscious effort at all after a certain amount of training has been received. It is perfectly well known that brute strength alone does not make a gymnast and that even a simple exercise may offer great difficulty to a novice and well developed person. It is not the strength and endurance in the gymnasium. The explanation for this is made in an article by Professor Dubois Raymond in Die Umschau, who points out that one of the essential functions of gymnasium work is not so much to build up muscle as to train nerves and nerve groups to work in proper unison and co-ordination.

Frightful Polar Winds
low with terrific force at the far north all year have with the skin, causing cold, rough or sore chapped hands and lips, that need Buckle's Arnica Salve to heal them. It makes the skin soft and smooth. Unvaried for cold-sores, Azoic, hemorrhoids, sore ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. Only 25c at All Drug stores.

Electric Bitters
Succed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weakness they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. They are perfectly safe, and will cure what you cannot cure by any other means. It is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

The American Boy
Piled with time reading which fascinates boys. Good English, Good Latin, Good French, Good German, Good Italian, Good Spanish, Good Portuguese, Good Russian, Good Greek, Good Hebrew, Good Arabic, Good Persian, Good Chinese, Good Japanese, Good Malay, Good Hind

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1912.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office,
as second-class matter.

NO. 37

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No. of Telephone 144.

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MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1912.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30
a. m. 2:00, 3:45, 5:00, 7:30, p. m.From New York direct 7:45 a. m., 11:00
a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 5:00, 6:30, 8:30, p. m.From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern
via Woburn, 10 a. m., 2:30, 5:00, p. m.

From the North, direct, 7:45 a. m., 5:40 p. m.

From Haverhill 9:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE
FORBoston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-
ington, Western and Southern, 7:45 a. m., 11:00
a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 5:00, 6:30, 8:30, p. m.For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 8:45
a. m., 4:30 p. m.

For Lowell and Stoneham, 7:45 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

For Winchester, 7:45 a. m., 2:30, 4:30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House routes 7:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m.

Business routes 7:45 a. m., 1:10, 2 30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.

House routes from Salem to foot of Sumner
St., 8 times daily.Money order office open at 7:30 a. m., close 7:30
p. m. Saturday 9:00 p. m.Registry Division open at 7:30 a. m., close at 7
p. m. Saturday at 9:00 p. m.Money Order and Registry Division not open on
Sundays or Holidays.

SUNDAYS.

Sunday office open 9:30 to 11:00 a. m.

Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston
10 a. m.

Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.

Mail closes at 3 p. m., unless otherwise posted.

Mails collected on holidays, 4:30 p. m., throughout
the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

13 Middlesex Leather Co., Conn. St. Private.

14 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.

15 Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square

20 City Almshouse.

21 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.

22 Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.

23 Main St., near Horse Car Stable, N. Woburn

24 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.

25 Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.

26 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.

27 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.

28 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts., Cambridgeville

29 Cor. Elkins and Winn Sts.

30 Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.

31 Cor. Main and Bedford Sts.

32 Cor. Main and Main Sts.

33 Cor. Main and Main Sts.

34 Junction Main and Union Sts.

35 Main St., near Cedar St.

36 Cor. High and Prospect streets.

37 Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.

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John G. Maguire,

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No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

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Personal attention given to sales any-
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HIS TWO

DECISIONS

They Were Highly Credita-
ble to Him, but He Was
Condemned by the Public

By ELLA M. WELCH

Samuel Ehrlich, an official of the
custom house, sat at his desk with a
baggard look on his face. He had not
slept for several days and had scarce-
ly tasted food. Presently an idea seem-
ed to strike him. He tapped a silver
bell standing on his desk."Send Mr. Cummings to me," he said
to the attendant who answered the
summons.A young man of twenty-five, of pre-
possessing appearance, with an hon-
est eye that could look any one in the
face, entered."Jimie," said the man at the desk,
"you remember how a few years ago
you begged me for something to do
and I gave you a position in this of-
fice?""Yes, Mr. Ehrlich, and you've done
me many a favor since.""I mention the favor that you may
like it into consideration in what I
am about to suggest. I'm not going to
ask a favor of you, though it will be a
favor. I'm going to make you a
proposition by which you can get rich.
The plan will involve a lot of con-
sideration."Having means at his command and
considerable influence, there was ev-
ery probability that he would have
been able to reduce Cummings' term
by one-half. But before that time he
redeemed his promise to exonerate his
protégé. After the affair had blown
over another stool pigeon—this time
for a consideration—was hired to con-
fess himself the arch culprit. Ehrlich
said that Cummings' vindication was
published broadcast throughout the
land and secured a pardon for him.Cummings left the jail with but one
pleasing emotion. That was to be
again united with Marion Ehrlich. He
had not seen her since the night he
had left her with the momentous de-
cision before him, for if he was to
stand in her father's place it was im-
portant that there should be no sus-
picion that the matter was a family
put game. As was to be expected,
the girl received him, worshipping him
as an idol."Thank heaven," she exclaimed,
"you are exonerated!"Cummings made no response to this
for awhile, but finally said:"My exoneration would stand—that
is, with those who have seen it pub-
lished or otherwise heard of it—but
there is another decision before me of
more importance than the one I made
with reference to your father. It is a
question whether I take back the
obligation that I voluntarily took upon
myself to save him."

"What do you mean?"

"As soon as our engagement is an-
nounced the public will suspect what
will be said to the family

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.
FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1912

WILL PARKER
RUN AGAIN?

Talk respecting Woburn's candidate for the Legislature on the Democratic side is being indulged in by some of the leading members of that party, the point centering on the question of what Representative Parker intends to do. If he concludes to enter the race for another term in the House of Representatives no other Democrat need apply for the job, for he is a popular young man socially, and his work in the Legislature has increased and strengthened his chances for another election.

What effect his candidacy might have on the campaign of Representative Andrews cannot be definitely determined so long before-hand; but this much may be safely suggested: Representative Andrews must keep his eyes wide open, his ear to the ground, and work, if he would win.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL.

On March 4, 1913, Hon. Samuel W. McCall of this District, the 8th, will have served twenty years in the National House of Representatives. He is regarded as one of the ablest and most influential members of Congress.

Last Friday evening, July 19, he announced his withdrawal from the Representative field as follows: "I have decided not to be a candidate for the House of Representatives at the approaching election. I have an ambition, not unworthy, I trust, to serve you in another capacity, concerning which I shall make a definite announcement at a suitable time."

It is generally understood that Mr. McCall will be a candidate for U. S. Senator and elected.

MAY BE WALKER.

If, according to current reports Louis Frothingham will not be a candidate for Governor of this State, he being the logical successor of Eben Draper, but refuse to enter the contest, this fall, it is argued by the friends of ex-Speaker Walker that his chances for the Republican nomination and election will be greatly improved thereby. It looks that way, certainly.

Mr. Walker was one of the best Speakers the Mass. House of Representatives has ever had, and his deliberations and guide its conduct, and it is reasonable to assume that he would make a model Governor.

Speaking of huckleberries reminds one of the Powers Brothers of Pittsfield, Maine, who secured their first start in life, or money to start with, by daily filling berry buckets with the delicious fruit from generously laden bushes on the far side of Libbey's Pond, and selling them at the stores of Canaan Village 5 miles from the pastures where they grew. The brothers were sons of Arba Powers and wife who were very "poor but honest parents" possessing rather more than ordinary intelligence and book love, and heads well equipped with healthy brains. Later on the family moved to Arrostook County where by investments in timber lands fortune smiled on them and they became the richest men in that part of the State. They acquired not only money and lands but enviable eminence as Lawyers and Statesmen. Llewellyn was Governor of Maine several terms, and a Member of Congress when he died a few years ago; Clarence was a Justice of the Supreme Court and would have been elected U. S. Senator last spring if the Democrats had not captured Maine the fall before; the other member of the trio is one of the most eminent Counselors at Law in Arrostook County.

And huckleberries did it.

In an editorial our highly esteemed contemporary, the Reading Chronicle, last week heartily endorsed the candidacy of Hon. James Wilson Grimes of that town for Congress from the new Fifth District. Grimes is smart and popular, and with John N. Cole of Andover out of the race, and Butler Ames to retire at the close of his present term, one would seem to be justified in predicting an easy walkover for him.

Rev. Frank Poole Johnson a native of Woburn, Rector of All Saints Church in New York City, is temporary pastor of the American church of the Holy Trinity in Paris, France, while the pastor is away on his vacation. Frank and his father are touring Europe.

Henry L. Andrews of this city has filed his nomination papers and will be a candidate for reelection to the Massachusetts Legislature next November.

Jared His Dad. Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf and grandma?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme—Pope.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
Hawley H. Rogers—Mortg. Sale.

Following a heavy rain the weather last Friday was delicious.

The Stoneham traders took their annual day off at Bass Point and had the time of their lives.

City Auditor Robert J. Corry, wife and daughter take their summer outing on Littlejohn Island, Casco Bay.

The National Band give their concert on Friday evenings instead of Thursdays as at the beginning of the season.

Messrs. J. W. & E. F. Johnson are improving their Montvale avenue real estate in a way that will increase its value.

Fred Dockham, gardener, railroad and general utility man, distanced all competitors in the matter of raising flowers this summer.

All the Y. P. S. C. E. Societies are to unite and hold a union picnic at Lakeview near Lowell, July 27. Special cars will be furnished.

Mrs. Ethel Smith and son Harlan are at York Beach for two weeks, where her mother, Mrs. Gurney, will join her for the last week of her stay there.

Dr. J. Henry Hutchings and wife Mrs. Maria Bickford, and Mrs. Clavie, are taking a pleasant vacation outing on the Penobscot at Camden, Maine.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Yates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Yates to Mr. Charles G. Land, Jr. of Montvale Ave. was announced last week.

Last Tuesday morning the thermometer in this city showed 64 degrees above. For 2 weeks beginning July 8, except the 11 and 12, it was from 98 to 105 every noon.

Messrs. and Mrs. Walter C. Gilbert, and their daughter, Miss Nora Gilbert, have their first home on Montvale avenue to spend their vacation in the White Mountains of N. H.

Mr. Thomas J. Feehey and family are summering again at Old Orchard Beach. It would be hard task to convince them that O. O. B. is not the best hot weather resort on the New England Coast.

Mrs. Hiram Whitford was 94 years old last Tuesday, July 23, 1912. When Mrs. Dimick called on her that day she found her old friend comfortable and contented. Her husband died several years ago.

Numerous beach and picnic parties were enjoyed by Woburn people last Wednesday. They were conveyed generally in special cars to all points of the compass, for which they were blessed with as fine weather as ever laid outdoors.

An esteemed lady whose home is in Santa Clara Valley, California, writes us that while people here were suffering, and some of them dying with heat, this month, fire was necessary out there to keep comfortable. Her home is in the center of the prune zone.

Chairman Dr. V. C. Stewart feels very much flattered over the receipt of an invitation by the Woburn Board of Health to attend the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography to be held in Washington, D. C. from Sept. 23 to 28. He regards it a great honor.

Miss Helen Beadle of Groveland was a welcome guest of the JOURNAL family last Monday. She is a recent graduate of the Salem Normal School, at which she contemplates taking a postgraduate course, at the close of her present engagement of Supervisor of Music in the Rowley schools.

During the forenoon Sunday very light showers of rain followed each other at irregular intervals until 12 o'clock P. M., from which hour it poured copiously, without intermission, until sunset and a great quantity of water fell. Happy church-going people were not prevented from attending church.

A large number of prominent young people attended the farewell party given by Mr. Hugh Martin, Superintendent of Highways, and Martin one evening last week to Miss Mary Callahan on her return to her home in New York. A fine musical entertainment was furnished by some of the guests.

Dogsday set in only yesterday and already it seems as though the flies were wearing tar on their heels, for they stick on a fellow's face like death to a defunct dorkie. By the way, it used to be said that a short housefly crop was a sure sign of a sickly season. This does not agree with present day medical science, which says that the spread of epidemics is due to these pestiferous insects.

If Burlington can have an "Old Home" Sunday, as that town is to indulge in day after tomorrow, why not Woburn have one, too? One would be much more enjoyable and a better advertisement for our city than was the Choate Hospital County Fair, or Cattle Show, whatever it was. General Charles H. Taylor, proprietor and Editor of the Boston Globe, had a good thing when he paid out big money to publish and promote "Old Home Week" in this State, and the practice should have become habit; but it didn't. It ought to be given a new start and pushed.

The huckleberry, whortleberry, blueberry differ names for the same fruit—crop makes poor picking this season. The intense heat and long drought dried and shriveled up the berries on the bushes and left but scanty reward for those who go to the pastures and hills to fill their baskets and trip to the woods for the berries. The berries dried on the bushes and are as good as raisins for cakes and pies the next winter; but, alas! there will be nothing of this for the thrifty housewife of Baunehog, or Perkinsville. Having received no reliable report of the Pooduk (Maine) raspberry condition, we are unable to give our readers information concerning it.

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Jared His Dad. Father—No, indeed! My father never heard me tell a lie! Willie—Was grandpa as deaf and grandma?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Who love too much hate in the like extreme—Pope.

Ald. Jones of the City Council is called the "Watch Dog of the Treasury." He is looking sharp after the public finances and bound to cut down the appropriations to the lowest notch. Jones is a "safe and sane" member of the Board.

The other day the JOURNAL was pleased with the receipt of a postcard from the Misses Grace and Gertrude Heavitt of Bennett Street, this city, containing the picture of a scene in Bermuda, W. I., where they are traveling during the vacation season.

Mrs. Marcellus Littlefield of Winton street expects to pass the month of August next on the shores of Smithfield Ponds in Somerset County, Maine. Years ago the Ponds of Smithfield were famous white perch fishing waters which, with the beauty and charm of the scenery that borders them and their boating and bathing facilities, attracted visitors from many towns and cities in N. E. Pines were held in the groves on the grassy slopes of the clear waters for which experts often provided the best fish chowders ever concocted in the Pine Tree State, or, at least, that was what the Waterville College students used to say in those days. For solid amusement, however, we should seek no farther than the Smithfield Ponds.

Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield, son of Mr. Clarence Littlefield who is Foreman of the Barker Lumber Company of this city and ex-Chief Engineer of the Woburn Fire Department, is one of the three young men who left Woburn in 1898 to seek their fortunes in Alaska, which was then attracting many emigrants. After awhile Arthur W. Littlefield, son of Mr. Clarence, the other two, returned to their homes here and settled down to business. Littlefield, however, remained in that far Western country and for 14 years has been busily engaged in growing up with it in accordance with Horace Greeley's advice. He has recently received the responsible and profitable appointment of Assistant Manager of the Northwest Commercial Navigation Company with headquarters at Nome, Alaska, on which piece of good fortune we congratulate him.

Election Officers.

The only new appointees were two inspectors, John C. Williams in Ward 5 and Frank D. Doherty in Ward 7. The entire list was confirmed by the Council. It follows:

WARD 1.

Wardens Charles M. Wright; Clerk, Edwin E. Porter; Inspectors, Frederick S. Hutchinson, Jeremiah Weaver, Walter D. Eaton, Patrick Burke.

WARD 2.

Warden, Matthew J. McDonough; Clerk, John C. Andrews; Inspectors, Dennis W. McCarthy, Charles R. Rosenquist, Charles H. Haggett, Thomas J. Harkins.

WARD 3.

Warden, John F. Larkin; Clerk, Harry Brown; Inspectors, William J. Hammond, Edward J. Doherty, Edward F. McDonough, Elmore A. Pierce.

WARD 4.

Warden, Michael J. Kelley; Clerk, John H. Sweetser; Inspectors, William H. Roddy, A. P. Tabor, Thomas H. Duffy, Henry T. Smith.

WARD 5.

Warden, James Cogan; Clerk, William F. Greenough; Inspectors, Thomas J. Donahue, John L. Fowle, James E. Cogan, Albert D. Carter.

WARD 6.

Warden, Richard A. Morgan; Clerk, Joseph C. Plonker; Inspectors, Edward C. Doherty, Walter I. Ashbee, Frank W. McInerney, John C. Williams.

WARD 7.

Warden, George H. Foster; John F. McGovern; Inspectors, Frank F. Menchin, Frank Doherty, John A. Porter, Daniel F. Doherty.

The Week's Baseball

Review and Outlook.

BY THE BOSTON JOURNAL'S SPORTING EDITOR.

HERMAN NICKERSON.

[Editor's Note.—Mr. Nickerson, in the columns of The Boston Journal, was the first sporting writer of prominence to predict that the Sox would be the pennant winners this year. Arrangements have been made to publish a series of articles by Mr. Nickerson with the idea of giving the readers of this paper a weekly review and forecast of events in the "big leagues."]

The Speed Boys have held their lead and moved a little farther away from the world's champions in the week of baseball just finished. It has been a busy six days in which the league leaders have won five games, losing one, two taken from St. Louis and three in a row from Detroit. The Washingtons made a slight gain on Boston by reason of having played one more game during the week.

In the three games played with the Tigers the Speed Boys have scored nine runs in twenty-seven hits for thirty-four bases, with three errors; while the Detroit team has made one run on fourteen hits for eighteen bases, with eight errors.

Bringing two of the heavy hitters of the league into a series creates an interest that has been clearly manifest. Tris and Ty have shared the plaudits of the multitude, with Speaker so far having made the better showing.

In the three games Tris has been at bat twelve times, scored two runs on five hits for six bases, having five putouts, one stolen base and was thrown out twice. Ty has been at bat eleven times, scored one run, made three hits for four bases; has had five putouts, four assists, no stolen bases, being thrown out three times. The batting average for the series gives Tris .416 and Ty .255.

It will be seen that the local team has to play the game every minute in order to keep in the lead with the Washingtons playing half "out of their head." Instead of melting away as was expected during this week of great heat, the Senators seem to have taken on new life, pushing ahead like champions. There is a good club, but I do not look for it to finish ahead of Philadelphia, and believe me, the world's champions have to beat the Speed Boys to win.

When again, Lord Salisbury quoted Lord Morley's famous phrase, "manacles and manacles," in which he summed up what appeared to be the Unionist policy for Ireland, the expression came out in print as "manacles and manacles at the last."—Pearson's.

Boston Theatres.

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Theodore Friebus, the most popular heavy man who ever appeared in stock in Boston, who is known to thousands of theatre-goers all over New England through his long association with the Boston Theatre and Castle Square stock companies. Mr. Friebus has just closed a highly successful season at the Academy of Music in New York City, and has not appeared in Boston for three years, since he presented "The Fight in the Lighthouse" at B. F. Keith's. For his second vaudeville appearance Mr. Friebus has chosen a vehicle of an entirely different type, a bright farce comedy, bearing the title of "Peter's Predecessor." This sketch is the work of Rev. John Snyder, known to playgoers all over America as the author of "As Ye Sow." Aside from the return of Mr. Friebus, the week will also be notable for the first appearance in Boston of Kate Elinore and Sam Williams in their new travesty, "The Hunter and the Huntress." This is one of the funniest characters Miss Elinore ever created, and introduces her in a new light to vaudeville patrons.

Stockbridge Banker Dead.

DANIEL A. KIMBALL PASSES AWAY. HAS BEEN CONNECTED WITH HOUSTON BANK FOR 64 YEARS. 18 YEARS AS PRESIDENT. DIED AT HIS HOME IN STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., AT 10 O'CLOCK.

Daniel Ames Kimball, 69, for the past 18 years President of the Houston National Bank in Stockbridge, who died suddenly Friday night at 10 o'clock at the Charter Oak Hospital in Hartford, Ct., where he had been under a severe surgical operation Monday, was the Dean of the bankers of Berkshire County. Mr. Kimball left Stockbridge by automobile on the 5th for Hartford, where his daughter, Mrs. Edward B. Field, resides. The news of his death was a great shock to his friends in southern Berkshire, as he appeared to be in his usual health. His leaving for an operation was not generally known.

Mr. Kimball was born in Lowell, April 2, 1843, a son of Daniel and Mary (Ames) Kimball. He prepared for college in Williams Academy at Stockbridge, of which his father was President. He did not enter college, however, but began his business life as clerk at the Houston National Bank in Stockbridge when only 15 years of age. In 1864 he held a position in the Thames Bank at Norwich, Ct. At the age of 21 he returned to the Houston National Bank as cashier, being without doubt the youngest bank cashier in the State. In 1899 he was elected President of the Bank, succeeding the late Daniel B. Williams, and has since held that position. All told he was connected with the Houston National Bank, in late years called the Houston National Bank, for 54 years, a record seldom equaled. He was a skillful financier and through his careful management the Houston National Bank has become one of the strong financial institutions of Western Massachusetts.

Had Mr. Kimball chosen to branch out to a larger field in his career he would have unquestionably made a great name for himself as a financier. Mr. Kimball had also held many positions of trust. He had been treasurer of the Houston Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Treasurer of the Stockbridge and Pittsfield Railroad Company for 40 years, Treasurer of the Stockbridge Water Company, Treasurer of the Stockbridge Library Association, Director of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, Treasurer and Director of the Berkshire Railroad Company, Director of the Houston National Bank, Trustee of the Jackson Library Association, and a member of the School Board. Mr. Kimball was one of the highest integrity, of great ability, a man of literary taste, very modest and unassuming in manner and thought. On June 13, 1887, Mr. Kimball was married to Miss Eleanor Thurber of Providence, R. I. She survives, as does one daughter, Mrs. Edward B. Field, and two grandchildren, Mr. William R. Cutter and Mrs. John M. Harlow, both of Woburn.—Springfield Republican, July 14, 1912.

A Hero In A Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Me., a civil war captain, as a light-house keeper, a vessel was wrecked, a queer fact that might have been a wreck, himself. If Electric Bitters had not prevented, "They care me of it, my trouble and child," he writes, after I had taken other so-called cures for years, without success, I was cured by Electric Bitters. I feel fine, and I am feeling fine. For dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulence, liver and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50 cents at All Drugists.

Burlington.

As is its regular habit this town is to have an Old Home Sunday, this year it is to be celebrated on Sunday, July 28, and Mr. Fred F. Walker, head of the State Animal Industry Commission, is to deliver the Address of Welcome which can be depended on, will be a practical one. An address is also to be made by Rev. William J. Bati, and a sermon by Rev. Albert Donnell, the pastor. Vocal and instrumental music will constitute a pleasing feature of the occasion, which is to be made the best Old Home celebration that this town has ever held.

Reporters' Strides.

Addressing a London audience, Lord Tweedmouth, in reviewing the Marquis of Salisbury's foreign policy, quoted Bismarck's famous description of the marquis, "A lath painted to look like iron." Perhaps it was Lord Tweedmouth's enunciation that caused the mistake. Anyhow, the reporter wrote that the marquis was "a lath painted to look like iron." The Foreign Office criticise the Foreign policy of the government and described the Marquis of Salisbury as a lath painted to look like a lion!

Mr. Chamberlain was the victim on another occasion of a somewhat similar error of a similar order. He had alluded to the Figure of Beaumarchais, but the last word was transformed when it appeared in print into "Boa Marche!"

When again, Lord Salisbury quoted Lord Morley's famous phrase, "manacles and manacles," in which he summed up what appeared to be the Unionist policy for Ireland, the expression came out in print as "manacles and manacles at the last."—Pearson's.

MR. PELLETIER
DEFIES BOSSES

Says He Is In Fight For Nomination Till The End

THE SENATORIAL SITUATION

Weeks and Draper Seem to Be in the Fight—Many New Aspirants For Congress—Retirement of McCall a Surprise—Fitzgerald Fixing Up Ancient Feuds

The political situation in the State is somewhat changed from last week so far as the senatorial fight is concerned. Ex-Governor Curtis Guild has announced that he will not be a candidate. Congressman Augustus P. Gardner has made a similar statement. Congressman John W. Weeks of Newton is now a candidate for re-nomination and as there is no one in the field against him he will be re-nominated. His friends say that he will be a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Crane no matter what happens. Congressman Samuel W. McCall is also mentioned as a candidate for the senatorship, and Ex-Governor Draper also.

So far as the governorship is concerned former Speaker Walker and former Councilor Everett C. Benton of Belmont are in the field for the Republican nomination. On the Democratic side the situation remains the same as it has been for some days. Governor Foss seeks re-nomination and is backed by the Fitzgerald-Lonsomey combination in Boston and he also has a large support in other sections of the commonwealth. District Attorney Pelletier of Boston is also still in the field. Mr. Pelletier declares that he intends to remain a candidate until the nomination is decided by the votes of the people. He thinks that he can win it sooner or later. We see so many of the evidences of this impulse for justice at work that we cannot doubt its presence. We may well believe that in ways unseen of us it continues until every debt is paid to the uttermost farthing.

The Camorrist Verdict.

It is ground for optimism that justice does come uppermost in so many important cases. It may triumph only after years, but there seems an invincible force that compels it sooner or later. We see so many of the evidences of this impulse for justice at work that we cannot doubt its presence. We may well believe that in ways unseen of us it continues until every debt is paid to the uttermost farthing.

The Fight For Congress

In the Fourth congressional district Colonel Samuel E. Winslow of Worcester has announced himself a candidate for the Republican nomination. Councilor Winfield S. Schuster of Douglas has also been mentioned as a candidate. The district is considered to be as strongly Republican as it was under the old district lines. Either Colonel Winslow or Mr. Schuster would carry it without question. Both are very popular among the Republicans of the district, and both have had considerable experience in campaigns in their time. Colonel Winslow several years ago was chairman of the Republican state committee and managed a state campaign with excellent results. He has been for many years a power in the county of Worcester and also in the county.

In the Fifth district now represented by Congressman Butler Ames, Ex-Senator James W. Grimes of Reading is a candidate. Mr. Ames does not care to make another campaign and has announced his retirement from congress. This district was considered a strong Republican one at the recent session, which took from the district the strongly Democratic city of Lawrence and put into it the city of Woburn which is slightly Democratic. In addition, a number of Republican towns were taken from other districts and added to the Fifth. It would look very much as if anyone willing to make a strong fight should carry the district by a large margin.

On the Democratic side Humphrey O'Sullivan, who has been the "angel" of the Democratic state committee for a number of years, is in the field for the nomination. In the Sixth district Congressman Augustus P. Gardner of Hamilton is making re-nomination. The district is very strongly Republican and the nomination under ordinary circumstances would be equivalent to an election. Thus far only one candidate has appeared looking for the Republican nomination. This is Senator Nason of Haverhill, a Roosevelt man who refused to help or to organize a third party. The indications are that Congressman Gardner will be re-nominated. The Democrats expect to put Senator Schofield of Ipswich in the field. Senator Schofield is an unusual vote getter but it would seem impossible for him to overturn the large Republican majority in the Sixth district, even under the most favorable conditions.

Congressman McCall Will Retire. In the Eighth congressional district there has been considerable surprise at the announcement of Congressman Samuel W. McCall that he will not be a candidate for a re-nomination. He intimates that he is to seek higher honors in other directions. The result of his public statement has been to bring into the field candidates to succeed him, among these Ex-Senator Frederic W. Dallinger and Henry C. Long of Cambridge. There was already in the field Senator Charles H. Brown of Medford, a Roosevelt man who just failed of election as a delegate for Mr. Roosevelt to the Chicago convention.

On the Democratic side Mayor Barry of Cambridge and Ex-Senator P. S. Dietrich are understood to seek the nomination. The district is supposed to be Republican by a fair margin and the Republicans believe that they will be able to carry it with any trouble. They recognize that Mayor Barry is quite popular, however, and that if he should go into the fight his opponent would need to make a vigorous campaign. Of course Mr. McCall in his ten years in congress has made many friends in the district and probably received many Democratic votes in past elections which a new man might not be able to gather in.

In the Ninth district Congressman Ernest W. Roberts of Chelsea is a candidate for re-nomination. Councilor Walter S. Glidden of Somerville is also in the field. The district is a strong Republican one starting with the city of Somerville, which is overwhelmingly Republican. Mal-

den and Everett, also Republican by a good majority. Winthrop which is Republican four or five to one, and Revere, which is Democratic. In this district a nomination is equivalent to an election.

In the new Fifteenth district now represented by Congressman William S. Greene of Fall River, Senator George Dighton is considering becoming a candidate. Congressman Greene will be a candidate for re-nomination. It is an attractive district in which to become a candidate as it is quite safely Republican.

Patching Up Democratic Feuds

In the city of Boston there are evidences that a very strong effort is being made to patch up the old Democratic feud which has existed for a number of years between John A. Fitzgerald and Ex-Congressman John A. Kelley. City Clerk James Donovan and Ex-Congressman John A. Sullivan, chairman of the finance committee.

The candidacy of Mayor Fitzgerald for the United States Senate is understood to be behind this effort to get the clans together. Mr. Fitzgerald realizes that in a contest of this sort he will need all the support he can get.

The Sullivan-Kelley faction has considerable strength in Boston and can make considerable trouble for the mayor if they wish to do so. However, Mr. Kelley is said to desire a place as chief of the bureau of municipal research connected with the finance commission, formerly held by the late George A. O'Brien. It is necessary in appointments to this commission that the mayor should approve them. It has been stated that the mayor is willing and will be even glad to patch up the old feud with this approval. As the position pays \$5000 a year and as Chairman Sullivan is an intimate friend of Mr. Kelley he is very desirous that the appointment should go through.

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One example comes from Italy. There the leaders of the Camorra, after one of the longest and most turbulent trials in history, were recently sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The trial lasted seven months, and the verdict was not reached until six years after the specific murders were committed for which the prisoners were being tried.

Every reader of the newspapers will recall the stormy scenes of that famous case. Originally forty-one of the Camorrist leaders were arrested. Three died in confinement. Fifteen more were released because they had already served a time equal to that of their probable sentences. The remainder were imprisoned for from five to thirty years, with several years of police surveillance in addition.

The universal opinion in Italy is that this ends the Camorra. The difficulty of convicting the men made the triumph of justice all the more noteworthy. The prisoners had to be confined in an iron cage during the trial, where they stormed like wild beasts, often halting the procedure. Yet in the end law and order won.

If the price of eggs should become a political issue it would not be the first time that eggs have broken into a campaign, though in previous contests the arguments they presented were rather rotten.

It appears that the Baltimore landlords put the blame for the overcrowded hotels on the fat men. Nobody loves a fat man—especially at a national convention.

The Atlantic coast has things all its own way this summer. There are Sea Girt, Beverly and Oyster Bay.

Talk about flying in the face of fate! An English aviator recently flew to his own wedding.

Not So Resourceful as Most Girls. "Not—Some of our proverbs are so ridiculous." "For instance, 'Where ignorance is bliss'." "Belle—What's the matter now?" "Well—Why, you know, Charlie gave me my engagement ring last week, and I simply can't find out how much it cost him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Looking Forward. The Artist—Think of all the rubbish they have accepted, and they refuse this masterpiece of mine. His Wife—Never mind, darling. Think of the clever way they fetch when you are dead, and of the good it will be doing me.—London Opinion.

Into the Jaws. He—Why did I foolishly attempt suicide? She—He claimed that his wife nagged him into it. He—So he jumped into the jaws of death to escape the jaws of life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Pray, but swing your hammer.—Spanish Proverb.

A Ghost Story. A London daily tells a short modern ghost story. A man was traveling on a northbound train out of London. Opposite him was a silent stranger, his only companion. Between London and Derby no word passed. Then, as the train drew out of Derby, he said pleasantly, "Good line, this, sir, eh?" The stranger replied, "I think it's a beastly bad line. I was killed on it two years ago."

He Shouldn't. A man with a donkey for sale, hearing that a friend wanted to buy one, sent him the following, written on a postal card: "Dear Jack, if you are looking for a really good donkey, please don't forget me."—Exchange.

A Revised Edition. I should have no objection to a repetition of the book on the beginning, only asking the advance stages authors have in a revised edition to correct some faults in the first.—Franklin.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions.—Cicero.

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POST NO. 6

Sentinels Disappeared
Without Leaving
Any Trace

By F. A. MITCHEL

"What's the matter, corporal?"

"Matter? Matter enough. When I marched the relief around I found post No. 6 deserted. Supposing the sentinels had been shot by a bush-whacker, we looked around for his body, but couldn't find it. He must have deserted."

"Who was on No. 6?"

"Gleason."

"He wouldn't desert. Something has happened to him. Didn't the other men on post leave a shot?"

"They say not."

"Well, then, some one must have crawled up on him, knifed him and taken away his body to make a mystery."

I was lounging in camp when the corporal of the guard came in from posting the relief, and, being curious to see how post No. 6 was exposed, I went out to have a look at it. Our troops had captured 100 miles of the Memphis and Charleston railroad in northern Alabama, lying between Decatur and Bridgeport, and our company had been sent out to guard one of the bridges, for the citizens along the line did everything they could to interrupt our line of communication. We were right out in the country, no town or station being anywhere near us, though there were scattered houses around about. It seemed to me that the sentry beats were badly arranged, and No. 6 was especially badly located, for most of the time while he was walking his beat he was not in sight of his two connecting sentries. The approach to the bridge on both sides of the stream was on a high ground, and No. 6 was especially badly located, for most of the time while he was walking his beat he was not in sight of his two connecting sentries. The approach to the bridge on both sides of the stream was on a high ground, and No. 6 was especially badly located, for most of the time while he was walking his beat he was not in sight of his two connecting sentries.



"I PREFERRED TO DIE BY THE HAND OF THE GIL."

ed down from the beats, though some of them looked into woods through which an enemy might steal upon them unobserved. But I noticed that No. 6 overlooked an open space.

A weak element in the situation was that the guard was more of a picket than a chain of sentries and didn't regularly walk post. I had often been on No. 6 and, finding the beat uneven, had spent most of my tour of duty sitting on a rock looking down into a field. Other sentries did the same thing. But I didn't see any likelihood of an enemy's crawling up on a man in that position unless the latter was asleep.

Gleason, the vanished sentry, didn't show up, and we made up our minds that he had been made away with, although his going having occurred in broad daylight, some believed he had deserted. But when several days after another man posted on No. 6 disappeared without leaving any clue as to the cause of his going the whole command was on the tip of excitement and curiosity.

For a week whenever a man was posted on No. 6 he expected to be spirited away by a ghost. Then, no further disappearances occurring, the mystery was forgotten, for in war all "sensations" are of short duration. After the excitement had simmered down No. 6 fell to my lot. A number of men had been on guard on that beat without vanishing.

I was sitting on the rock I have mentioned, looking over the field between the scattered trees and the gently flowing stream beneath. There was just enough breeze to sway the branches of the trees and rustle the leaves. A pleasant drowsiness crept over me, and I sank into a doze.

I was aroused by something soft hitting me in the face. Instinctively I clutched my musket as I sprang up and darted glances in every direction. Seeing no one, I looked at my feet, and there lay a rose. I was not surprised to see a rose at that season—April—for that month in Alabama is equivalent to June in the northern states, but I was surprised to see a rose at all. I picked it up and put it under my nose. The perfume was delicious. While my eyes were upon it another one, though of a different color, hit me on the ear. Again I started and looked about me. Still no one appeared.

By this time I was sure some one was hiding behind one of the trees below me, and I kept a rigid watch, with my gun cocked and my finger on the trigger, though if there were an enemy near he could have as well hit me with a bullet as a flower. Presently I saw a face peering from behind a tree. Its owner evidently trying to get sight of me without being seen.

"Come out of that," I said, raising my weapon and pointing it at the tree trunk.

"Yo' wouldn't shoot a girl, would you?"

The voice was melodious. A girl with a basket on her arm stepped from behind a tree. She was laughing at me. Her big black eyes laughed; her lips laughed; she laughed all over. She was pretty enough, but her prettiness was nothing compared with a certain witchery there was about her that was evident the moment she appeared. There was a delicious roundness, femininity—call it what you like—in her that was entrancing.

"Yo' wouldn't be afraid of one who has Life."

nothing but flowers to shoot you with. I wish you'd lower yo' gun. I'm afraid it might go off and kill me."

I had forgotten the gun in my delight at the appearance of a feminine thing of beauty, for I had been campaigning for a year, and during the period of the softer sex had had no part in my existence. I dropped the muzzle of the piece toward the ground.

"If you'll come down here I'll give you a posy," the girl added.

She held the basket toward me so that I could see that it was full of flowers.

"I'm a sentinel on post and can't leave my beat, but if you'll bring me a posy I'll be very much obliged to you."

"You're not very gallant, but since you're tied down and I'm free I don't mind. Yo' can come a little way down the slope, can't you?"

A little way down the slope would hide me not only from my flanking sentries, but from the camp. Not relishing being seen accepting a posy from a girl, I complied. Besides, those red lips set me with for a kiss. I descended a few rods, while she advanced, taking a handful of flowers from her basket and handing them to me when she reached me. There she stood, looking at me with that same roguish smile, her eyes dancing and daring at the same time. I attempted to take a kiss, but she drew back. I followed her, she laughing the while, I catching her, she pulling away from me. I was at a disadvantage from my musket, to which I must give up one hand. Presently she stopped and said:

"If I give yo' one kiss will yo' be satisfied?"

"Yes," I said, knowing that I would not be satisfied with a thousand.

"I could not well embrace her while holding my gun, so I permitted her to relieve me of it for the moment. I took the kiss, and it was the quaintest of delight. Then she drew away from me, and I reached for my musket. Springing back, she raised it and put the muzzle against my breast. Retreating and laughing at me, she led me in among the trees. Then her expression changed.

"Turn about," she said sharply, "and march that way!" pointing.

I did not obey, and she repeated the order in no uncertain tone. The muzzle of the gun was pressed against my heart. The situation began to grow serious. Suddenly I remembered my comrades who had been spirited away. Here was the explanation. They had been thus decoyed, then driven to where the girl had been relieved of them by citizens or guerrillas, and the prisoners probably had been shot. I preferred to die by the hand of the girl.

"If you are going to kill me," I said, "folding my arms, 'do so. I shall not move a step.'"

She saw resolution in my eye and looked troubled—indeed, frightened. Nevertheless she brought the stock of the gun to her shoulder and, assuming a fierceness I was sure she did not feel, said:

"I will count three. After three, if you have not turned and marched as I direct, I will fire. One!"

I did not move, but kept my eye fixed on her.

"Two!"

I smiled at her. She broke down, as I knew she would.

"Give me my musket," I said quietly. She lowered it and permitted me to take it from her.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"I should take you into camp and have you shot for my comrades who have doubtless been served a like fate."

"They are prisoners of war."

"Are you sure?"

"I swear it. I saved them from being shot. They were taken to Chattanooga and turned over to the Confederate general commanding there."

"How do you know that?"

"I went with them. I did not trust those whose promise I had not to shoot them."

"Very well. Now you are at liberty to go your way."

I took my gun from her. She started, but I called her back. "What do I get for sparing you?" I asked.

She knew what I meant. I leaned my gun against a tree, put both my arms about her and took one long kiss. It would have been longer had I not heard the corporal coming with the relief. I dropped Yvonne and took my gun.

In other words, I let go of the girl and seized my musket, and when the relief reached my post I was packing leisurely to and fro. As for the girl, she made good her exit through the trees.

When that night in camp I told the story to my comrades every man jack of them wanted to be assigned to post No. 6.

PINEAPPLE PLANTS.

They Do Not Die After Fruiting, but Reproduce Themselves.

Pineapples do not grow on trees. Imagine a plant four feet in extreme height from the ground to the tip of leaves, a single stalk at the surface, but dividing at once into swordlike blades or leaves, fifteen in number, from the center of which appears a stiff, upright stem, at the top of which is the fruit. This stem first shows the crown of the fruit when fully grown is a foot or more below the points of the leaves.

At the end of a year and a half from planting each plant produces a single fruit, even as a cabbage plant produces a single head. But the pineapple does not die after fruiting once. Down on the stem below the fruit and among the long, narrow leaves a sucker appears. If allowed to remain this will soon become the head of the plant, and within another year it will yield another fruit. This process may go on for a term of years. In the meantime, however, other suckers will make their appearance.

These are broken off, and when stuck into the ground they put out roots and become other plants. Thus a single pineapple plant may produce a dozen or more others while it is yielding fruit from year to year.

The Intruder.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi one day during a flood lost her way and bumped against a frame house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darky rammed his head up through a hole in the roof, where the chimney once came out, and yelled at the captain on the roof. "What's you gwine to do with that boat? You gwine to turn this house over, spill de old woman an' de children in de flood an' drown 'em. What you doin' out here in de country wid your boat, anyhow? Go on back yander froo de confounded an' get back into de river whar you b'longs. Ain't got no business se'n miles out in de country foolin' round' peaches' houses now?" And the boat backed out. Life.

A LESSON FROM BASEBALL.

Always Save Something For The Time When The Pinch Comes.

In his book, "Pitching In A Pinch," Christy Mathewson has some good advice to offer to boys who would like to be successful pitchers, and he not hard to read in his words a lesson of life as well.

"Some pitchers," says the veteran, "will put all they have on each ball. That is foolish for two reasons. In the first place, it exhausts the man physically, and when the pinch comes he hasn't the strength to last it out."

The pinch, it may be here interpolated, is what pitchers call the inning that comes in most ball games, on which hangs victory or defeat. And when the pinch comes it is a case of the batter's nerve against the pitcher's.

"But, second and more important, it shows the batters everything that he has, which is something a man should always hold something in reserve, a surprise to spring when things get tight. If a man has displayed his whole assortment to the batters in the early part of the game and has used all his speed and his fastest breaking curve, when the crisis comes he has nothing to fall back on."

"Like all youngsters," continues Mr. Mathewson, "I was eager to make a record during my first year in the big league, and in one of the first games I pitched against Cincinnati I made the mistake of putting all I had on every ball."

We were playing at the Polo grounds and the Giants had the visitors beaten, 2 to 0, going into the last inning. I had been burning them over, trying to strike out every batter and hadn't held anything in reserve. The first man in the last inning was a big fellow, and the next a two bagger, and by the time they had stopped hitting me we had lost the game 4 to 2.

"I was very much down in the mouth over the defeat after I had the game practically won, and George Davis, then manager of the Giants, noticed it."

"Never mind, Matty," he said; "it was worth it. The game ought to teach you not to pile your head off when you don't need to."

"I did," concludes Mr. Mathewson. "I have never forgotten that lesson."

MORTGAGES ON LAND.

Why It Is Essential That They Should Be Recorded.

As the value of land to the owner increases so does the security of mortgage investments given on that land.

In the mortgage market, the first and most important thing is the security of the land which is mortgaged. The first and most important thing is the security of the land which is mortgaged. The first and most important thing is the security of the land which is mortgaged.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., Post Office, at second-class matter.

NO. 38

Woburn Journal.

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From Boston and New York 7:30, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a.m., 2:45, 3:45, 6:25, 7:30 p.m.

From New York direct 7:30 a.m., 10:15, 11:30

a.m., 2:45, 3:45, 6:25, 7:30 p.m.

From Worcester, Lowell, Stoneham and Northern

Via Winchester, 10 p.m., 2:45, 3:45 p.m.

From the North, directly, 7:45 a.m., 6:40 p.m.

From Burlington 9:30 a.m., 5:30 p.m.

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HER

PORTRAIT

A Love Story of

a Decade

By MARY G. BLAKE

During the period of the second em-

pire in France Paris was a very differ-

ent city from what it is now. Charcoal

was the principal fuel used, and there

was little smoke to blacken the city.

The buildings were clean and bright;

the parks were full of verdure; the peo-

ple were very gay. Now the buildings

are as black as those of London, the

parks are neglected, and the people

have lost that cheerful look that once

marked them. The results of the Fran-

co-Prussian war are largely responsible

for the change.

Edgar Renwick, an American, twenty

years old—an age of semi-manhood,

semi-boyhood—was in Paris during the

most delightful month of the year, June.

Leaving his hotel on the Rue de Rivoli,

he sauntered along under the

arcades and turned down the Rue de

la Paix till he struck a boulevard. On

the corner a portrait of a young girl

had been set up, and Renwick stop-

ped to look at it.

The artist had achieved remarkable

success in portraying a beautiful

living face. Moreover, he had trans-

ferred a veritable human smile from

a pair of human girlish lips to can-

vas. In each cheek was a dimple, and

the eyes were lighted by the same

gladness that caused the smile.

"Monsieur seems to be pleased with

my picture," said a voice behind Ren-

wick in broken English.

"How do you know I am not

French?"

"I knew you were American by your

appearance alone. I would like to sell

you the picture. The price is 2,000

francs."

"Is it the portrait of a real living

person?"

"It is."

"Very well; I will buy it of you if

you will let me see the original."

"Agreed."

The same day the artist brought the

picture to Renwick's hotel and received

the pay for it. The next evening he

called. The two took a cab and drove

to the Latin quarter, where they

mounted a pair of stairs and entered a

ballroom filled with students, artists

and young women of the second or

third class. Couples were taking their

places for a quadrille, and in one of the

sets Renwick saw the original of his

picture. Her face wore the same hap-

py smile that appeared on the canvas.

"Who is she?" asked Renwick.

"A model."

"Does she pose for?"

"The altogether? No. She sits for

these different figures in their pic-

tures. I am the only one that I know

of who has painted her just as she is."

neither together till, like two grafted

stems, they were one.

The American remained in Paris till

the autumn; then his father, who had

heard of his enthusiasm for an art-

ist's model, had ordered him home. Ren-

wick would have remained with his

love but for the reason that she for-

bade him to sacrifice himself for her.

Besides, with no income and not even

the profession of an artist there was

no possible livelihood. The lovers

parted badly, not in spirit, and Ren-

wick sailed for America.

Ten years passed, during which

many a high bred dame sought to

catch the heir to a fortune, but he re-

fused to be caught. The smiling face

he had seen exposed to the public

gaze on the corner of the Rue de la

Paix and the Boulevard in Paris re-

mained in his mind. The portrait was

sufficient to keep him from the

original, but not to force him to give

up the likeness. That likeness remain-

ed the same. The years were passing

over his head and over the head of

the woman in his mind. But the re-

flected image with his own likeness

made when he was twenty. But the

absent one in his mind remained the

same. At times he would look at the

portrait and try to realize the change

that must have come over her as well

as himself. But it was impossible.

Until he could see the changed origi-

nal the same young, smiling face was

the face of the woman he loved.

His father died when Renwick was

thirty. He was now independent. But

though the blood in his veins was still

that of a young man, it was not the

blood of a grown boy. He still yearned

for the love of his youth, but he did

not know what that love now was.

Whether the woman in his mind had

kept the same pace as himself either

in respect to physical or mental beau-

ty or whether he should find her in

a sphere with which he would have

grown away from. He had made an

agreement with his father that he

would not communicate with her, and

except for the past she was a blank

to him. Nevertheless, that past—as it

was—was as real as it had ever been.

Meanwhile he had passed the point

where he was ready to take for a life

partner the woman in his mind with-

out thoroughly realizing the objections

of such a step. At his father's death,

instead of hastening across an ocean

with a view to doing that which a

decade before he would have done had

it seemed possible, he delayed.

Indeed, he did not see a woman who

had grown out of her youthful beauty.

He feared that she had grown fat or that

she was skinny. Possibly those brows

that at nineteen were like the arched

stroke of a pencil might have grown

thick and bushy. Then, after he had

not her associates shock him? And

lastly, might she not have grown

coarser?

He delayed going to seek his love for

nearly a year after his father's death

and his coming into possession of a

fortune in his own right. Then, after

making an attempt to forget her, he

suddenly came to a resolution to go to

Paris, find her if she still lived and

learn what effect she would have upon

him.

On the steamer going over he met

a young lady of his own class, Miss

Marion Rutledge. Most of the girls

whom he had known on intimate terms

with had shown so great a desire to

catch him that they had repelled him.

Miss Rutledge showed herself above

this. Indeed, she did not show him

any preference over other men about

her. When the voyage ended Ren-

wick felt a twinge at parting. He did

not quite understand it, but it did not

deter him from doing what he had

planned to do.

He found Paris much changed.

He made inquiries of Estelle and af-

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 88.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1912

CONCERNING THE TARIFF.

It must be recalled that the tariff schedules of the so-called Wilson-Gorman law which brought such disastrous results in 1894, 1895 and 1896 were by no means as low as the schedules which have been framed by the Democratic House during the 62nd Congress, and if such ruin and disaster was wrought by the moderately free trade duties of the Wilson-Gorman tariff, how much greater will be the ruin and disaster if the present program of the Democratic party should be enacted into law.

A CANDIDATE.

A few days ago Everett C. Benton announced that he is in the field for the Republican nomination for Governor. The announcement was immediately followed by a statement of his reasons for running and platform. This latter contained but a single plank and that was the Primary Law. On that broken reed he pins his faith and hopes for the nomination.

Party organizations have no attractions for Benton; bossism he abhors; The Primary is the Moses to lead the Israelites out of the wilderness; and he is for Moses.

THE NEW PARTY.

The New England organ of Col. Roosevelt's third political Party says everything is ready for its launching at Chicago next week when and where the inauguration exercises are to be held. "Boss" Roosevelt has got everything properly arranged for the meeting which is to open on Aug. 5.

The name of the Colonel's new Party is to be "Progressive," and the principal plank in its platform: Absolute separation from, and independence of, old parties.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

The report is current in political circles that Mr. Edwin C. Milford of Wakefield is a candidate this fall for the State Senate from the Sixth District to succeed the present incumbent, Senator Charles H. Brown of Medford. He was in Woburn last week spying out the land.

He is at the head of the firm of Henry F. Miller & Sons, the Boston piano manufacturers of which Henry F., deceased, was formerly the senior manager and owner.

THE JOURNAL.

It was established Oct. 16, 1851, by Mr. George Fowle, who is still on earth. Its present proprietor bought and took possession of it on August 1, 1880, or 32 years ago yesterday.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention is to be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Oct. 5, and the Primaries on Sept. 24.

Through a series of five conferences, Northfield, Mass., Moody's town, works up to a climax in its General Conference which comes during the first two weeks of August. Speakers are then drawn even from England and accommodations for the large numbers are specially prepared. Rows of tents dot the conference grounds; Stone Hall the recitation building, the Skinner Gymnasium, and Music Hall are all transformed into huge dormitories. But with the opening of Gould Hall this season, the largest and most finely equipped at Northfield, it is expected that there will be ample room to house even those who have been turned away in former years because of late application.

With scores of Boston newspaper men a representative of the Woburn Journal, on invitation of her gentlemanly proprietors, last Wednesday, attended the private and press view of the famous English convict ship "Success" lying at Charles River Stores Dock in Boston Harbor. The scribbles were handsomely entertained on board of the old ship that for many years carried English convicts to Australia by Managing Director Smith and his associates who, in a voyage of 100 days, brought her safely to a Boston wharf a few weeks ago. The "Success" is a marine curiosity worth going miles to see.

It will be well, then, for the farmers of the country as well as the laborers, both skilled and unskilled, in all of our varied industries, to study the situation and decide for themselves whether they prefer free trade or adequate protection. And it must be remembered by these farmers and working men that a vote for the Roosevelt ticket will be practically a vote for the Democratic ticket and will bring about the same result both as regards the Presidency and both houses of Congress.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
Jos. H. Buck-Sheriff's Sale.
Five Cents Savings Bank-Book Lost.

We have had typical dogdays this week.

It will be seen by Mr. Shattuck's report that the Choate Field Day did a big thing.

Miss Dora Buss has been at Salem Willows for a few days outing this week.

The Gentle Reader will find some entertaining and stimulating political reading on the outside of this paper.

George I. Clapp, Superintendent of schools, with his family will go to Ogunquit, Maine for the month of August.

The rains this week have been welcome visitors here, but too late to do any good except pastures, and possibly corn.

Rev. James T. McCormick, son of Mr. Thomas F. McCormick, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics in Boston College.

Miss Lena French, with her mother, of North Woburn has been enjoying a visit at Bay View, Maine, as guests of Mrs. W. W. Hill.

Judge John G. Maguire of the District Court, and his son Frank W. Maguire, Esq., are at Littlejohns Island, Casco Bay, Portland.

The School Board know just how much it is going to cost to do the sum mer repairs on the schoolhouses, for they have received all the bids for them.

Last Friday evening's concert by the National Band on the Common drew an immense crowd of people who were delighted with the fine music rendered.

Huckleberry vendors have never been so numerous in this city, or done so large and lucrative a trade in the fruit as this year. It looks that way to say the least.

It is contemplated by the government to change all paper money from the present size to 6 x 2 1/2 inches. The paper money now in circulation is 7.28 by 3.04 inches.

The month of August put in an appearance here about 2 o'clock yesterday morning in a modest sort of a thunder shower. The weather that followed was of the summer type.

It is just the right time to go to H. B. Blye & Co.'s store and engage that perfectly reliable hardware, stove ranges and furnace iron to come to the house and put your heating apparatus in working order for next winter.

To do it properly it should be written in this way: "Smith & Varney: Jewelers, Silversmiths, Clock and Watch Repairers, 812 No. 1, Class 1." They are Woburn leaders in the business, and the fairest men on earth to deal with.

Woburn's Merchant Day comes on Wednesday, Aug. 14, this year, and preparations for it are now due. Several jaunts, trips and kinds of amusements have been suggested, but none of them have taken shape, and it is not definitely known what the order of exercises is to be.

Hon. W. E. Blodgett and family are enjoying the vacation season by taking auto trips around the country to whatever points they please. A few days ago they went to Long Bay, Long Island Sound to see Mr. R. G. Brewster, a member of the firm of which Mr. Blodgett is treasurer.

The Young Nationals defeated the Cummingsville A. C. by a score of 18 to 17. Tim Hegan kicked a home run with three men on base which won the game. The lineup was: McLaughlin catch, began pitch, Connors 1st, O'Brien 2nd, Kenney 3rd, Salmon 4th, Walsh lf, Doherty cf, Rooney rf.

Haggerty's last Saturday's Times gave a whole page to a description and pictorial illustrations of camp life of the Knights of the Sacred Heart of St. Charles church and Rev. James J. Keane, the founder and Spiritual Director of the Woburn Society. It was a capital piece of pen and pencil work.

On Monday evening, August 5, the Waltham Grange P. of H., 282, will hold their regular meeting and will have as special guests National Master Oliver Wilson and Mass. State Master Charles M. Gardner. There will be other noted guests. The Woburn Grange is invited with others to be present on this occasion.

James H. Linnell and George Durward, marketmen, are not worrying to any alarming extent over the newspaper report that many Woburn people are buying their meat for family consumption at out of town establishments as a regular habit. The people of this city are entirely satisfied with Linnell and Durward's quality and prices of meat and all other goods.

The Dr. Hutchings-Bickford party, while taking their vacation at Camden on the Penobscot last month, autoed 800 miles along the Maine coast; which reminds the author of this item that, taking in its islands, the State of Maine has more than 2,000 miles of seashore, while its extreme length from Kittery Point to Quoddy (Passamaquoddy Head, as the crowd dies, is only 250 miles.

Miss Jeanette Smith entertained a few friends at a place party at her home on Montvale avenue, Tuesday afternoon to meet Miss Bertha Robson of Newton, a classmate of Miss Smith at the Mass. Normal Art School. Those present were: Misses Bertha Robson, Madeline Taylor, Ruth Johnson, Dorothy Blake, Emily Godfrey, Cora Boutelle, Ethel Wallace, Evelyn Parry, Marguerite Yates, Margery Lott, Jeanette Smith.

To get nearer to his business in Boston Mr. Shay has been obliged to quit Worcester and settle in close proximity to the Hub of the universe. No, he, whose wife is the daughter of Mr. Bryan McSweney of Monroe street, this city, and daughter have come to Woburn and made a home with Mr. McSweney and his other daughter, Miss Amy McSweney, who formerly, for many years, was connected with the JOURNAL establishment. Minnie (Mrs. Shay) is very glad to get back to Woburn and settle down in the old home.

Rev. Stephen A. Norton, D. D., pastor of First Church in this city, is at Sebaste, a small town on the Piscataqua River in Piscataquis county, Me., famous for its freedom from hay fever, to attacks of which Rev. Mr. Norton is subject. He has summered at Sebaste in years past and during each season escaped the fever. While away on vacation Sunday religious meetings are held in the several churches, the beginning having been made last Sunday at the Baptist church. This arrangement gives the people Sunday services and the pastors rest at the same time.

Before the work of changing and improving the Central House premises the other day A. W. Whitcher, the druggist, photographed them for a pictorial history of this town. Several pictures, some of them closely verging on 100 years of age, form important links in such a history, and others will be added to the years' roll on. Whitcher's picture embraces the Central House front; restaurant and shops; the view of the stables; the JOURNAL block; and parts of other buildings. Such pictured scenes, buildings, etc. are not only valuable now but will become doubly so to the future historian of the city.

A good many Woburn men and women attended the "Home Sunday" service held by the town of Burlington in the meetinghouse on July 28, 1912. It was the 10th and best celebration of "Home Sunday" that Burlington has yet had; it was also the largest. The meetinghouse, built in 1732, was filled to its utmost capacity. Numerous Woburn people attended the services, which were appropriate and interesting, among whom were several descendants of the founders of Woburn 270 years ago, and Burlington was the address of Welcome by Mr. Fred F. Walker of Burlington was warmly praised as an admirable production.

A few days ago we received a copy of "Alpha Omega," the newspaper organ and publicity medium of W. H. S. Class of 1912, of which Fred L. Walker of Burlington is Editor in chief. It comes out in a school atlas form of 50 pages and is filled from cover to cover with good things, which include meritorious productions from the pens of its corps of Assistant Editors, reporters, special writers, not to mention in several columns of bright business cards. The typographical execution of "Alpha Omega" is a credit to the printing craft, for it is as neat and stylish as anything can be. The same is true of the pictorial work. If the W. H. S. Class of twelve do not make big money out of their paper our guess will be in vain.

Woburn Relic Of U. S. S. Maine.

The tenth application received by the Navy Department at Washington, D. C., for a relic of the ill-fated Maine was fully granted Tuesday of this week, when a Ventilator Cowl was received in Woburn and is now exhibited at Whitcher's store.

Woburn may thank Major H. C. Hall, Leonard B. Buchanan and A. W. Whitcher for this rare portion of the historic battleship which was blown up in Havana Harbor, the evening of February 15, 1898. It rested beneath the waves until February of this year, when the U. S. Government, after spending \$1,000,000 raised the hull and sent a ship load of relics to Washington for distribution among patriotic societies and municipalities.

Major Hall filed a request with the Secretary of the Navy May 4, 1911, and Leonard B. Buchanan on May 9 A. W. Whitcher on May 17 wrote to Cong. S. W. McCall who at once responded that he was heartily in favor of securing a portion of the Maine for Woburn. His influence, coupled with Secretary Meyer's, has secured one of the three cowl saved. Of the other two, one goes to Los Angeles, Cal., and the second to Rock Island, Ill. It shows the effect of its long submergence beneath the waters of the Tropics, being heavily coated with marine shell much of which has been removed in transit. The cowl is solid copper. The top is crushed in silent evidence of a terrible catastrophe.

The air shaft is two feet in diameter; the height is four feet; and it weighs 315 pounds. To comply with the requirements of Congress, Post 161 G. A. R. was the official applicant for the gift which was donated on March 23d of the day that the last red relics were performed at Arlington Cemetery over the recovered bodies of the sixty-seven heroes taken from the watery tomb which for fourteen years laid beneath a foreign flag.

When placed in Woodbrook cemetery in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Lot, it will be a fitting embellishment erected in honor of the gallant men who died at the post of duty.

Remember how the sunken Maine lay deep beneath the waves again. Which had her main crew as lost? We breathe a sigh of relief! For we had her main crew as lost? When war and conflict both shall cease, and we shall have peace.

[Dirge of "Our Naval Heroes," a broad unprinted sweep of the water, land and islands where the cool sea breezes come these days as an angel of relief, is where one secures the most good. Especially should women and children take this trip. There is ample room for children to romp around from deck to deck or enjoy the music in the comfortably furnished salon. The Dorothy Bradford leaves Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Ave., daily 9 A. M. Sundays and holidays 9:30 A. M., returning about 6:30 P. M.

We Are Cheerful.

Because Woburn is a Democratic city they have put it into the new Fifth District, where it could not get a Congressman in 100 years, let it try even so hard. But it makes no difference if it is a house. They got quite kickin my dawg around. [WOBURN JOURNAL] Cheer up neighbor, the old Eighth stood by Winchester for a matter of twenty years or so; just think what we have to look forward to Winchester Star.

Blamed A Good Worker.

I blamed my heart for severe distress as my left side for two years," wrote W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me. Best for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, constipation, headache or dizziness. 25 cents at all drug stores."

Great Land Sale In Winchester.

WAX PARK is soon to be offered for sale. It will be the greatest real estate transaction that has ever taken place in the beautiful and flourishing town of Winchester. It is to be opened by one of the largest and most reliable real estate operators in Boston, Mark Lewis. Let me tell you something about Wax Park. It is on Forest at near Highland avenue on the Reading & Arlington Electric line of St. Ry. It is high and dry; has town water; to be made a nice neighborhood; fine residences. The lots are to be 60 x 120 feet or an average of 7,000 feet. The lots are to be sold for cash, or easy payments, with restrictions to protect the buyer. Watch for the advertisement in the WOBURN JOURNAL. E. R. Orcutt is the Resident Agent.

Hospital Field Day.

Woburn, Mass., July 26, 1912. Report of the Treasurer of the Executive Committee, Hospital Field Day, June 17, 1912.

Carnival Committee	\$99.20
Serpentine Division	\$10.00
Auto Races	\$7.20
Cake Flies	\$2.00
Ticket Committee	\$20.75
Organ	\$4.80
Special Features Committee	\$6.17
Country Store Committee	\$14.25
Dance Committee	\$17.60
Gypsy Committee	\$9.75
Children's Dept. Com.	\$15.59
Pop Concert Committee	\$14.15
Novelty Committee	\$10.33
(Hospital Aid)	\$5.40
Flower Committee	\$105.00
Lunch Committee	\$106.67
Candy Committee	\$51.75
Peanut Committee	\$21.80
Pop Corn Committee	\$115.00
Ice Cream Committee	\$50.62
Tea Committee	\$12.10
(Baked Beans) Entertainment	\$70.60
(Dime Show) Entertainment	\$40.11
Dairy Committee	\$11.58
Doughnuts Committee	\$6.00
Donation (Lycum Hall Association)	\$5.00
Telephone tolls	\$0.30
Total cash receipts	\$1,998.42

Band	\$105.00
Tents	\$108.85
Teaming and express	\$6.00
on tents	\$25.00
Lycum Hall	\$11.75
Police	\$3.40
Publicity Committee	\$3.40
Pop Corn	\$10.00
Telephone Bill	\$5.70
Net proceeds	\$1,672.72
Further Donations for the Country Store Committee: Crutches, value \$5.00. Order for supplies \$3.00. Peanut Committee, Drinking Cops. \$1.50.	

Respectfully submitted,
Treasurer Executive Committee,
Hospital Field Day,
F. W. SHATTUCK.

Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a mercurial storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. My neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery and I was able to get on my feet. I am now well and strong. I will continue with the Discovery." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat trouble. Price 25 cents. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists.

The New Fifth.

The following are the towns and cities which compose the new Fifth Congressional District and the vote that each of them cast at the election in 1911.

ESSEX COUNTY.		
Andover	Dem.	Rep.
Andover	890	662
Andover	355	818
MIDDLESEX COUNTY.		
Acton	104	277
Beverly	238	214
Beverly	56	148
Billerica	196	281
Buxton	31	38
Burlington	34	64
Carlisle	55	55
Chelmsford	280	436
Concord	308	522
Draught	202	190
Dunstable	20	46
Groton	113	117
Hudson	585	508
Littleton	65	109
Littleton	56	122
Lowell	7679	4847
Maynard	354	391
Pepplert	186	240
Reading	314	718
Shirley	87	138
Stow	103	103
Tewksbury	106	163
Tyngsborough	42	94
Westford	135	235
Wilmington	80	169
Woburn	1298	1092
WORCESTER COUNTY.		
Berlin	26	155
Bolton	12	75
Harvard	53	104
Northborough	80	168
	13533	13286

A Sall Of Pleasure.

The sail on the steamship Dorothy Bradford, down the harbor and along the Massachusetts Coast to Provincetown and return is not only interesting, but also comfortable and also fun. Everything is made pleasant by the genial captain and his trained officers. Points of historic interest are called out as each is passed and the four decks give you a wide choice in the matter of preferences. But, perhaps, the spacious hurricane deck that gives a broad unimpeded sweep of the water, land and islands where the cool sea breezes come these days as an angel of relief, is where one secures the most good. Especially should women and children take this trip. There is ample room for children to romp around from deck to deck or enjoy the music in the comfortably furnished salon. The Dorothy Bradford leaves Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Ave., daily 9 A. M. Sundays and holidays 9:30 A. M., returning about 6:30 P. M.

Burlington.

Mrs. Mary Wood, mother of Mrs. Fred Walker, will be the guest of her son, Mr. Arthur W. Wood of Arlington, on an automobile trip through Maine.

Something to Try.

Twice a week a tailor wrote to Livingston Bigfoot as follows: "We must have something on account by Saturday next. What can we count on?" And Mr. Bigfoot promptly replied, "Ever try an adding machine?"

A Mistake.

Landlord—You owe me now for four months' rent, and the first three months you paid so promptly. Tenant—Yes, I do. I shouldn't have done it—Boston Transcript.

Blamed A Good Worker.

I blamed my heart for severe distress as my left side for two years," wrote W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me. Best for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, constipation, headache or dizziness. 25 cents at all drug stores."

Old Home Sunday at Burlington Church.

Last Sunday was the tenth annual "Old Home Day" of the quaint little Burlington church. It was an ideal midsummer day and long before the hour of opening of the service the church was filled with a happy company of home-comers rejoicing to once more worship in the old church, and to meet and greet the friends of "Auld Lang Syne." Wild flowers in profusion decorated the audience room mingling harmoniously with the quaint interior. Selection James McLaughlin was the chairman of the day and introduced each speaker with a bit of personality which was very pleasant.

At 10:45 A. M. Mrs. Nellie Sewall Bennett commenced the exercises with an organ voluntary followed by the choir and audience sang "Home Again" with an enthusiasm which spoke of the fullness of each heart. Mr. McLaughlin then introduced Hon. Fred F. Walker, speaking of the service which he had rendered to both town and State, and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen.

Mr. Walker welcomed the guests in an impressive manner saying that his was a very pleasant duty and that he heartily echoed the motto "Welcome Home" which hung over the pulpit. He said the founders of the church held a priceless legacy in simple faith and sterling integrity for those who remain to preserve and cherish.

Misses Violet and Bertha Twining sang "The Homeward Way" very beautifully. The responsive reading was the 19th Psalm. Mr. Loren Blackhorn, whom Mr. McLaughlin alluded to as a recent comer to Burlington, but who was already one with them, sang beautifully "Jerusalem." The Scripture lesson was from Ephesians 4, and was read and prayed over by Rev. A. P. MacDonald of the Maine Coast Mission and son-in-law of Mr. T. I. Reed. Rev. William J. Batt, for 20 years Chaplain at the Concord Reformatory, spoke upon the "Value of the Church," from the prison standpoint, and it was a very interesting address. Mrs. Grace W. Macdura whom Mr. McLaughlin introduced as a "granddaughter of the town" whose singing had given pleasure in other places, sang "Just for Today," charmingly.

The present pastor of the church, Rev. Albert Donnell, gave a sermon on "The Ministers of the Burlington Church," taking his text from Hosea IV. 9: "Like people, like priest." He gave the names and a short sketch of all the pastors of the church from its establishment in 1732 to 1910. The first four pastors, Supply Clapp, Thomas Jones, John Merritt and Samuel Sewall served the church for a period of 107 years. Samuel Sewall, affectionately called "Father Sewall" was the most prominent, his name being still a household word in Burlington and its mother town of Woburn.

His address was listened to with great interest by the large audience and was a valuable historical document. A hymn written for the occasion was sung by the choir and congregation and the singing of "Blest be the tie that binds" closed the impressive program. It is estimated that more than 400 people were present at the exercises.

A delightful collection was served by the Ladies Benevolent Society and which we have record. Five hundred years ago Venice controlled the pilgrim traffic to the Holy Land, and quite a number of firms made a good thing of it. They had their offices in St. Mark's square, with all the apparatus of advertisement, handbills, flags and commissions. The contract stipulated how much space aboard a ship and what food each pilgrim was to get, and the agents undertook not merely to carry the pilgrims across the sea, but to conduct him personally to Jerusalem and to take over all negotiations with the officials. For the whole journey the charge was 25 to 30 ducats, a third to be paid before starting, a third in Palestine and a third after returning home.—Manchester Guardian.

Written In Song.

Matthew Henry's commentary on the Bible was written for the common people and in the language of the day. In commenting on Judges ix he says: "We are here told by what acts Abimelech got into the saddle. He hired for his service all the scum and scoundrels of the country. Jotham was really a fine gentleman. The Scoundrels were the first to kick him off. They said all the ill they could of him in their tabernacle. They drank health to his confusion."

A Bold, Bad Man.

The phrase "A bold, bad man," now worn threadbare and comic, belongs to Spenser, who applied it to the Arch-magoo of "The Parle Queen" (L. 1, 37): A bold, bad man that dared to call to name the name of the Arch-magoo. Great Gordon, prince of darkness and dead night.

Unreasonable.

"I suppose your chief creditor is very rich." "Well, I should say so. But even at that he acts as though I were living above his means."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Safe Lover.

Perkins—Does the young man who is courting your daughter leave at a reasonable hour? Pater—Yes, I have no reason to kick—Boston Transcript.

To see good in a heart that seems evil is to beget good there.—William Henry Phelps.

Trout and Salmon.

A trout is a trout from the day it is born, but not until it gets into the water is it a salmon. While it lives in a river it is a parr.

Music and Flowers.

Professor Hans Teigen of Munich has discovered that flowers are sensitive to music and betray their individual natures by expanding their petals under the influence of certain melodies.

His Reception.

Young Man—I have called, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage. Old Grumleigh—Has she accepted you? Young Man—Yes, sir. Old Grumleigh—Then what do you want to come round and bother me with your troubles for?

Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.

Hub (angrily)—Here! What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep? Wife—Because the sound was too distressing.—Boston Transcript.

A PROBLEM IN PICTURES.

And the Peculiar Coincidence Which It Was Solved.

Some years ago a publishing house was preparing to issue a new edition of the writings of Thoreau, writes Charles S. Gifford in Art and Progress. The head of the house and a member of its staff were in consultation about the method of illustration. It was agreed that the pictures must be true to nature, but how to get them was the problem. Artists who do look it up to be found who would undertake to go into Thoreau's country in sunshine and rain, in summer and winter, to catch all the phases of nature which Thoreau rendered in his "Journal"?

While the two men pondered a caller sat in the outer office with a large portfolio under his arm. Five years before he had read Thoreau's "Journal" and had taken up his residence in Concord that he might visit the scenes there described. In all seasons and all kinds of weather he had wandered through the woods and over the fields with his camera. Passionately fond of nature, he was no less devoted to art. To him photography was a pastime. It was not his profession. For the pure love of nature and of art and with no thought of pecuniary gain he had accomplished the very feat which the two business men had thought so difficult, and by a curious coincidence he appeared at the office to exhibit the result of his work at the precise moment when its desirability was being discussed.

BURIED LIVING PERSONS.

Horrible Custom of Japanese Prior to Year 646 A. D.

SUMMER DRINKS

Chelmsford Spring Ginger Ale, \$2.20 per case. \$1.00 rebate for empty bottles and case.
Moxie, 20c. bottle, \$2.25 doz.
Lime Juice, 10 and 25c. bottle.
Grape Juice, 25c. bottle
Hire's Root Beer Extract 15 cents bottle.
Colman's Root Beer Extract, 10c. bottle.

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery House.

FRED. STANLEY
351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 2423.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we choose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—\$20.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1911.
[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 4:45 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.

Leave STONEMAN SQ. for
SAUGUS CENTRE, LYNN and SALEM at 6:30 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for
MADISON ST. at 8:15 A.M., then every 20 minutes to 10:15 P.M.

* Melrose Highlands Only.
† To Stoughton Square Only.

GEORGE H. GRAY, Supt.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS RUGS

Made into handsome and durable
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works. All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BLUE, PLACED, WOBURN.
Caneless Chairs Restored.
Telephone 432 W.

NOTICE.
Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair added when needed.

EAMES & CARTER, DEALERS IN— Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.
Elevator on Prospect Street.
No phone connection

RHEUMATISM

This nerve-racking disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid poison. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but won't cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its great merits the past 42 years.

SEVEN BARKS can be had of all druggists, at 50 cents per bottle. Give it a good trial and watch your rheumatism disappear.

LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGE WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS
CURE ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDACIES

Pelletier and Foss Vie With Each Other In Radicalism

THIER ACTS MUCH CRITICISED

Pelletier's Attack on Courts Unprecedented in a Prosecutor in This State—"Appeal to Labor Vote," Say Many

It is apparent that the Democratic party has on hand one of the hottest contests over the nomination for governor in the history of the party. Those who thought that District Attorney Pelletier would withdraw from the fight as soon as he learned that Governor Foss was to be a candidate have been greatly mistaken. Thus far Mr. Pelletier shows no indication of making way for Governor Foss. As a matter of fact he declares as insistently now as he did at the beginning that he is in the fight to the finish. Undoubtedly the contest will be waged with great persistence and energy on both sides. While the Democratic machine is for Foss it is apparently not so strongly committed to his candidacy at present as to embarrass their friends. It is said by some Democrats that this will be an opportunity for Governor Foss to make his own canvass for the nomination.

It has been apparent for some time that while the Democratic machine was supporting the governor the rank and file of the party had no great love for him. What it has done may have been done as a matter of policy.

Meanwhile the rivalry between the two candidates increases rather than diminishes. As one Democrat stated, the apparently running a race to determine which one dared to go farthest in the direction of radicalism. This man stated that the lure of the gubernatorial nomination seemed to be irresistibly strong with both, and that to all appearances each is determined to capture the labor vote at the state primaries even if it becomes necessary to alienate every conservative Democrat in the commonwealth.

Rivalry Over the Strike

This exhibition of rivalry in radicalism has arisen between Mr. Pelletier and Mr. Foss over the strike of the car men connected with the Boston Elevated railway. The district attorney started the strife for radical support by summoning before the grand jury some of the superintendents and other officials of the Elevated on the charge of having allowed false testimony before the board of arbitration and conciliation. This was followed shortly after by a report of this board finding against the Elevated railway in the strike. Governor Foss in an evident endeavor to compete with Mr. Pelletier immediately issued a statement severely attacking the Boston Elevated. The governor sought to make arrangements with the higher courts for the immediate trial of the appealed cases of strikers held by the lower courts for various offences committed in the course of the strike.

Immediately Mr. Pelletier issued a statement attacking the governor for trying to dictate to the courts in this matter declaring that it was a matter of right within the jurisdiction of the district attorney. He made this an occasion for a sensational attack upon the lower courts for the nature of the sentences imposed on the strikers brought before them for misdemeanors. He criticised the sentences imposed in the severest language as altogether too harsh and unreasonable, although he had not heard the evidence, and the lower courts had. It must be confessed that the bench and the bar have been astounded at the attitude of both governor and the district attorney. In both cases there is said to be absolutely no precedent for such a descent from the dignity of a high office. The comments of lawyers and of judges upon the conduct of Mr. Pelletier have been most severe and the newspapers also have condemned the conduct of each of them.

"The Governor's Sinister Attitude"

The Boston Transcript heads an editorial article dealing with the governor's action in this matter with the following words: "The Governor's Sinister Attitude." The Transcript article reads in part as follows: "The (Foss) is in the lists once more for the governorship he needs something to re-establish himself in favor with the labor vote, which he has forfeited by his veto of the peaceful picketing bill and the double train crew bill. He finds this situation ready to his hand and he is making the most of it. Success would provide him with a political offset and tend to restore one of the advantages he has lost with that element. Consistency and sincerity are not matters that trouble him. Having reconsidered his former decision not to run again for the governorship it becomes necessary for him to patch up the weak places at whatever sacrifice to public interests or fundamental justice."

Pelletier's Attitude Condemned

The statements of Mr. Pelletier have aroused equally severe criticisms. The careful Boston Transcript says in an editorial article: "The more or less common toast in certain Bohemian circles has been, 'Success to Crime.' Of course under such circumstances no one takes it seriously. It is a joke, though a poor one, but when the manifesto by the district attorney of Boston, acting in his official capacity, will admit of no other interpretation than the one expressed by the reckless toast it ceases to be a joke and becomes a very serious and menacing matter. Mr. Pelletier is running a desperate race with a fellow democrat for the Democratic nomination for governor, and he begins bidding for the prize by conclusively showing himself unfit for the place he now occupies. 'For a prosecuting officer to criticize the courts where criminal cases are tried and

condemn their action is a shocking impropriety whose effect upon the courts of justice cannot be otherwise than extremely demoralizing."

Judge John D. Fallon of South Boston said in regard to Pelletier's attack upon the courts, "I am surprised beyond expression. I could not think of forming an opinion in a case before it had been tried before me, and to make an advance statement to the press is an astounding breach of legal ethics." Judge Charles M. Bruce of the Malden district court simply said in regard to Mr. Pelletier's attack, "Mr. Pelletier is running for governor."

Attorney General Parker Says, "Unprecedented"

Former Attorney General Herbert Parker said, "Voluntary assurances of promises of remission of sentences extended to persons against whom adjudications of guilt have been rendered by courts of competent authority is, I think an unprecedented incident in the administration of a district attorney in Massachusetts, and when such assurance is accompanied by intemperate and indiscriminate denunciation of the official conduct of the judges who have heard and considered the evidence upon which their judgments were pronounced, a justifiable fear is excited that the prosecuting officer has forgotten the stern requirements of his duty, that he knows neither fear or favor, and shall suffer no color of personal interest or ambition to taint his thought or conduct, and above all, shall himself maintain that proper respect for the law and the court which he must himself impress upon those who are accused of its violation."

Hon. Chas. T. Gallagher said, "That is certainly a most remarkable statement from a district attorney. It is the talk of a politician running for office and is plainly an attempt to cater to the criminal classes."

\$50,000 TO SHOW GRATITUDE.

City of Peru, Ind., Remembered by Tourist It Once Benefited.

To reward those who befriended him a quarter century ago, when he toured Indiana on a bicycle, E. Nicholas Churchill of Joliet, Ill., intends to spend \$50,000 upon the City of Peru for the benefit of its citizens. A letter addressed to a newspaper states that Churchill's attorneys will make the distribution next Christmas. According to the letter, the man of new found wealth will give to Peru a \$5,000 drinking fountain, \$20,000 for a hospital, \$10,000 for a children's home and sums as follows to friends who aided him twenty-four years ago: \$1,000 to Mrs. J. A. Marsh, who gave him a drink of milk; \$1,000 to each of Anna Landgrave's sisters, \$1,000 to George C. Stride for dinner and \$1,000 to the Joe Conham estate for soup.

STOP TRYING LETTERS.

Postmaster Directed to Enforce Rules Regarding "General Delivery."

In an effort to stop the use of post-office "general delivery" windows as a sort of resting place for young people Postmaster General Hitchcock has directed that the postal laws and regulations in that regard be more stringently enforced by all postmasters. For some time complaints have been made that this branch of the service was being improperly used by minors and by residents ordinarily served by carriers.

Postmasters may require all persons to furnish in writing their names and addresses and statements of their reasons for preferring at the general delivery. Minors may be requested to furnish similar information and also the names of their parents in order that the parents may be notified and have an opportunity to control the delivery of the mail.

JOBS FOR THE INDIGENT.

Swiss Method of Solving the Problem of the Unemployed.

In Switzerland the people act upon the theory that a man who is unemployed is, if left to himself, liable to become a waste by being a subject of charity and a tax upon the community. Therefore the problem is considered as an economic question.

The purpose is to assist the unfortunate unemployed to secure work, not only for the sake of his family, but in the interests of the state. There is no toleration for the loafer. Begging is prohibited by the law, and vagrancy is classified as a crime.

If an unemployed person does not make a serious effort to find work the authorities will find it for him. If he is compelled to perform it. If he refuses he is placed in the workhouse, where strict discipline is maintained and every inmate is required to work to his full capacity, receiving thereby his board and lodging and from 5 to 10 cents a day in wages.

There are also institutions where temporary employment is furnished to persons out of work, through no fault of their own, and comfortable accommodations and some money compensation given until they can find more remunerative wages.—Chicago Tribune.

Mothers Advice.

"My dear, you mustn't be so sharp with strange young men. You know you may give them a wrong impression."

"What's the matter now, mother?"

"You scarcely spoke a word to that young man who were introduced to last evening."

"I didn't like his way, mother."

"No; I never met him before."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing, except that he seemed to me to be very impertinent."

"Still, you shouldn't have snubbed him, at least until you had learned more about him. Once I snubbed a young man that way without knowing who he was, and I regretted it ever after, because I found out later that he was very rich. I might have married him if I had been more careful."—Detroit Free Press.

CATS AS THEY FALL.

They Can Land on Their Feet No Matter How They Drop.

It is a common saying that if a cat is dropped in any way whatever it will always alight on its feet. Since a man cannot lift himself by his best strap or a boat cannot propel itself through the water except by pressing against the water in some way one may well wonder whether this is not one of the common sayings which are fallacious. The latest principles involved are of such interest that the question was taken up a few years ago for consideration at a session of a French scientific society.

It is a fact that it is dynamically possible for a cat to turn over, no matter how dropped, and experiments have shown that they actually do it. If a ball of wool or air man should fall from a great height and should find that he were descending so as to strike on his head he could turn himself over so as to strike upon his feet. If he knew the proper means of accomplishing it. But the distance he would have to fall in order to have time to turn over would be so great that he could save only a few inches of his head, for the final result to him would be the same in either case.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

A GENEROUS BANDIT.

The Double Action Trick That Was Played by Cartouche.

Old time bandits were much more attractive than those of today. There is nothing chivalrous about the automobile robbers of America and France, as there was about such men as Cartouche. Here is an anecdote of which Cartouche was the hero:

One evening he was crossing the Pont Neuf, in Paris, when he saw a poor wretch about to leap over the parapet into the Seine. The brigand stopped him and asked why he wanted to bid adieu to life. The wretch would be told that he was on the point of bankruptcy and that he preferred facing death to facing his creditors.

Cartouche was touched and told the man to call his creditors together on the morrow and they should be paid in full.

The creditors assembled. Cartouche went over their accounts, paid them all, got their receipts and said goodbye to his grateful beneficiary.

It is almost needless to add that when the creditors left Cartouche met them and relieved them of all he had given.—Exchange.

Legend of the Sunken Bells.

Somewhere beneath the soil of Sussex, England, there lies a peal of bells, while in the church near by a solitary bell calls to prayer. In the middle ages, it is said, a certain knight wished to present to the church a peal of bells that should be of use and perpetuate his memory as well, but the vessel that brought them careened on approaching the harbor, and the bells fell out and sank into the mud. Thereupon the donor declared:

"Never shall the church have a chime until that peal I give it be dragged from the sea by a team of four mill white oxen."

The oxen seem to have been difficult to obtain. At any rate, the fact remains that to this day the edifice that the pious knight made his benefaction has never possessed more than a single bell.

The Wild Horse.

The "wild horse," which until recent years was comparatively plentiful in the southwest and west, was the offspring of the horses introduced into the western continent by the Spaniards. When Pizarro and Cortes invaded Peru and Mexico they took with them the horses (the first ever seen in the new world) from which sprang the droves of mustangs and bronchos that used to roam in unfettered freedom over the plains of Texas, California and New Mexico and the wide pampas of South America. Some of the wild horses were of good size and very beautiful, but most of them, owing probably to lack of proper breeding, were of the pony variety.—New York American.

Why Bruises Become Black and Blue.

The color of blood is due chiefly to iron in the little blood cells. When the iron is kept in these little blood cells, which are living and traveling around in the blood vessels, the color is red. Hit the skin hard enough to break some of the little blood vessels beneath the surface and the little red cells escape from the injured blood vessels, wander about for awhile in the tissue, and then die. When they die the iron that made them red before then changes to black and blue coloring. After awhile this iron is taken up by the glands called the lymphatics and made over again in the red cells. Therefore the problem is very much more quickly by the lymphatics if the black and blue spot is rubbed and massaged.—St. Nicholas.

His Painful Debut.

"I shall not easily forget my debut," Sir Charles Wyndham said on one occasion. "We opened at Washington, and I appeared as a character who had to declare, 'I am drunk with love and enthusiasm.' Having uttered the first three words, I was seized with stage fright and said no more. This was what I read in a New York paper the next morning: 'A Mr. Wyndham represented a young man from South America. He had better go there himself.'"

Riches and Contentment.

"Contentment is better than riches," said the ready-made philosopher. "True," replied Mr. Dugan, "but my observation is that a man who is rich has a better chance of becoming content than a man who is contented has of becoming rich."—Washington Star.

Alike, Yet Different.

Mrs. Youngbride—My husband is very different. He never gives up. Mrs. Klosest (sadly)—Neither does mine.—Boston Globe.

Needless.

The good fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box. "Take this box," she said, "and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."

"My mistress," replied the assistant, "why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it."—Puck.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

STEEL RAILS A MARVEL.

The Strain, the Pull, the Pounding and Grinding They Endure.

Have you an idea of the strain to which a steel rail is subjected today? You can consider one for a moment in the time of its greatest stress and see. The Cannon Ball express is coming. It is drawn by two engines. The largest weighs 100 tons. Seventy-seven tons of the weight are carried by the driving wheels, which mean almost thirteen tons to a wheel. Sixteen tons of weight upon each wheel means thirteen tons of weight impinging for a flying instant upon a rail surface perhaps no more than an inch square and then moving forward all the time, a succession of whirling blows from a thirteen ton hammer.

If the train is going thirty miles an hour an imaginary square inch has but one five-hundred-and-twenty-eighth part of a second in which to receive the blow, while under it, distribute the terrible force of it through its elastic elements to the surrounding mass of the rail, brace itself to help distribute stress there as being set up on adjacent surfaces and zig-zagging back and forth in all sorts of ways through the content of the rail and then almost instantly lift it devoted head to receive the blow of the next driving wheel. If the train is going sixty miles an hour instead of thirty this all has to be received, withstood and passed on in one tenth-of-a-second and fifty-sixth part of a second.

And yet this isn't all that is happening to the nerves of the rail. This is only taking account of the compression strains. There is another set of strains, for these big driving wheels are pulling the train. They have caught hold of the rails just as your hands grip the rope in a tug-of-war, and they take a fresh hold every fraction of a second. The tendency is to pull the top or head off the rail, to pull it to pieces. It is the business of the rail to stick together, head and web and flange, in every single and separate molecule with all the tenacity of which steel is capable.

But we have stated only one-half the tension strain. This strain is reversing all the time, for while the huge drivers are pulling one part of the rail toward them they are pushing another part away from them. This plucking and springing, twisting and pulling, tension and compression go on continuously. Complete reversing from compression to tension or back again takes place with every half turn of a driving wheel and at a frightfully rapid rate. It is the business of the rail to not ground to powder.—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Largest Described Snake.

Spoke in his narrative of the journey to the source of the Nile describes the largest snake that has ever been seen by man. "I shuddered," he says, "I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay grass, bushes and saplings—in fact, everything except full grown trees—were cut clean off as if they had been trimmed with an immense scythe. The snake when measured was fifty-one feet two and one-half inches in extreme length, while around the thickest portions of its body the girth was nearly three feet."

Looking Ahead.

It was the first night of a new play. "I say," remarked the author to the manager, "that scene shifter over there is a regular snake looking fellow."

"Yes; he's an Eskimo," said the manager.

"An Eskimo! What on earth made you take him on?"

"Oh, I thought it would be a comfort for him to see one happy face if the play turns out to be a frost!"

Cases in Point.

Rivers—Brooks, that's the second time I've heard you use the phrase "freeborn white man." I wish you would tell me how a cold can catch.

Brooks—Well, not to speak of a hollow tooth, don't you sometimes have a headache?—London Telegraph.

In the Mountains.

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.—John Muir.

Punishment For Whom?

Boss Barber—What? You have cut the gentleman four times? Well, just for punishment you must have him all over again right away!—Pilegenda Blatter.

FRENCH KID SKINS.

Why the Young Animals Are Not Permitted to Eat Grass.

The raising of kids for their skins is an important industry among the French mountaineers. Softness, delicacy of texture and freedom from blemish are principal factors in the value of kid skins, and to secure these essentials great pains are taken.

As soon as the young animal begins to graze the value of its skin declines, for with a grass diet the kid's skin immediately becomes coarser and harder in texture, and its chief merit thus vanishes. It is, therefore, kept closely penned, not only to keep it from eating grass, but also to protect its valuable skin against accidental injuries that might impair its marketability.

When the kids have attained a certain age at which the skins are in the best condition for the use of the glove they are killed and the hides are sold to dealers.

The superior quality of these kid skins, due somewhat to climatic conditions, is what has given France the supremacy in the manufacture of the most grades of kid gloves, a supremacy that will doubtless long be maintained, inasmuch as foreign manufacturers must rest content with second rate skins.—Harper's Weekly.

Established a Record.

"What did he say when you proposed to her, daddy?" "She hung her head and was silent for several minutes. And that is the only time I have ever known her to be silent for several minutes."—Detroit Free Press.

Mothers For Comfort.

"I'll bet that woman is married and has four children." "Why?" "She just came in and said she wanted a pair of shoes for herself and she didn't care how they looked, so long as they were comfortable."—Detroit Free Press.

THE LOST SPECTACLES.

What Happened When the Old Gentleman Tried to Find Them.

A man from "up state" who was in New York city on business was taken by a nephew who was visiting to dine at a Broadway restaurant the evening of his arrival. The next day he said to the younger man:

"Where is that restaurant we dined at last night? I left my gold spectacles there, I'm pretty sure. I've got another pair with me, but I don't want to lose the others."

"I'll stop in and get them for you on my way down town," replied the nephew.

He went to the restaurant, explained the circumstances and received a pair of gold rimmed spectacles that had been left on a table the previous evening. On his return home in the afternoon he handed them to his uncle. "Where in thunder did you get those?" inquired the elder man. "I was going down Broadway today and recognized the place we dined at—at least I thought I did. Anyway I went in and asked if I left my spectacles last night, and they gave me this pair." He produced another pair of gold rimmed spectacles.

Upon the uncle describing the restaurant whence he had retrieved the glasses the nephew assured him it was several blocks from the one they had patronized the day before. While the two were discussing the situation the postman delivered a package for the uncle. It contained a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, with a note from his wife saying that she had found them on his writing desk at home and was sending them to New York in the event that he might need them.—New York Herald.

MOROCCO CITY.

Magnificent in Its Site and in Its Historic Ruins.

Morocco city, the capital of the southern half of the Moroccan kingdom, is a far more interesting city than Fez. Architecturally its monuments, including the famous Kutuba tower, the counterpart of the Giralda in Seville; the famous mosque of Muley Abdallah and a hundred other ruined or semi-ruined edifices surviving from the days when the city had 700,000 inhabitants and was one of the great capitals of Islam, are the most considerable and magnificent in Morocco. Equally beautiful is the site of this city in the upper valley of the Tensift river, surrounded in a half circle by the great wall of the grand Atlas mountains, whose snow-capped peaks are seen beyond a foreground of large farms and fertile fields.

A city far less given over to war, with less fanaticism than Fez or Meknes, Morocco city has been much more frequently visited by Europeans than its northern rivals. Geographically Morocco city is the real gateway to the Sahara. The great caravan route climbs over the Atlas mountains to Taflet, and the caravan route continues to Timbuktu. A second road descends to the Draa, crossing the Atlas chain, while a third leads to Taradad. The city is the country. Close communion with the south has left its mark upon the people, who are darker and show more patently the infusion of African blood than the Berbers and Arabs of the north.—London Standard.

Queen Ants.

The queen ant has apparently not had justice done to her by naturalists. Dr. W. M. Wheeler's view is that by comparison with the queen bee the queen ant is by far the more admirable creature. In many important respects they are diametrically opposite. The queen bee is, it is pointed out, a degenerate creature, unable to nourish herself or her young, to visit flowers, to build combs or to take them with honey. With the queen ant quite the reverse is the case. She is held to be a perfect exemplar and embodiment of her species, and the work ants suffer from incomplete and retarded development. The queen ant is a very industrious and intelligent worker. She forms an exceedingly interesting subject for study.—London Globe.

Odd Signs.

Placard at a moving picture show: "Young children must have parents." In a barber's shop window: "During alterations patrons will be shaved in the back."

In a tailor's shop: "We dyed for others. Why not let us dye for you?" In a clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our hands."

A silversmith has a place next door to a restaurant. The former having put up a placard: "A diversity of all kinds plated." The restaurant keeper followed with this: "Oysters and little neck clams plated."—Boston Transcript.

Dodging the Dun.

"Why did you come way downtown to buy this when you could have bought it from your neighbor?" "I've exhausted my credit with him, and if I went in there and paid cash for something he'd think I had money and start to dun me."—Detroit Free Press.

Just to Cheer.

Young Hub—There's no need of further parley. The next war that comes along doesn't me joining—Young Wife—Oh, George, George, don't! Young Hub—In the cheers of victory.—London Tit Bits.

People who never have any time are the people who do the least.—Lichtenberg.

A Life Position.

Annette—Ethel is about to accept a lifetime job of twenty-four hours a day. Florence—Indeed! Annette—Yes. She is going to marry a man to reform him.—Chicago News.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

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Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

Office at 434 Main Street.

\$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1912.

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The Queendom

of Xanthos

An Experiment In Woman's

Independence

By F. A. MITCHEL

A clever young woman of Athens,

when that city was the intellectual

center of Greece, ventured in the mar-

ket place on the subject of the inferior

rights possessed by women and urged

her fellow citizens to demand the

privileges of men. She succeeded in

inaugurating a movement with that

end in view, and the demand was

made. But it was denied.

Then this young feminine leader—

Thenia was her name—proposed to the

malcontents that they should go to one

of the islands of the Grecian archipel-

ago which was uninhabited, take pos-

session of it and assume the same priv-

ileges that were possessed by the men

of Athens.

The scheme was put into effect, and

the island, then called Xanthos, became

a woman's community. Thenia had

been chosen queen. At the time the

women took possession of it their radi-

cal wing was in the ascendancy, and

no men were invited to join them.

The leader of this wing, Hermodia, a

very homely woman, argued that they

had no use for men and could take

care of themselves. As to perpetuating

their community, they could draw con-

tinually from the women of other

parts. But one day a pirate ship came

to the island and several of the women

among the inhabitants. Queen Thenia

said for Hermodia to lead a corps of

amazons against the intruders. The

man later was found hiding under the

beach.

The pirates were bought off, and the

queen proposed to enlist a corps of

men to be held ready for the protec-

tion of the queendom—as she insisted

it should be called—to be paid for their

services. He replied that they should

not interfere in public affairs, they

were to have no privileges, being con-

sidered foreign mercenaries.

Now, the Xanthos movement had tak-

en many of the most attractive young

women of Greece, and when it was

over, the queen was greatly vexed

at this proposition, for it would

cause her own expulsion. She there-

fore declined to avail herself of Ce-

ria's plan. But Ceria, who, being a

beauty, was tired of remaining in se-

clusion, went among the queen's sub-

jects and stirred up a sedition, so that

at last Thenia was forced by a clamor

to yield. An order was issued to the

captain that every man who was re-

maining on the island for love of one

of the queen's subjects should march

to the palace on a certain day and

hour and declare publicly the name of

the woman he loved.

On the appointed morning a great

strife appeared in the barracks of the

TRACING A CRIME.

Clever Detective Work by a Uni-

versity Professor.

THE KEEN EYES OF SCIENCE.

They Detected Blood Where There

Were No Apparent Traces of It and

Found Telltale Finger Marks That

Pointed Direct to the Criminal.

Mme. Guilan was the wealthy widow

of Jean Howard Guilan, former presi-

dent of the Bank of France. Mme.

Guilan was seventy years old. One

night she took a train at Fontaine-

bleau for Paris. She had in her hand

a first class compartment. When the

train arrived in Paris the porters found

her dead half torn from its hinges.

There was a great pool of blood on

the floor. She had in her hand a

handful of woman's hair, a torn

piece of skirt and a first class railroad

ticket from Fontainebleau to Paris.

A search along the railroad tracks re-

sulted in the finding of Mme. Guilan's

body beside the rails just outside Fon-

tainebleau. It was greatly mangled. A

little farther on was found the satchel

she had carried. There were no rings

on her fingers and no money in her

pockets.

Mme. Guilan's relatives took the

ground that she had been seized with

a hemorrhage, to which she was sub-

ject, had tried to open the door of her

compartment to summon aid or to get

air; that she had in her paroxysm

driven the door open and had fallen

off the train, killing herself. The po-

lice were not satisfied with this ex-

planation, particularly after Professor

Reiss, the famous Lausanne university

criminologist, had pointed out that the

cut on the woman's satchel had been

made by a knife and not by a sharp

stone, as had been thought. This, how-

ever, was very little evidence, and Pro-

fessor Reiss turned his attention to the

compartment which Mme. Guilan had

occupied. After he had finished his in-

vestigation he went to M. Leprie, pre-

fect of Paris, and said to him:

"I am sure that Mme. Guilan was

murdered, and I am equally sure that

her murderer was a soldier. In the train

compartment there were a towel and

a stationary washstand. There were

no stains upon the towel visible to the

naked eye. Nevertheless, we subjected

every square inch to one of the most

delicate tests for blood. We at last

discovered an area which gave us the

positive reaction for human blood.

"Upon this towel the murderer of

Mme. Guilan wiped his bloody hands.

He knew that this would develop the

fact that the old woman did not die

death by accident as he wished it be-

lieved, and so he washed the towel

thoroughly, as he thought, and hung

it up to dry.

"The detection then of this micro-

scopic quantity of blood, which can be

removed from a fabric only by acids,

revealed to us that Mme. Guilan met

death by the hands of a murderer.

"But I found another piece of evi-

dence. There was, if you remember,

a railroad ticket picked up on the

floor. On its back was the imprint of

a thumb. I compared it with that of

Mme. Guilan; it was not hers. I threw

its image up enormously on a lantern

screen. I was then struck by the pec-

uliar indentation of the little ridges

on the inner side of the mark. Careful

THE PECTORAL FIN.

Without Them a Fish Would Stand

Upon Its Head.

The pectoral fins of a fish are the

two fins, one on each side, just back of

the head. These fins aid the fish to

some extent in swimming. They are

small fins which the fish feathers very

beautifully and are of value chiefly to

preserve its equilibrium. It is with

these fins that the fish maintains its

horizontal position in the water when

not swimming. Without them the fish

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1912

McCALL FOR SENATOR.

After twenty continuous years of faithful and productive work in the National House of Representatives, Hon. Samuel W. McCall of this Congressional District has declined in advance another election to that body, which would be sure to come to him this fall, and announced his decision to stand for an election to the United States Senate next winter. A clear and sensible statement of his views concerning the method of choosing a U. S. Senator follows this announcement, which is one the people of this State ought carefully to consider.

"After a service in the Massachusetts Legislature, followed by one of 20 years in the National House of Representatives, of which 14 years were devoted to the work of its important Committee on Ways and Means, I have thought it not presumptuous that I become a candidate before the Legislature.

"Having reached this conclusion, I am of opinion that the proper time to announce it is now, before the people, who are the principals, shall have delegated to their representatives authority to record their choice."

The withdrawal of McCall takes from the National House its ablest member, and increases materially the strength of the upper branch of Congress. If he had been so minded, Representative McCall could have had a life lease of a seat in the House.

THE CONVENTION.

The New England mouthpiece of Col. Roosevelt's Third Party admitted the absence of enthusiasm, or signs of any great interest in the Chicago convention held this week to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President for the Progressive Party to vote for next November. According to the same paper the convention opened last Monday, Aug. 5, with 2,000 delegates, several of whom were women, and leading Female Suffragists, which gave it the appearance of a mass meeting rather than a business gathering.

In his address opening the meeting Senator Beveridge of Indiana, temporary Chairman of the convention named the principal planks of the platform, furnished by the Colonel, and explained their meaning with great earnestness and eloquence, which "brought down the house."

On his entrance to the convention Col. Roosevelt received and ovation.

MORE EXPERT TESTIMONY.

It makes no difference whether Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, who is General Manager of the Advertising Department of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of Boston, was right in opposing the employment by the city of an expert to study, determine, and report to the Board of Public Works the effect, if any, of grounding electric wires on waterpipes by increasing, or otherwise, the frequency and amount of damage done to pipes by thunderbolts; or Superintendent Spencer of the Waterworks was right in arguing against Mr. Feeney's position before the B. P. W.; for the question cannot be settled. A similar one arose here several years ago and the "experts" employed by both sides differed so radically in their testimony that the subject was dropped. How could it have been otherwise?

The B. P. W. left the settlement of the matter with the Electric Companies.

ROOSEVELT AND JOHNSON.

At the National Convention of the Progressives held in Chicago this week Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for President of the U. S., and Hiram W. Johnson of California for Vice.

The Boston Electrical 1912 Show is to occupy the entire Mechanics Building in Boston from Sept. 28 to Oct. 26. It is going to be the Biggest Electric Show Ever Held in the World and it will attract hundreds of thousands of people to Boston. There will be special trolley trips and special trains from all parts of New England, and we believe that there will be between three-quarters of a million and a million people who will attend during the month the Show is run.

We do not know whether or not Harold P. Johnson, Esq., of the Law firm of J. W. and E. F. Johnson of Woburn, is attending the Roosevelt Presidential convention in Chicago this week. He led the Colonel's forces before and at the Primaries.

It is reported that, besides Andrews and Parker, there will be several Woburn candidates for the Legislature this fall.

For a lover of tabulated statistics we should think the 11th Annual Report of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board would make mighty interesting reading. W. N. Davenport, Secretary of the Board sent us a copy of it the other day.

The Massachusetts delegates, one of whom was a woman, left Boston, headed by Matthew Hall, the Boss political reformer and insurgent leader last Sunday in a special train and high spirits for the Roosevelt convention in Chicago.

Mr. Pratt of Reading, who made a good run for Representative to the Legislature from this District last fall, declines another nomination.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Joe H. Buck-Sheriff's Sale, Franklin P. Shumway Co.—Burdett College.

Sweet potatoes are in the market and never were better than this year.

Miss Basia Barrett will go to North Conway for a two weeks outing.

August mornings have been cold thus far but very pleasant and agreeable.

Mrs. A. B. Grimes and son Edwin are visiting in Princeton among relatives and friends.

Hon. Everett Thompson will take day trips for his outing preferring to be at home nights.

Misses Edith and Ethel Smith of Main street are spending two weeks in North Conway.

Union services for the two following Sundays August 11 and 18 will be held at First church.

Mrs. Abby Walker, mother of Mr. Fred Walker is the guest of Mrs. Nutting of Ayer, Mass.

Miss Amelia Gould has been in New Hampshire visiting among friends during the vacation period.

The Woburn National Bank have issued a neat and handy Telephone Directory for this city.

Mrs. Edward Andrews is at the camp of Mr. Levering Reynolds, at Pinehurst for a few days' visit with Mrs. Reynolds.

Mr. Forbush, the State Ornithologist, has another excellent letter written expressly for the Woburn Journal.

H. B. Bly & Co. have been awarded the contract for repairing furnaces, etc. in the public schoolhouses in this city.

Last Tuesday evening the City Council refused to pass an order of \$4,000 for highway use. Kennedy and Martin will have to bear it.

Mrs. C. M. Strout went to Camden, Maine last Tuesday for a week's stay, where Mr. Strout will join her and go to Northport for their customary vacation.

Mr. Samuel Higley, druggist, President of the Business Men's Association, is ready to deliver cards advertisements of all date, etc., of Traders Day, Aug. 14.

Mr. George W. Smith with his sisters Misses Edith L. and Margaret Smith sailed from New York for Bermuda, West India on a pleasure trip last Wednesday.

Some of the Woburn dealers are not anxious to sell much autocratic coal for present, or future delivery. They say this cannot be done safely on account of fluctuation of prices.

The Manager of the English convict ship "Success," over 100 years old, now on exhibition in Boston Harbor, will please accept the thanks of the Journal for press courtesies.

Samuel Barron of East Cambridge a young man 18 years old was drowned in Silver Lake, Wilmington last Monday forenoon. He was with a brother and cousin neither of whom could swim.

Miss Bertha Smith teacher in the Montrose schools has been taking her vacation in Sanbornton, New Hampshire, where her aunt, Mrs. Plannett will join her this week for the remainder of August.

Company G, 5th regiment of Woburn leave next Sunday morning on their annual tour of duty. They will join the Reds in Connecticut from which State the attack on New York city will be made.

The report of the Probate Court appraiser on the estate of B. T. H. Pratt was a big surprise. They fixed it at \$100,000. Lawyer John W. Johnson, President of the Woburn National Bank, is administrator.

The four year old daughter of Joseph Purrelo of North Woburn was struck by an automobile last Tuesday and suffered a blow from which she died before reaching Choate Hospital where she was taken by Dr. Bixby.

Mrs. Jane McCafferty has been missed from her usual duties at the Woburn Station of late and other places, being confined at home by illness. We are glad to see her again in her accustomed places, and that she has recovered.

Capt. Edwin F. Wyer, Postmaster, and Mrs. Wyer left their home on Warren avenue a few days ago for Woodstock, Vermont, which has been their summer residence for many years past. It is one of the pleasant towns in the Green Mountain State.

Labor Day comes early in September. As its name indicates, it is devoted to labor. It answers very well, too, as a holiday, of which Massachusetts has legal and otherwise, only about one month on an average in a year.

Mr. William Lynch, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch of Court street, who has a responsible situation in Washington, D. C., is spending his vacation with his parents. He formerly held a position on the Panama Canal, and has lately been transferred to Washington.

Letters From The State Ornithologist.

BIRDS NOT SO NUMEROUS AS LAST YEAR.

There is a general and widespread complaint throughout a large part of Massachusetts that birds have decreased in numbers this year. Any such scarcity of birds is likely to be made up to some extent because of the development of large flocks of young. The favorable weather of late June and July has given the young birds a chance to mature and most of them are large and strong enough now to withstand adverse conditions. Notwithstanding the bad weather of the early spring the young of the game birds have done particularly well and there is promise of a good increase if the laws protecting them are observed.

—Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge is a guest at the Highland House, Bethlehem, N. H., for the remainder of the summer. She writes: "I am enjoying the mountain scenery and social life very much."

—In spite of a backward spring and all sorts of weather since it was planted, the finest kind of Crosby sweet corn was for sale at Durward's market last Saturday. Sweet corn Aug. 3 raised at home, speaks well for the farmer.

—Anxious souls in this city are asking for the present status of Representative Parker's extension of the Winchester Parkway to Arlington Road in Woburn. They will hear all about it when the political campaign gets started.

—Chairman Dr. V. C. Stewart's Board of Health are getting so busy as the season advances. The other day they had the audacity to criticize some of his conduct right in his face, which is tantamount to saying that they bearded the lion in his den.

—If our present City Administration, or any other, would spend more of their spare change in beautifying Forest Park, Horn Pond Mountain, and Rag Rock, instead of laying it out on Winchester Parkways, it would be more to their credit, and better for the town.

—We shall feel considerably easier in our mind when the report reaches the Journal office that Mr. Tripp went to Burlington one day last week and picked a 20-quart lot of wild blueberries in less time than it takes some of our professional berry gatherers to do it. Astonishing with what speed that man Tripp can rake in blueberries.

—The following item taken from the Boston Transcript of Aug. 7 will doubtless interest many Woburn people. Harold was the son of the late George Munroe; Mr. and Mrs. Leo H. Long of Tacoma, Wash., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mae R. Long, to Harold K. Munroe, formerly of Woburn, Mass. Mr. Munroe is a graduate of M. T. T. '06 and is now connected with the Stone & Webster Company at Tacoma.

—Boston trips to Bermuda, W. I., and back have been quite popular with Woburn people this vacation season. They make delightful outings. Fine large steamers furnished with everything calculated to make the trip in the highest sense pleasant and enjoyable convey the passengers; the tables are bountifully laden with the choicest of food; and the ship's officers and sailors leave nothing undone to increase the pleasure of the happy voyagers.

—Electric run on the street railway line between here and Lexington semi-occasionally, or just as it happens, seems to be a regular schedule. It announces the arrival and departure of cars, which, we suppose, is lived up to; but the intervals between them are too many and long to accommodate the public. It might be made one of the best summer lines in this city. Five cents fare, extension to Cummingsville, and frequent trips would do it.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart are at Jackson, N. H., a popular summer resort in the White Mountains, for the balance of their vacation outing. It has been usual for this worthy couple to take automobile trips to other parts of the country, and perhaps other mountain vacation gathering places may be visited by them in the next two or three weeks. The season of the year, however, when the forests are clothed in brilliant autumn hues, is the favorite time for visiting there.

—The splendid Whipple home in Lexington was sold lately to a Chicago man for \$40,000. From first to last it cost Mr. Whipple, who died a few weeks ago, owner and manager of several of the largest Boston hotels, in building the magnificent Touraine, Young's, Parker, and others, more than \$100,000, or \$125,000, and was sold simply because it was too costly to keep. The late J. M. Ellis of Woburn was paid many thousands of dollars for work of men and teams on the estate.

—The summer and vacation season of 1912 came to an end just 4 weeks from tomorrow, Aug. 31. So far favorable weather has prevailed almost without halt or break, and hotels and country resorts have been well patronized. The long drought and very hot weather in July greatly benefited hotels and boarding houses by seaside and inland, and no complaint of hard times comes from those quarters. Should such weather continue 4 weeks longer, the beach hotel men will have pocketed a good deal of money this season.

—Rev. Harry L. Brickett will preach the Reunion Sermon in Smith Memorial church, August 18, and the seating capacity will be filled as usual on those occasions. —Hilbourn, N. H. paper. Rev. Harry L. Brickett is pastor of the Congregational church at Marion, Mass. President Cleveland's former summer home. His father, Rev. Harry Brickett, was pastor of the Congregational church in Geneseo, Illinois, away back in the 60's and at the Bedford, Vt. subsequently. The son Harry preached at Lynnfield, Mass., many years.

—Almost Lost His Life. S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a mercurial storm. "It gave me a dreadful headache," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery. I did so and two bottles completely cured me. Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by All Druggists."

George Franklin Hartshorn died at his home, 607 Main street, last Saturday, August 5, after an illness of only four days of pneumonia. He was born in Woburn, May 18, 1862, the son of George A. and Hannah Hartshorn, and has always made his home here. By profession he was a civil engineer, and for many years he was city surveyor for Woburn. For the last five years he has had charge of the accident surveys for the Boston Elevated railroad. He was well-known and highly respected throughout the city, a good friend and neighbor, and will be greatly missed in the community. He married Miss Alice A. Carpenter of Woburn, May 21, 1873, who survives him, together with two sons, Walter E. and Lester J. Funeral services were held at the family home Tuesday afternoon.

The Useful Purple Martin.

The purple martins which were all most exterminated by cold storms in 1903 are beginning to increase a little, but they find it very difficult to regain a foothold. Few martin boxes are now put up compared with the numbers in use fifty years ago, and those now provided for the birds are mostly occupied by English Sparrows or other birds before the martins appear in the spring.

It is a well-known fact that some old martins return each spring about the 15th of April to the boxes they formerly occupied, but the young birds of the previous year often do not begin breeding until the middle of May or June. Hence, people who wish to get martins must depend on young birds for their tenants and must keep sparrows and other birds out of their martin boxes by closing the entrances or else postpone putting up boxes until the martins appear.

Martins are not only beautiful and graceful birds with pleasing notes, but they are exceedingly useful, as they destroy millions of flies and mosquitoes. Mr. J. Warren Jacobs of Waynesburg, Pennsylvania found quantities of indigestible parts of fruit tree bark beetles in his martin boxes. These beetles are very destructive to fruit trees and there is no good remedy for them.

It is worth while for any one having a home in the country to make an effort to secure a colony of martins during the coming year.

It is encouraging to note progress in the propagation of game birds in Massachusetts. The National Game Protective and Propagation Society is now rearing a large number of pheasants and mallard ducks at the great game reservation in Plymouth County; but the most interesting and promising part of the work consists of a series of breeding experiments with Ruffed Grouse, Bobwhite, Wild Turkeys, Wood Ducks and Black Ducks. The results of the experiments will be watched with keen interest by all who believe in a future for these splendid American game birds, at least two species of which are nearing extinction.

The Massachusetts Commissioners on Fisheries and Game have their various game farms in full operation and Dr. Geo. W. Field states that they can now number the young birds by the thousand. The greatest success with native game birds has been attained with the bobwhite, hundreds of which are now being reared by the Commission. Thus far the work with the Ruffed Grouse and Wild Turkey is experimental. Undoubtedly these birds will have to be reared in localities uncontaminated by poultry or pheasants or by the English sparrow—a great carrier of poultry diseases.

EDWARD HOWE FORBUSH, State Ornithologist.

Burdett College. AN INVESTMENT THAT YIELDS AN ACCUMULATIVE DIVIDEND.

The close relations maintained with the business world outside Burdett College to guarantee to all graduates that they will be placed in satisfactory positions. The increasing demand for Burdett trained secretaries, book keepers and stenographers obliged it to leave unfilled 1523 positions of the 2763 offered during the year ending Jan. 1, 1912. This is convincing proof that the position is not over-crowded and ample work is placed by business men on Burdett training.

One of the great inducements that brings hundreds of students each year from all parts of the country to Burdett College is that, with a moderate investment of time and money, they secure the capacity of increasing their earning capacity year by year.

In order to meet the great interest manifested by the public in the work of the college, exhibition exercises are held each Saturday from 10.30 to 12 o'clock during July and August, when expert demonstrations in typewriting, shorthand and office appliances are given by students. Blackboard and pen exhibitions by famous penmen are also given.

The beautiful exhibition room just opened affords all visitors an opportunity to inspect the work of the students. The college is leaving no stone unturned to acquaint the public with the high standard of efficiency maintained in all departments.

Visitors are cordially invited to visit Burdett College, 18 Boylston street, any school day or school evening of the week and especially Saturday mornings. The offices are open during August for the accommodation of callers and the enrollment of students who are to begin at Burdett when the fall session opens, Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Boston Herald.

George F. Hartshorn.

The French Imperial Guard.

Robert Browning.

His Retirement.

Blamed A Good Worker.

Strong Political Committees Needed.

Winchester.

Winchester vacationists, by land and sea, are beginning to get back to their homes here to settle down to real life once more.

Mr. Thomas Bagwell of this town, a well known carpenter, dropped dead last Wednesday morning while at his work in Winchester.

I am greatly pleased to learn that our esteemed and very efficient Board of Health are trying in all milk used for general domestic purposes to increase the fat content and total solids and decrease the bacterial count.

There are a few real estate schemes on the tapis here which promise to add to our population and number of dwelling houses, if they go through as planned and are likely to. I calculate that Winchester is one of the fastest go-ahead towns in this country. Wait and see.

Boston Theatres.

R. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

One of the greatest bills of the season composed almost entirely of new acts never before seen in Boston, and including two big novelties, is announced for R. F. Keith's Theatre next week. Edgar Allen Woolf's latest comedy drama, "The Clown," presented by a big company of clever players, will be seen for the first time in Boston, and Mlle. Albertine Rasch, the celebrated Viennese ballet dancer, will bring her beautiful terpsichorean novelty, "Le Ballet Classique," supported by Mons. Pernickoff and a company of eight pretty dancing girls.

Convict Ship "Success."

Considerable numbers of visitors are being attracted to the famous old British Convict Ship "Success" now berthed for exhibition at Warren Bridge near North Station, Boston. Judging by the comments of the sightseers and the remarks inscribed in the visitor's book, the weird old bulk with its rows of gloomy dungeons and its paraphernalia of punishment and torture is deeply impressive. State and city officials, particularly those associated with the Police and Prison departments, and army and navy men, are among the most interested coming on board. How thoroughly evil was the working of the penal system of the last generation, with what might be called its automatic manufacture of criminals, is fully illustrated on this unique vessel. Crowds of people visit the "Success" daily and become deeply interested in her history, description, and the work also did in conveying prisoners to Australia.

Shocking Sounds.

There is coming to be a very general opinion among working people who have voted the Democratic ticket, that they are merely being used as a fall to the Democratic kite and having their labor for their pains. This is especially true in regard to the cost of living. Workmen really believed two years ago that Eugene N. Pess could, if elected, aid in reducing the cost of living. As a matter of actual fact they have seen the cost of living increase steadily during the two years that Mr. Pess has been governor. He was powerless to make any change in the cost of living, either in that office or any other he might occupy and he knew it very well but he certainly fooled the voters twice and stands ready to do it again.

Progressives Stick to Republicans.

One section of the Progressive party in Massachusetts has declined to go over to the new organization. The Association of Progressive Republicans, so called, placed themselves on record at a recent meeting in Boston as willing to co-operate with the Republican state committee in the election of Republican candidates to office in Massachusetts this fall. This is the Progressive section led by Ex-Mayor Charles S. Baxter of Medford, and other prominent men in it are Ex-Senator Daniel W. Lane of Boston and former School Committee member Charles L. Burrill.

The association is unqualifiedly opposed to the third party movement and adopted resolutions declaring that the members are Republicans on all occasions and that they will attempt to reform the party from within and not from without the organization. In addition, the association appealed to all Progressive Republicans to remain in the Republican party and to participate in the Republican primaries, adding that all those who joined the new party would be prohibited under the law from participating in the Republican primaries. It was declared their votes were needed in the Republican primaries to insure the nomination of Progressive Republicans.

The people of this town think the Woburn Journal did the best thing by its story of our Old Home Sunday. The Executive Committee, the Minister, the Singers and Charitable Society, were greatly pleased with your description of it.

Byles on Bills.

Among the humorous memories connected with English judges is one of Justice Byles and his horse. This eminent jurist was well known in his profession for his work on "Byles," and this gave a fine opportunity for alliteration his associates were accustomed to bestow the name on the horse, which was but a sorry steed. "Where goes the jurist with his horse?" was a saying, and as the judge rode out after afternoon they indulged daily in their little joke. But the truth was that the horse had another name, known only to the master and his man, and when a curious client inquired as to the judge's whereabouts he was told by the servant, with a clear conscience, that "master was out on business."

The Imperial Guard of France was created by Napoleon I. when he became emperor in 1804. It was formed by a merger of the "guards," the "centurion," the "directory" and the "conservatory." It consisted of 8,775 men, but was afterward considerably enlarged. In the year 1809 it was by the emperor's order divided into the old and young guards. In January, 1814, it numbered 102,706. It was dissolved by the Bourbons Louis XVIII. in 1815, revived by Napoleon III. in 1851, and was abolished by the government soon after.

Whether it is a characteristic to be greatly desired is a serious question. In his campaign for the election to the United States senate is successor to Senator Crane, it is of course his wish to have his name in the newspaper headlines as much as possible. The question which is to decide if he is to be Mr. Crane's successor, is the complexion of the Massachusetts legislature next year. If it is Democratic, Mr. Fitzgerald will undoubtedly represent the state of Massachusetts at Washington for the next six years. Perhaps that is what the people of the commonwealth desire.

A good many Republicans are much concerned that the city and town committees be chosen at the primaries this fall should be the best men who can be found and also men of energy and capacity. The success of the Republican campaign may hardly be brought about by the central organization, or the state committee, unless aided by efficient city and town committees.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE POLITICS

Democrats Fear Progressives as Republicans

PROGRESSIVES HERE DIVIDED

One Section Decides to Stay in Old Party—Fitzgerald as a Press Agent—Republicans Need Strong Local Committees

It is plainly evident that the Massachusetts Democrats fear the Progressive movement will make as heavy inroads into their party as in the Republican ranks. At the last meeting of the Democratic state committee, the mayor declared that "A whole lot of mistaken Democrats will vote for Roosevelt this fall unless we keep after them." This will be true of the mill cities in particular. It is stated that the Democratic state committee is planning for hard work along this line with frequent meetings in charge of local committees all over the state.

As a matter of fact, Democrats say confidentially that the Progressive movement will take as many or more voters from the Democratic ranks than from the Republican ranks. They are particularly afraid that they will lose large numbers of the laboring element, which has looked for some time with a good deal of suspicion on the promises of Democrats and compared them with very little satisfaction with fulfillment.

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Winchester.

Winchester vacationists, by land and sea, are beginning to get back to their homes here to settle down to real life once more.

Mr. Thomas Bagwell of this town, a well known carpenter, dropped dead last Wednesday morning while at his work in Winchester.

I am greatly pleased to learn that our esteemed and very efficient Board of Health are trying in all milk used for general domestic purposes to increase the fat content and total solids and decrease the bacterial count.

There are a few real estate schemes on the tapis here which promise to add to our population and number of dwelling houses, if they go through as planned and are likely to. I calculate that Winchester is one of the fastest go-ahead towns in this country. Wait and see.

Whether it is a characteristic to be greatly desired is a serious question. In his campaign for the election to the United States senate is successor to Senator Crane, it is of course his wish to have his name in the newspaper headlines as much as possible. The question which is to decide if he is to be Mr. Crane's successor, is the complexion of the Massachusetts legislature next year. If it is Democratic, Mr. Fitzgerald will undoubtedly represent the state of Massachusetts at Washington for the next six years. Perhaps that is what the people of the commonwealth desire.

A good many Republicans are much concerned that the city and town committees be chosen at the primaries this fall should be the best men who can be found and also men of energy and capacity. The success of the Republican campaign may hardly be brought about by the central organization, or the state committee, unless aided by efficient city and town committees.

Winchester.



EVERY PARENT should, during vacation time, take the children for an all-day's sail across beautiful Massachusetts Bay and allow them to visit famous old Provincetown, see the fleet of war ships, the superb monument to the Pilgrims, etc. It's not only a delightful outing but also an educational trip that children will always remember.

The safe, steady, large iron steamship Dorothy Bradford, carrying 1800 passengers, leaves Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic Avenue, daily 9 A. M., Sundays and holidays 9.30 A. M. Round trip, \$1; one way, 75 cents (no stop-overs). Special rates for Sunday Schools

SUMMER DRINKS

Chelmsford Spring Ginger Ale,
\$2.20 per case, \$1.00 rebate
for empty bottles and case.

Moxie, 20c. bottle, \$2.25 doz.

Lime Juice, 10 and 25c. bottle.

Grape Juice, 25c. bottle.

Hire's Root Beer Extract 15 cents
bottle.

Colman's Root Beer Extract, 10c.
bottle.

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Whitcher's PILL BOX

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TIME TABLE

In effect June 25, 1911.

[Subject to change without notice.]

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for

MALDEN ST. at 5:40 A.M., then every 30 minutes

to 11:15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1:15 P.M.,

SUNDAY at 9:15 A.M., then every 60 minutes

to 1:15 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 3:15 P.M.,

then every 60 minutes to 5:15 P.M., SUNDAY,

9:15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1:15 P.M.,

then every 30 minutes to 3:15 P.M., SUNDAY,

11:15 A.M., then every 60 minutes to 1:15 P.M.,

then every 30 minutes to 3:15 P.M., SUNDAY,

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then every 30 minutes to 3:15 P.M., SUNDAY,

A MUSICIAN'S ROMANCE.

Fanelli's Triumph, Then Came After

Thirty Years of Misery.

The life story of M. Fanelli, the com-

poser of "Tableaux Symphoniques,"

reads like a romance. How easily it

might have read like a tragedy this in-

cident will show.

In his youth Fanelli had been cour-

ageous and ambitious, full of dreams

of the music he was going to write for

the world to hear and admire. But

misfortune followed misfortune. He

found it impossible to get a hearing

for his compositions, and one by one

his dreams began to fade.

Ten, twenty, thirty years went by.

Fanelli, all hope crushed by continued

adversity, was earning a pittance by

playing night after night in an orches-

tra. None of his colleagues suspected

his genius, for he kept his ambitions

locked in his heart, as he kept the

symphony, the masterpiece of his

youth, locked in his desk.

Then one day Fanelli, in search of

work as a copyist, called on a friend

Pierre, one of the great musical celeb-

rities of Paris. Asked to show a sam-

ple of his writing, Fanelli produced

the symphony, which he had brought

with him. Pierre looked at it and saw

that the writing was clear, then he saw

something more, for he continued read-

ing the music eagerly.

"Who is this Fanelli?" he asked at

length.

"Myself," answered the composer. "I

wrote it twenty three years ago."

"Leave this with me and come again

in a few days."

So Fanelli went out, while Pierre, too

enamored to say goodby, stood by the

window, poring over the manuscript.

Few days later he announced to the de-

lighted but dazed Fanelli that he was

going to produce the symphony at one

of the Concerts Colonne.

On the eventful night Fanelli him-

self took a seat with the musicians.

Years came into his eyes as he heard

the strains of his work, neglected

for so many years. He was not alone

in his emotion, however, for as the

music proceeded tears came into the

eyes of the other musicians, the di-

rector, the audience. The music took

them by storm. When it was over a

burst of applause broke out, rose and

swelled and would not die away. The

composer alone sat quiet, as if in deep

thought. Finally he got up, walked

over to Pierre, and with a full heart

expressed his gratitude.

"Amen! I thank you, M. Pierre," he

said, taking his leave. "Good night,

and a good appetite to you."

Pierre wondered at this strange fare-

well, but at last the mounting devo-

tion on him. The applause that was

still ringing through the hall had brought

Fanelli not only fame, but what for

the moment was of even more impor-

tance to him, the promise of easier liv-

ing. The composer of the "Tableaux Sym-

phoniques" had left the scene of his

triumph to enjoy a much needed and

rare treat—a good dinner—Yutli's

Companion.

Self Conscious Greatness.

One day in the train, one of Vie-

tor Hugo's journeys to or from Brus-

sees—he happened to find himself in

the company of two English ladies

who spoke French. Hugo knew but

one word of English—"Christmas,"

which he always pronounced "Chris-

mas." In the course of conversation

these ladies observed that it must be

inconvenient for him not to know

English when he was passing through

that country. To which the great

man's reply was: "What English

wants to talk with me she will learn

my language!" "From their astonish-

ment at this answer," said Hugo in re-

lating the story, "it was evident they

did not know who I was."—Victor

Hugo, His Life and Work, by A. P.

Davidson.

Echoes From Horses' Skulls.

Those curious twists and turns su-

perstitions take are to be found in the

intraditions of horses' skulls in or about

the church buildings in England and

Scotland, the reason alleged being to

help the sound in church. This habit

is unquestionably a relic of heathenism

where an animal was sacrificed. Some

years ago, when an old meeting house

in Edinburgh was pulled down, the

sonding loud space above the pulpit

was found to be filled with horses' skulls.

In some parts of England there still

exists the idea that if a horse's

head is buried in a field there will be an

echo.

Quite Frank About It.

"So you are going to marry Tom?"

"You saw the announcement, didn't

you?"

"Yes, but—"

"It wasn't a fake."

"But, dearie—I never thought that

Tom would be your choice."

"Tom isn't my choice. He's my

choice. Have you any other questions

to ask, darling?"

Darling decided she hadn't.—Cleve-

land Plain Dealer.

Energy of Will.

Energy of will is the soul of every

great character. Where it is there is

resolute character; where it is not

there is faintness, with effeminacy,

dependency, neglect of duty and fail-

ure. "The strong man and the water-

fall," says a proverb, "channel their

own path."

In Training.

Nell—Why does she always dress in

black? Belle—She's in training. Nell—

Training for what? Belle—Well, you

said, she married an octogenarian.—

Philadelphia Record.

Card Marks.

It is conjectured by some writers on

the subject that the cards upon the

cards designating the four kinds in a

pack were originally symbolical and

intended to signify the different class-

es of society. According to this sup-

position, the hearts represented the

clergy, spades the nobility, some old

packs of cards bearing a sword or

lance head instead of a spade; clubs

the serfs and diamonds the burghers

or citizen classes.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people.

The old are hungering for love more

than for bread. The air of joy is very

cheap, and if you can help the poor

on with a garment of praise it will

be better for them than blankets.—Henry

Drummond.

A man of integrity will never listen

to any plea against conscience.—Tome.

There is no great genius without a

tincture of madness.—Seneca.

ROUSED THE AUDIENCE.

A Mining Camp Melodrama With an

Unexpected Climax.

Joseph Jefferson used to say that his

career came very near being tipped in

the bucket in a small western town. He

at that time was a member of a small

pioneer company which progressed by

means of three "bull teams" from one

mining camp to another. They were

always heartily received by the min-

ers and cowboys, who readily paid the

\$5 in gold required to witness their

performance. Mr. Jefferson was the

traditional melodramatic villain and in

the third act was supposed to kidnap

"the child." The supposed mother,

hearing its cries, rushes upon the scene

just as he is about to escape and fires

a fruitless shot from a revolver.

Upon this particular occasion all had

gone well until this scene was reached,

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., Post Office, at second-class matter.

NO. 40

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

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On and after July 1, 1912.
MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE
POST OFFICE.
From Boston and New York 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30
a. m. 2:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40 p. m.
From New York direct 7:00 a. m.
From Worcester, Lowell, Andover, and North
Woburn, 10 p. m. 4:40, 5:40 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30
a. m. 2:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40 p. m. Saturday
From Burlington 9:30 a. m. 5:40 p. m.

MAILS CARRIED AT WOBURN POST OFFICE
FOR
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-
ington, Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30
a. m. 2:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40 p. m. Saturday
8:30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7:45 a. m. via Winchester, 8:45
a. m. 2:40, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40 p. m.
For Lowell and Boston, 7:45 a. m. 4:40 p. m.
For Winchester, 7:45 a. m. 2:40, 3:40, 5:40 p. m.

DELIVERIES.
House Routes 7:45 a. m. 2:40, 3:40 p. m.
Business Routes 7:45 a. m. 11:30, 2:40, 3:40 p. m.
MAIL COLLECTED.
8 a. m. and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Station to foot of Summer
St. 6 times daily.

—SUNDAYS—
Sunday office open 9:30 to 11:00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston
10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m. throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m. at box outside the post office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4:00 p. m. throughout
the city.
EDWIN F. WYKE, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

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12 Middlesex Leather Co., Union St. Private.
21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
22 Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square
City Almshouse.
24 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
25 Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
26 Junction Elm and Park Sts., North Woburn.
27 Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn.
28 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
29 Junction Harrison and Lexington Sts.
30 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
31 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
32 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Commercialville)
33 Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
34 Cor. Main and Bedford Sts.
35 Cor. Nettle and Beacon Streets.
36 Cor. Main and Bedford Sts.
37 Cor. Main and Bedford Sts.
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One blow for test at 11:45 a. m. daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out engine department.
22, once repeated, at 8:30 a. m. and 12:45 p. m. de-
notes no session of schools.
Disturbance Call—10 blows.

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—AND—
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Beyond The Wall

Or the Story of
The Open Gate

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was not until several weeks after
he had inherited the Latham house-
stead that Lewis Becton found time
to close his law office and go out on
Long Island to investigate the old
place. He had been there often when
a boy, for it was the home of a favor-
ite great-uncle, but she had long since
died, and as her interest in the place
ceased then it had passed to a cousin
on the Latham side of the family. Now
the Latham cousin had died, and to
Lewis Becton's surprise the old home-
stead was bequeathed to him.

The evening of his arrival in the
quiet, sequestered village was spent in
wandering around the neglected gar-
den. He would sleep at the hotel, and
the house could wait until morning,
but tonight the garden was a place of
beautiful unexplored shadows—a wil-
derness of mysteries that tempted him
to probe his wondering.

Lewis could see the roof of a low
house beyond the wall, and above it
rose tall, gracefully bending locust
trees draped in wisteria vines. The
garden of this wisteria house appeared to
be on a lower level than his own place.

He turned back to the Latham house
and walked slowly around the prim,
brick paved paths. Some of the nar-
row walks were edged with huge pink
conch shells, for one of the Lathams
had been a "deep sea captain." The
house was broad and comfortable, with



"WE ARE SO GLAD THAT YOUR ACCIDENT
IS SLIGHT."

white painted walls and green shut-
ters, but with the shutters closely fas-
tened it looked desolate enough.
He had circled the house and found
new delights and lost himself in the
mazes of an old fashioned garden. He
had just extricated himself from the
too tender embrace of a rampant ram-
bler rosebush when his attention was
attracted by something small and
white that darted out from a shadowy
bush and frisked swiftly before him
always just out of reach.

He was not surprised that a duffy
Persian kitten should be stepping
daintily around Aunt Lucinda's
garden. It was just the sort of pet she
loved, and he remembered well that
she was seldom without one of these
cats about her. He came to with a
little start as he remembered that all
of Aunt Lucinda's kittens must have
grown to adulthood and lived out their
nine lives years ago. But whence this
stray?

The duffy white morsel led him a
merry chase around the house. Once
it paused and made as if to wait for
capture, and just as Lewis bent down
to grasp it the little creature flashed
jeweled green eyes at him and disap-
peared among the blackberry briars
that bedged the stone wall. Before he
could recover his balance Lewis felt
the soft earth crumble under his feet
and he was precipitated through a
small opening among the briars, and
thence he plunged straight through a
narrow sagging door in the wall, only
to fall crashing down into a thorny
tangle below.

The noise of his fall brought instant
confusion in the little house that be-
longed to the garden. He heard femi-
nine voices raised in wonder and
alarm and then the opening of doors.
In the meanwhile he sat as he had
fallen on a flight of broken stone steps
that led up to the door in his garden
wall. On either side of him were thick
bushes of roses, and long thorny
branches had caught his thin clothing

and had him prisoner. An especially
vicious spray had scraped across his
eyelids, and he could feel a little trickle
of blood down his cheek.

The white kitten frisked on a grass
patch at his feet, catching luckless
crickets, quite indifferent to the suf-
fering she had led him into. Such is
the way of cats.

"What are you doing here?" asked
a sweet, brave voice in front of him.
Lewis started and opened his eyes.
Somehow the pain had made him dis-
orient, and there was something wrong
with his shoulder. He saw before him
a diminutive figure clad in white
gown, with a small, daintily poised
head crowned with hair that looked
black as the moonshine. Somehow her
voice told him that she was beautiful.

"What are you doing here?" she re-
peated, with a note of determination
in her voice.

"My name is Becton. I belong to the
Latham place, or I should say, it be-
longs to me now. I was walking
around the garden when I spied this
kitten. She lured me to the gate in the
wall, and I was awkward enough to
stumble and fall through. I hope I
have not harmed your roses." He
tried to rise from his posture on the
stone steps, but the thorns detained
him, and he fell back again, only to
wrench his shoulder once more and
become unconscious.

When he opened his stiffened eyelids
again he was within a low ceiling
bedroom, with quaint old mahogany
furniture and staid walls papered with
trellises of roses.

"I hope they are the thornless kind,"
he smiled as he looked into the con-
cerned face of a gray haired doctor.

"That remains to be seen," laughed
the physician cheerily, stepping aside
to allow Lewis to see that they were
not alone. On the high bureau there
flickered a pair of wax candles in tall
glass sticks, and leaning against the
footboard of the bed was the girl of
the garden, and beside her was a slender,
graceful, middle aged woman, who
came forward as the doctor spoke.

"We are so glad that your accident
is slight, Mr. Becton," she said gently.
"That gate in the wall should have
been closed long ago. Only a matter of
sentiment has prompted us to allow
it to remain as it was twenty-five years
ago, when my mother used to run back
and forth to visit her close friend, Miss
Lucinda Latham. We will have it
walled up at once."

"No, no, please; not on my account,"
pleaded Lewis so sincerely that they
relented. "I like gardens, and at all
times my first call is an unceremon-
ious one and must have caused you
lots of trouble. I promise to be more
conventional in the future."

It was a week before Mrs. Graham
could permit Lewis to be removed to
his home. He remained in the hospital
for a week, but a fever developed that
made him very ill for several
days. During that time he grew very
fond of the gentle elderly lady who
fitted in and out of his sick chamber
and who waited on him with tireless
devotion. Of Rose Graham he saw lit-
tle, but he often heard her sweet voice.

At last he was able to go to the hotel,
and as he took leave of the two who
had been so kind to him he held Mrs.
Graham's hand, but he looked at Rose.
"And may I come again?" he smiled
down at them.

A mischievous light came into Rose's
brown eyes as she quoted:
"There was a man of our town, and he
was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a Bramble bush
and scratched out both his eyes.
When he found his eyes were out, with
all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
and scratched them in again!"

"I shall take that as an invitation to
come again by way of the garden
gate," he said as he walked slowly
down the steps.

Of course he went there whenever
he came down to Quinceston, but he
found Rose Graham a most elusive
new to capture. Sweet she was and
shy, but she had a way with her of
diverting the conversation from the
intimate subject that lay so near Lewis
Becton's heart.

The summer died, and winter came.
A very important case occupied many
weeks of the new year. After he had
won it the reaction from mental toil
called for a holiday, and he went to
Europe after a brief farewell visit to
his friends. So it was late in the
spring of the year when he stepped
down to Quinceston to stay.

The old Latham place had been clip-
ped and trimmed into its original pri-
vateness, and the Japanese servant
who did the housework would not per-
mit a single blade of grass to stray from
the lawn to the brick paths. Koshuro
filled the blue china bowls with apple
blossoms and in June with roses from
the garden and in all ways made
Lewis Becton exceedingly comfortable.

He had been told that he might have
been a replica of that other night last
year, only the day lilies had not ar-
rived—Lewis walked once more in his
garden. Again the white Persian kit-
ten frisked around his feet and led him
a merry chase to the gate in the
wall. There Lewis paused, hesitating.
Through the aperture he could see a
white gown, and he knew that Rose
Graham was in her favorite seat in the
summer house.

He passed through the gate and
down the steps and halted at the door
of the summer house. He had a kettle
of boiling water setting on the stove,
and he took it out in the yard, and it
froze so doggone quick the ice was
hot!—National Monthly.

The Delay.
Willie Chumpley—Do you know, Miss
Gladys, I hadn't been talking to your
father more than a couple of minutes
when he called me a brainless idiot.
Miss Gladys—Indeed! I wonder what
caused the delay?—Life.

Down the Rhine.
"Look at this beautiful castle."
"Not bother me. How can I read
the guidebook if you keep pestering
me to look at rocks and castles?"—
Washington Herald.

His Anxiety.
She—You must see papa, dear, about
our marriage. But don't be anxious
about the outcome. He—What I'm an-
xious about is the income.—Boston Tran-
script.

DIDN'T NEED A TRUNK.

**He Was a Master of the Art of Travel-
ing Without Baggage.**

Sir Charles Napier was once delight-
fully pictured in Punch as setting out
for Seville with "his soap" and very
little besides. De Latocnyaye, a Breton
emigre of 1796, who traveled in Ire-
land, chiefly on foot and invariably
turned up at the houses of his friends
with almost no visible baggage, car-
ried nearly as simple an outfit. Yet
in some mysterious way he was always
able to appear at dinner in full dress.
In his book "Promenade en Irlande"
De Latocnyaye tells how he accomplish-
ed the feat.

"I had my hair powder in a bag made
of a lady's glove. My razor, needles,
thread, scissors and a comb all went
into a pair of dancing pumps. In ad-
dition, I carried a few handkerchiefs
and a few pieces of such fine stuff that
they would fold up as small as my
fist, three cravats, two very fine shirts,
three pocket handkerchiefs and a dress
coat with six pockets.

"Three of these pockets I kept for
letters, my portfolio, and so forth; in
the others, whenever I was going to call at
a decent house, I stowed away my be-
longings, which were packed some in
the pumps, the rest in one of the pairs
of stockings.

"At other times," he concludes, with
more than French vivacity, "I tied the
three parcels in a handkerchief and
carried them at the end of my walking
stick, on which I had managed to fix
an umbrella."

This equipped he stayed at Lord
Kenmare's for a week, at Hazelwood
and at Florence Court for the same
length of time, at Lord Altamont's and
Ballynahinch for longer still, no doubt
to the astonishment of his household as
well as of his hosts. But he was never
disturbed by his lack of luggage and
steadily refused all proffered loans of
clothing.

By the time De Latocnyaye got to Sil-
go the weather had broken, and he
was obliged to add a Spencer to his
wardrobe.

MAGIC FIRE WRITING.

**How to Perform an Amusing and Mys-
tifying Trick.**

This recipe for "magic fire writing"
is given by the Pathfinder. Dissolve
saltpeter in water until the water will
take up no more. Then take the
"wrong" end of a penholder and, dip-
ping it in the solution, draw on a thick
piece of paper, taking care not to
break the continuity of the writing
anywhere—that is, all words must be
joined. When dry the writing will
be invisible. Fold over or roll up half
an inch of each end of such a paper
after it has been allowed to get dry
and stand it on something that will
not burn. Light a match, then blow
it out and apply the glowing tip to
some spot touched by the design; you
can make an ink mark before apply-
ing the saltpeter to serve as a guide,
and a tiny glowworm of fire will
travel all along the lines traced and
end by leaving the device burned out
of the paper, no other part of it being
destroyed.

By the use of a little ingenuity all
sorts of amusing designs for this pur-
pose can be got up. For example, you
can draw in pencil or ink on the paper
a picture of one boy throwing a base-
ball to another and also trace an in-
visible curved line in the saltpeter
from the hand of the thrower to that
of the catcher. Then when you touch
fire to the thrower's hand the fire will
follow the saltpeter line right to the
other's hand.

Those who see the thing and are not
in the secret will be much mystified
as to why the fire follows this line and
does not burn the rest of the paper.
Saltpeter enters into gunpowder, and
wherever it has touched the paper it
makes it burn.

Chemical Changes.
By taking some lime-water and blow-
ing one's breath into it a fine white
powder will be formed in the water.

By adding some common salt to a
solution of nitrate of silver a thick
white powder is produced which, if
placed in the sunlight, will turn brown.
Pour the juice of a red cabbage into
a test tube or thin glass bottle, drop
in very gradually a solution of wash-
ing soda, shaking the bottle every time
you put the washing soda in, and you
will see the red solution gradually
turning blue. Go on adding the soda
solution, and the blue color will give
way to green.

The Reward.
Dr. Strachan, Bishop of Toronto, was
waited upon by two churchwardens,
who complained that their clergyman
wore his congregation by repeating
the same sermon. He had preached it
twelve times. The bishop asked for
the text. Neither of the churchwardens
could remember. "Go back," said the
bishop sternly, "and ask your clergy-
man to preach the sermon once more
and then come back and tell me the
text."

Quick Action.
"Rube, how could you ever see it?"
He said, "Well, sir, one time when
I was living down in Pickaway coun-
try, in that killing time, we had a kettle
of boiling water setting on the stove,
and we took it out in the yard, and it
froze so doggone quick the ice was
hot!"—National Monthly.

The Delay.
Willie Chumpley—Do you know, Miss
Gladys, I hadn't been talking to your
father more than a couple of minutes
when he called me a brainless idiot.
Miss Gladys—Indeed! I wonder what
caused the delay?—Life.

Down the Rhine.
"Look at this beautiful castle."
"Not bother me. How can I read
the guidebook if you keep pestering
me to look at rocks and castles?"—
Washington Herald.

His Anxiety.
She—You must see papa, dear, about
our marriage. But don't be anxious
about the outcome. He—What I'm an-
xious about is the income.—Boston Tran-
script.

BRAVERY AS A GIFT.

**Bedouins Do Not Look Upon Coward-
ice as a Disgrace.**

The idea that nothing is so disgrace-
ful as cowardice is one that is not held
by all races. Among the Bedouins a
sheik may be the leader of his tribe
only in peace. When there is war the
chances are that he will relinquish his
leadership to the fighting sheik.
"I have not the gift of courage," once
said an Arab chief to an Englishman
apologizing for not putting himself at
the head of a band that he had sent to
attack another tribe.

The Englishman learned that these
nomads esteem personal bravery as a
gift, for the want of which a man is
no more to be censured than he is to
be blamed for not being handsome.

A Bengali says, without the least
sense of shame, "I am timid." Yet he
will meet death, even when it ap-
proaches in the form of the hangman,
with the composure of a martyr.

The following instances illustrate
strikingly this double nature of the
Bengali.

A native had been sentenced to death
for killing his wife. On the morning
of the execution the officer who was
superintending the hanging entered the
condemned man's cell. Instead of
finding him crouching in terror he was
surprised to find the man with a low bow
and a request.

The man wished for some sweet-
meats with which to refresh himself
on his way to the gallows. They were
ordered, and on their arrival the pro-
cession set out.

The doomed man ate the sweetmeats
with a relish as he calmly walked
along the way of death. When the
gallows was reached the crowd which
had followed seated themselves on the
ground and watched a few sec-
onds to finish the last morsel, then
mounted the gallows with composure
and was swung off.

Strange as it may seem, that man
would have been panic stricken at the
rush of some wild rumor. His timidity
was natural, but his religion and
discipline had trained him to accept
with calmness the inevitable.—Detroit
Free Press.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS.

**The Use of Torture in Legal Processes
in Former Times.**

The constitution of the United States
and the constitutions of the various
states in prohibiting cruel and unusual
punishments were not making a
surrender. The use of torture in legal
processes was not, when these instru-
ments were framed, so remote as it is
now.

When Sir Thomas Dole came as high
marshal to Virginia he crushed a con-
spiracy by killing the ringleaders by
torture. One had a bodkin thrust
through his tongue and was chained to
a tree until he died. Others were
broken on the wheel. It is quaintly
stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of
good conscience and knowledge in di-
vinity." Dole's date was 1611.

The next notable instance of the use
of torture was in 1622, in the Salem
witchcraft excitement, when Giles
Corey was pressed to death. The "peine
dure et forte," the most horrible of
deaths.

Executions were in public through-
out the east until comparatively recent
times. When Quenel, the pirate, and
six others were hanged in Boston, New-
England all wrote in his diary, "When the
scaffold was let to sink there was such a
screach of the women that my wife
heard it, sitting in our entry next to
the orchard," though the gallows was
miles away and the wind unfavor-
able.

The use of torture to wring the truth
from witnesses is said to have been
recognized as legal in Austria until
well within the last century.

Needless Use of Opium.

It is perhaps a conservative estimate
that only 10 per cent of the entire drug
consumption in this country is applied
to the purpose of blunting incurable
pain. Thus 90 per cent of the opiates
used are, strictly speaking, unneces-
sary. In the innumerable cases that
have come under my observation 75 per
cent of the habitual users became such
without reasonable excuse. Beginning
with small occasional doses, they re-
alized within a few weeks that they had
lost self control and could not discon-
tinue the use of the drug.—Charles B.
Towns in Century.

Two Enough For Her.

He was a small boy with a dark, en-
ergetic face, and he was waiting at the
end of the line of eight or ten persons for
a chance to make his wants known to
the librarian. When his turn came he
inquired briefly, "Have you got 'Twenty
Thousand Legs Under the Sea'?"
"No," responded the librarian a little
annoyingly, for she was tired. "I'm
thankful to say I've only got two, and
they're not under the sea!"—New York
Press.

All He Was Fit For.

A tramp was passing a marine store,
and seeing the man at the door, he
asked in a joking way, "Do you buy
rags and bones?"
"You've guessed it first time, old
chap," answered the man. "Get on
the scales!"—London Telegraph.

Blind's Car.

"Well, Biddad," said Jimponberry,
"I suppose, now that you are living out
in the country, you have a car."
"Yes," said Biddad. "That is, my
neighbors and I have one together."
"Really?" said Jimponberry. "Co-
operative arrangement, eh? Not a bad
idea. What make is it?"
"Oh, just plain trolley!"—Judge.

A Mere Man's Opinion.

"Do you mean to tell me," demand-
ed Mrs. Whackhurst, "that it is a bad
thing for a woman to have an aim in
life?"
"I do," said Whackhurst, "especially
if she's going to throw bricks. She
might hit something!"—Harpers.

A Change of Tone.

Von Blumer (counting with rage)—
Who told you to put that paper on the
wall? Decorator—Your wife, sir. Von
Blumer—Pretty, isn't it?—Exchange.

JUST LIKE GHOSTS

The Norwegian Vardogs and
Their Curious Warnings.

A STUDY IN PSYCHIC FORCE.

Voices and Sounds and Visions That
Foretell to Those Properly Attuned
to the Phenomenon the Speedy Com-
ing of Relatives or Friends.

In Norway, or at least in certain
parts of it, there is a well known
phenomenon, instances of which are of
frequent occurrence, known locally by
various names, but in the east of the
country commonly called vardogs. By
this term is understood a certain prop-
erty, attaching itself to particular per-
sons, by which their arrival at a par-
ticular place, most frequently their
own home, is announced beforehand
by distinctive sounds, such as are
usually or naturally made by the per-
son in question.

It is only a limited number of per-
sons to whom this property is attach-
ed, who "have a vardog," as the
phrase is

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1912.

WAITING TO HEAR
FROM REP. PARKER.

The Democratic party in the representative district are anxiously awaiting the pronouncement of Representative Joseph H. Parker, Jr., of Woburn. The general impression is and has been that he will run. The way to the nomination is clear and the party anxious to have him. The Representative has accomplished a great deal for his city and the whole district. Those differing from him in politics must admit this. Several with aspirations are waiting anxiously for his verdict. They will probably remain in the woods if he decides to run for the third time.—*Reading Chronicle.*

AND STILL NIMBLE.

Editor Hobbs of the Woburn Journal completed his 32d year of proprietorship on August 1, having taken possession of it August 1, 1880. This is a record which is probably not surpassed by any other suburban newspaper man. The Journal was established Oct. 16, 1851, by Mr. George Fowle, who is still on earth.—*Winchester Star.*

We take no stump from anybody, but will accept a challenge from the smartest and youngest of the craft to "jump, run or wrestle" any day in the year.

A CANDIDATE.

Last week the *Reading Chronicle* stated that the Democrats of this district were waiting for the final decision from Rep. Parker before making a move on the Representative question.

It has come, and Parker is a candidate again, as everybody knew he would be.

It will take Republican votes to elect him in November, which Rep. Andrews should fully realize.

A MELANCHOLLY NIGHT.

The political passing away of Col. Roosevelt at Chicago was a heartrending scene, but his present retreat from a last battlefield felt absolutely certain of winning, sad, miserable and hopeless, is by far a more pitiful one. When he returned from his African hunting trip Col. R. occupied the highest pinnacle of fame; now, there are none so poor as to do him honor.

Possibly Mrs. Mary Tad Lawson of Chicago who, a few days ago, sent to the JOURNAL a valuable and entertaining article entitled "Railroad in a Jungle," and treating largely of a line of steam road in Brazil only 200 miles long "which opens up one of the richest of rubber countries," will be interested to learn that the art, or science, of Vulcanizing India Rubber and thus converting it into an article of universal use and immeasurable value, was discovered by a resident of Woburn, Mass., years ago, where the house in which he lived is still standing within a mile from where this item is written, and the name of the public school in the Montvale District (Woburn) is Goodyear. One cold winter night as he was about to leave the little dingy grocery store on Main street in the village of Woburn Center where he and his neighbors were wont to meet after nightfall almost every day all the year round and discuss public and private affairs, for his poor home in Montvale a mile distant the man thoughtlessly dropped a small piece of India rubber onto a nearly red-hot stove and the next moment wildly exclaimed, "boys, I've got it!" and he had. CHARLES GOODYEAR of Woburn, Mass., had discovered the secret of the Vulcanization of Rubber the sequel to which our kind lady friend is doubtless perfectly familiar.

Last week's issue of the *Levinson (Me.) Journal* contained an excellent biography of Nordica (Lillian Norton) the famous opera artist who is just now creating such a sensation in London. She is a native of Farmington, Franklin County, Maine, and stands at the head of her profession. The great Prima Donna has sung in Woburn in days past.

The most interesting, reading Boston *Globe* furnishes its patrons every issue is "The War Fifty Years Ago Day by Day." Men who were active on the stage of life in 1861-5 like the articles and read them every morning before even glancing at the weather reports.

Notwithstanding his adhesion to Col. Roosevelt's Lost Cause, the JOURNAL still entertains the belief that Harold P. Johnson, Esq., of the Law firm of J. W. and E. F. Johnson would make an able and popular Mayor of Woburn in 1913.

When the reporters of the Boston papers declared they saw snow fall from the clouds last Wednesday with the heat at Thompson's Spa between 80 and 90 degrees, they must have been taking too much ice-cream with their noonday sandwiches.

The Boston *Post* compliments Mr. Thomas J. Feeney on the speech he made at the banquet of the Telephone Association in Boston one evening last week. Mr. Feeney is an officer in the New England Tel. and Tel. Co. of Boston.

By reason of the City Council refusing to pass the \$4,000 loan bill for the highways, Supt. Martin, by order of Com. Kennedy, B. P. W., was obliged to discharge 50 workmen from that Dept. last Saturday.

LOCAL NEWS.

A. E. Gage—Citation.
Powers & Hall—Citation.

Monday, Aug. 12, was the warmest day since July 16.

Miss Grace Pound of Wilmington formerly of Woburn is at North Weare.

Miss Florence Barrett has returned from camp at Bellingham where she spent two weeks.

Misses Angeline and Elsie Heitz are registered at "The Pines," Cotuit, for the next fortnight.

Misses Alice and Nellie O'Brien of Church avenue, will spend their two weeks vacation at Brant Rock.

Extremes of heat and cold have followed each other all this season, and have contributed materially to human happiness hereabouts.

Miss Louise Burgess bookkeeper at Shaw & Campbell's is spending her vacation with her friend Mrs. George Nichols at North Weare.

Miss Susan M. Frye, one of the best liked school teachers in this city, is spending the rest of the vacation with her brother in Newton.

Ald. J. F. McGovern, Junior of the Woburn Public Library, is enjoying his two weeks vacation taking short trips with his family to beaches and among friends.

Rev. Henry B. Williams and son are in New York on a short visit from where they will return to North Weymouth at which place Mrs. Williams and daughter are spending the summer.

Charles Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth" has arrived. Its evening songs and shrill piping of the Katydid foretell of frost and winter, and remind us that it will soon be time to bank up houses.

The most delightful and cheering periods of lightning, thunder, wind and rain of the current week was the half hour of it at noon last Wednesday. Oh, but it was delightful with the accent on the de, like Roosevelt.

The Gowing family will have their reunion at Thompson's Grove, Wilmington on Aug. 22, a short week from today. Dr. Fred Gowing of Woburn and Boston is one of their prominent and active members.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Chute, Mr. Louis Chute and Miss Anna Cummings gave their friend Mrs. George Nichols, formerly Miss Simonds of Woburn now of North Weare, a surprise visit last Wednesday. Merchants' Day, going in their automobile.

One morning a few days ago a squirrel from Bennett street came over a pear tree on nearby yard went up the tree, came down with a pear, and perched on the fence eating its breakfast, then carrying the rest away home either to treat the family or for a future nibble at the juicy fruit.

Footloose and not overly enthusiastic of those engaged in it Woburn Traders Day last Wednesday was a go as you please affair, tame and uninteresting. It is not generally believed that even Mr. John F. Sealey, grocer, one of the founders of the Day, did much towards celebrating it.

A few days ago the JOURNAL received from Mr. Louis D. Gibbs a large package of parlor matches for which we return thanks. He informed us that they were not "made in heaven," which we believe when remembering that when first used here they were called "Lucifer" matches.

There were no bids from the Woburn coal dealers this year for the hard coal to be used in the public schools. The coal companies explain this by saying that the situation at present is such that it is impossible to secure coal on which to make an estimate, and so the committee will be obliged to call a second time for bids.—*Winchester Star.*

"The Lady of Doughty's Falls" writes to the JOURNAL from Ogunquit Beach, Maine, where she is a guest of her sister from New Jersey. "I think it the finest beach here." Yes, verily, how well we remember our visits, when a boy, to "Gunkit" (Ogunquit) and fishing for plaice all day when it rained too hard to work in the garden, or pull bracks (Scottish bracks) for the hogs.

Mr. John M. Wallace of the Board of Public Works of Woburn, and Luke McDermott, a pair of the best all around printers in this city, have situations with the largest printing in Boston. Woburn apprentices, craftsmen and Masters of the Guild have only 3 more Saturday afternoons this summer to last, attend ball game, and go fishing for the three months of the Saturday afternoon outings expire on Aug. 31.

Mr. Edward L. Shea and family of Salem street leave next Monday for Or's Island, a pleasant ocean summer resort near Portland where a brother of Mr. Shea's has a home. There are just 365 islands in Casco Bay, corresponding to the number of days in a year, ranging in size from a peck measure to a large farm, and perhaps Ned might profitably employ the time of his visit there in counting them and confirming or correcting the report.

Wakefield had a two alarm fire this morning for a two story wooden block on Main street in that town.

Hon. John G. Maguire and his son W. Frank Maguire are at their office again after two weeks spent in Maine.

Dr. Buss, his mother, with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanley went to Inter Vale, New Hampshire on Merchants' Day in the Dr.'s auto, where Mr. and Mrs. Stanley will stay until Labor Day.

The blue jays are finding an early breakfast from pear trees on Church avenue which are nearly ready to be picked, and after making a large hole in the fruit, manage to drop it on the ground under the tree, to be picked up by the owner of the garden, who has been feeding them on nuts and other good things for many weeks.

The Young Americans defeated the Burlington A. C. by a score of 17 to 11 on Nichols Field, Wednesday, Aug. 14. The batteries for the winners were Rupp and Began. The winners challenge any 10 or 11 year old team in the city, the Kirby Tigers preferred. The lineup: G. Rupp, C. T. Began, P. Carter, Meehan, Doberty, Devlin, McGinn.

Last Sunday morning two young colored men went to Mr. W. F. Estabrook bakery and asked for a pint of beans. Mr. Estabrook was just ready to put his change in the money drawer, there being fourteen dollars more or less. He put the bag containing the money in the drawer, and the two boys returned. When he returned both men were gone but one came back for the beans, and paid for them before Mr. Estabrook discovered his loss. Police were called and are on the lookout for the men.

Col. Buchanan showed us a large collection of fine photographs of buildings, parks and scenery in and around London and other British cities, which diverted attention from the heat and prevented several groans and growls. Among the photos sent Mr. Buchanan was a large picture of Bush's Cottage at Ayr which was very pleasing as Mr. Buchanan has visited the cottage and is familiar with all the rooms. The piece of Scotch heather that was enclosed in the booklet of Relics and Engravings which the cottage contains, was an added charm to the whole.

Mrs. Frank Carter is regarded by professional educators school authorities and the public as one of the best and most successful Superintendents of Industrial Institutions of learning in this State. For many years he was at the head of the largest school of the kind in Boston where his services were highly prized and his resignation from it deeply regretted.

Mr. Carter, however, preferred to do work in his home town and when partitioned to that effect he came to Woburn several years ago and assumed general management of the Warren Academy Free Industrial School on Academy Hill where he, with a corps of competent instructors, has held summer terms for several years past.

Under Mr. Carter's able direction this school has grown so rapidly that this year applicants had to be denied admission on account of lack of room to accommodate more than the 1912 classes contained.

The school closed last Wednesday, Aug. 14. Total registration for all departments was 650 this year, and there has been a larger number who have been regular in their attendance than in previous years.

The M. O. H. Class of the Baptist Sunday School chartered Mr. A. Barnes' big auto to take Charles Neville as chauffeur yesterday and spent the day at Island Creek, Duxbury, as the guests of Mr. Fred Stowers at her cottage "The Grace." The hostess had hot clam chowder with "fixings" ready for the party and all did justice to it as the first on the happy day's program. After luncheon the afternoon was pleasantly spent in walking about, viewing the landscape and passing boats from the lookout and a dip in old ocean. After a bounteous supper goodbyes were said and at 6 p. m. the auto started on its homeward journey. The personnel of the party was Mesdames Bartlett, McKee, Wilson, Sylvester, Brown, Hitchings, Shay, Ward, Coleman, Matson, Gage, Loomer, Newcomb, Church and two children and Miss Annie Cook.

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He Won't Limp Now.

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Phone Men Hold Banquet.

FEENEY ADVOCATES HONESTY WITH PUBLIC.

Informality and good fellowship characterized the dinner of the District Exchange Managers of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company held at the Somerset last night. The delegates who are holding a three days' convention at this hotel put in a busy day yesterday and the dinner which followed in the evening was a welcome relaxation.

Carl T. Keller, general manager of the company, was toastmaster, and his principal duties were confined to introducing those who were to make an address, and to call the committee who were obliged to call a second time for bids.—*Winchester Star.*

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Boston Theatres.

R. F. KEITH'S THEATRE.

Ever so often a group of acts are placed on a vaudeville program in such a manner as to harmonize into what is called a "vaudeville show." Just such a bill will be found next week at R. F. Keith's theatre. Max's Burlesque Circuit will be one of the many big features. This, without any exception, the funniest and most unique hippodrome act in vaudeville. While it possesses all the clever performing animals of other circuits it also introduces an element of comedy that is remarkable.

THE GAIETY.

Commencing Saturday night, August 17, you will see Bob Manchester's famous Cracker Jack's, a show that has made itself popular by giving the public what they want—a wholesome, sure-fire, clean-cut burlesque show—and this season it comes with everything new except the title, with more comedians, more burlesque queens, more pretty girls than any show on the road, introducing and headed by the two magnets, Ruby Leoni, the Model Venus of burlesque, and Beatrice Harlow, the lyric star.

Gov. Foss There.

Governor Foss and a distinguished party from the State House have just paid a semi-official visit to the old British Convict Ship "Success," which is now lying at Warren Bridge, Boston.

The Governor and the party were keenly interested in examining the collection of old time manacles, shackles and other instruments of torture and restraint on board and spent about three quarters of an hour in their inspection.

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Under Mr. Carter's able direction this school has grown so rapidly that this year applicants had to be denied admission on account of lack of room to accommodate more than the 1912 classes contained.

The school closed last Wednesday, Aug. 14. Total registration for all departments was 650 this year, and there has been a larger number who have been regular in their attendance than in previous years.

The M. O. H. Class of the Baptist Sunday School chartered Mr. A. Barnes' big auto to take Charles Neville as chauffeur yesterday and spent the day at Island Creek, Duxbury, as the guests of Mr. Fred Stowers at her cottage "The Grace." The hostess had hot clam chowder with "fixings" ready for the party and all did justice to it as the first on the happy day's program. After luncheon the afternoon was pleasantly spent in walking about, viewing the landscape and passing boats from the lookout and a dip in old ocean. After a bounteous supper goodbyes were said and at 6 p. m. the auto started on its homeward journey. The personnel of the party was Mesdames Bartlett, McKee, Wilson, Sylvester, Brown, Hitchings, Shay, Ward, Coleman, Matson, Gage, Loomer, Newcomb, Church and two children and Miss Annie Cook.

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cotuit, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my leg that nothing seemed to help. I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes, "and in three days it was cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 25c at all Druggists.

He Won't Limp Now.

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Phone Men Hold Banquet.

FEENEY ADVOCATES HONESTY WITH PUBLIC.

Informality and good fellowship characterized the dinner of the District Exchange Managers of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company held at the Somerset last night. The delegates who are holding a three days' convention at this hotel put in a busy day yesterday and the dinner which followed in the evening was a welcome relaxation.

Carl T. Keller, general manager of the company, was toastmaster, and his principal duties were confined to introducing those who were to make an address, and to call the committee who were obliged to call a second time for bids.—*Winchester Star.*

"The Lady of Doughty's Falls" writes to the JOURNAL from Ogunquit Beach, Maine, where she is a guest of her sister from New Jersey. "I think it the finest beach here." Yes, verily, how well we remember our visits, when a boy, to "Gunkit" (Ogunquit) and fishing for plaice all day when it rained too hard to work in the garden, or pull bracks (Scottish bracks) for the hogs.

Mr. John M. Wallace of the Board of Public Works of Woburn, and Luke McDermott, a pair of the best all around printers in this city, have situations with the largest printing in Boston. Woburn apprentices, craftsmen and Masters of the Guild have only 3 more Saturday afternoons this summer to last, attend ball game, and go fishing for the three months of the Saturday afternoon outings expire on Aug. 31.

Mr. Edward L. Shea and family of Salem street leave next Monday for Or's Island, a pleasant ocean summer resort near Portland where a brother of Mr. Shea's has a home. There are just 365 islands in Casco Bay, corresponding to the number of days in a year, ranging in size from a peck measure to a large farm, and perhaps Ned might profitably employ the time of his visit there in counting them and confirming or correcting the report.

Notwithstanding his adhesion to Col. Roosevelt's Lost Cause, the JOURNAL still entertains the belief that Harold P. Johnson, Esq., of the Law firm of J. W. and E. F. Johnson would make an able and popular Mayor of Woburn in 1913.

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MASSACHUSETTS
NOT DOUBTFUL

Republicans Are Cheerful as to

Results Next November

LOUJR MEN OPPOSE LUCE

Shoe Manufacturers Feel Foreign

Competition—Republicans Need to

Register Many Voters Now Neglected

The situation in Massachusetts today is very cheering to the Republican leaders. The nomination of President Roosevelt on a third party ticket seemed at first bound to be a party misfortune. Today, however, the situation is considerably different. The Democrats in the state have suddenly waked up to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt and his Progressive platform are likely to do fully as much execution in the Democratic ranks as in the Republican. The Democrats have been astounded to find that a considerable element of the Democracy is planning to follow Theodore Roosevelt in preference to Professor Wilson. It had evidently never occurred to the Democratic party leaders in this state that the rather socialistic doctrines of Mr. Roosevelt were going to play havoc with their own party. Now that the revelation has come it has given them the surprise of their lives. It seems to be taken for granted that the Italians and Poles in this state who are on the voting list, will under no circumstances vote for Woodrow Wilson. They are resenting very forcibly his characterization of their races as expressed in his published books. While this is not a very large element in the total Democratic vote, for the members of these races are not all Democrats by any means, yet it is a factor in the result. The members of the Democratic party who are tinged with socialistic ideas and doctrines are found to be quite strong for Mr. Roosevelt and taken altogether the Democratic situation certainly has no advantage over that in which the Republicans find themselves.

Republican leaders take no stock whatever in the claim that Mr. Wilson will carry the state. Republicans generally feel that Mr. Taft is going to lead both the other candidates by a good margin.

Shoe Manufacturers Are Worried.

Shoe manufacturers in Massachusetts are beginning to feel the effects of the tariff. When the tariff was lowered in the Payne tariff bill shoe manufacturers felt positive that they could compete with other nations under the reduced duty. To-day they are singing a different song.

The trade of the United States with the South American countries grew quite steadily for several years but now Massachusetts shoe manufacturers are complaining that the Swiss manufacturers are taking away this trade. Foreign manufacturers today are able to buy and do purchase the highest grades of shoe machinery from the United States. With such equipment they are able to turn out shoes that look equally well with those made in this country, although they do not have the quality and in some instances do not have the style which characterizes the American article. Nevertheless, foreigners are fast imitating the patterns designed by shoe makers in Massachusetts. In the United States the labor cost is much larger than in Switzerland and other European countries as the wages paid here are two or three times as much as the price paid abroad. At the same time, the Swiss shoe maker is a swift worker and can turn out as large a product as the Yankee shoe operative. A good many of the European shoes are sold as American shoes and are bought for that reason where they would otherwise not find a market.

The importation of foreign shoes into the United States also has increased enormously since the reduction of the duty and shoe manufacturers are a good deal troubled over the present situation. They feel that unless something is done they will be unable to compete with the foreign shoe manufacturer on the present wage scale.

What would happen to the shoe industry if a Democratic congress and a Democratic president should be elected, is problematical. However, manufacturers say that the passage of such a bill as was enacted by the house a year ago, would give the industry such a blow as it has not received in fifty years.

Liquor Interests Opposing Luce.

Last year late in the campaign, it was discovered that the liquor interests of the state were making a strenuous effort to defeat the election of Robert Luce, running for lieutenant governor on the Republican ticket. Mr. Luce is a temperance man and his views in that direction have been well known for a number of years. It was a surprise, however, that the liquor dealers should deem it necessary to the interests of the traffic to defeat Mr. Luce for lieutenant governor. It is well known that the lieutenant governor has no power to help or injure the liquor interests. It was, however, their fear that he might some time become governor, that led to their effort to defeat him for the second place. This year it is said they have begun early and will use all their efforts to accomplish his defeat. Liquor dealers claim the support of a good many thousand votes through their employees, throughout the state. It is quite probable that they were able last year to detach from him a good many votes of those who otherwise might have given him their ballot. At the same time, the knowledge that he was being opposed by such interests, gave him the support of a good many thousand votes who might perhaps not otherwise have voted for him. There are a good many people who have more interest in seeing that the liquor traffic does not dictate the choice of state officers than they have in the success of the political parties.

Registration of Voters Much Neglected.

It seems that the chairman of the Boston board of health is still affording Mayor Fitzgerald an au-

torious opportunity to keep his name before the people. He has offered the position to a number of prominent physicians, probably well knowing that they would not accept, but it has enabled him to keep his name in the headlines of the newspapers. This time he comes forward with an offer of the place to Dr. Joseph H. White of the United States public health and marine hospital service. The mayor's press bureau says he is now negotiating with the services of Mr. White. People generally will be surprised if this is anything more than one of the mayor's usual advertising dodges.

From all over the state there are reports that a great deal of registration is necessary on the part of the Republicans in order to put upon the voting list the names of Republicans who are qualified to vote in the presidential election this fall. It is estimated that Republicans might easily register from fifty to a hundred thousand names of those who do not vote. In some small towns where the vote is not more than eight hundred to a thousand, reports have it that two or three hundred votes might easily be added if the necessary amount of work were put into the matter. It is necessary this year for the Republican party to poll the largest possible vote and there is no work which is so fruitful in politics as getting upon the rolls the names of those qualified for the ballot. It is apparent that this work in the past two or three years has been greatly neglected.

China wants a New York college professor to take charge of her finances. Inasmuch as China's finances exist mostly in theory, perhaps the professor is the very man for the job.

Congress might get together and pass a few laws between innings at the Washington baseball park.

Tennis players should make excellent swimmers.

To Prevent Railroad Wrecks.

At least something is being done to decrease the death list from railway accidents. It is not much, but even slight efforts toward safety show that somebody is thinking about the problem. That is more than we have at ways been led to expect.

The public service commission of the state of New York finds that the wreck of the Twentieth Century liner on the New York Central was due primarily to "schedules too fast for safety." It was the excessive speed and not any defect in the rail itself which caused the broken rail that in turn occasioned the wreck. It is hardly necessary to explain that the Twentieth Century is the eighteen hour flyer between New York and Chicago. Because of the finding the hope is expressed in some quarters that the time of this train will be lengthened. The Pennsylvania also has an eighteen hour train between our two chief cities, and it is intimated that its schedule may be changed with that of the Central.

There is a limit to railroad speed, and that limit has apparently been reached, perhaps exceeded. Beyond a certain speed the expense in money and life is greater than is justified even by the demand of the American people for quick travel. Eventually we must adopt the rule of "safety first."

In this connection the Santa Fe railroad has created a new office whose incumbent will be known as the commissioner of safety. It will be his business to go from place to place on the road studying accidents and their prevention. Presumably he will be empowered to organize the employees to help him in his work.

A foreign scientist says that by a simple operation he can eliminate stage fright. If so, he can get a job with the speakers' bureau of one of the national committees.

Powder puffs are being sold at the house of representatives in Washington. Is the powder puff to take the place of the whitewash brush?

KING OF FRUITS.

To Eat a Durian You Must First Overcome Your Sense of Smell.

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The East furnishes in the durian one of the strangest of fruits. It has been called "the king of fruits, as the orange is the queen," but there are many who are not liking for it.

There is this difficulty about the durian. Its consumption presents the same obstacle to enjoyment as a ripe cheese. To eat a durian one must first overcome one's sense of smell. The odor of the durian suggests the illiberal cheese, onion sauce, brown sherry and other incongruities. It has also been compared to the smell of a limekiln in

SUMMER DRINKS

Chelmsford Spring Ginger Ale, \$2.20 per case, \$1.00 rebate for empty bottles and case.
Moxie, 20c. bottle, \$2.25 doz.
Lime Juice, 10c. and 25c. bottle.
Grape Juice, 25c. bottle.
Hire's Root Beer Extract 15 cents bottle.
Colman's Root Beer Extract, 10c. bottle.

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351 Main Street.
TELEPHONE 242-3.

OUR Store Policy

has always been to carry the standard and desirable goods in every line. That is why we choose Kodaks for our photographic department. You will never regret the purchase of a 3A Folding Pocket Kodak—\$20.

Whitcher's PILL BOX

LET US SHOW YOU.

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

TIME TABLE
In effect June 25, 1912.
(Subject to change without notice.)

Leave WOBURN CENTRE for MALDEN SQ. at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.
Leave MALDEN SQ. for WOBURN CENTRE at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for SAUGUS CENTRE at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.
Leave SAUGUS CENTRE for WOBURN CENTRE at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.
Leave WOBURN CENTRE for BOSTON at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.
Leave BOSTON for WOBURN CENTRE at 5:45 A.M., then every 30 minutes to 11:15 P.M.

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS RUGS

Made into handsome and durable
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, All kinds of Carpet and Rug Cleaning, 7 BURLINGAME, WOBURN.
Caneless Chairs Reupholstered.
Telephone 492 W.

NOTICE.

Hair Mattresses Made Over. Ticks Washed and New Ticks furnished when required. New Hair Mattresses when needed.

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Telephone connection.

RHEUMATISM

This insupportable disease is caused from impure blood and uric acid. External applications sometimes give temporary relief but will not cure; the sure way to secure permanent results is to thoroughly eradicate from the blood all the impurities. Nothing on earth will drive out the poisons from your system, keep the bowels, kidneys and liver in good condition as SEVEN BARKS, the wonderful remedy that has proved its worth for the past 42 years.
SEVEN BARKS can be had of all druggists, at 50 cents per bottle. Give it a good trial and watch your rheumatism disappear.
LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 349 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

BEFORE THE CAMERA.

The Best Pose, as a Rule, Is For the Three-quarter Face.
How very few people really know how to sit for a photograph! Every face has its weak points, and these, unfortunately, have a way of cropping in a picture and ruining the effect. Of course a photograph should be absolutely lifelike, but at the same time it is naturally preferable to look one's best. Scarcely one face in a hundred has features perfect enough to promise a satisfactory photograph in profile, for this pose brings any little defect into the foreground.
For a full face picture a sitter must possess fine eyes, above all things. If they are good the pose will be a success, even if the other features are lacking in comeliness.
If one has any pronounced defects to hide, the three-quarter face is really the happiest way to be photographed. This position enhances the charms of the beautiful and tones down the irregularities of the plain face.
It is never well to be photographed in a last century style, for in a year or so the picture is ruined by the old-fashioned headgear. But a picture that is such as those worn by the Gainsborough women—makes a most picturesque setting for a beautiful face, and this, of course, is never out of fashion—London Answers.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Known as a Flower to Which God Has Granted Wings.
Our continent has a monopoly of humming birds, the gems of the feathered creation. Of these there are said to be as many as 400 species, most of which confine themselves to the tropical regions.
Only eighteen varieties live farther north than Mexico. It is generally thought that humming birds live upon honey. This, however, is a mistake. They do devour some honey, it is true, but most of their food consists of the small insects which inhabit certain flowers.
The little bird is therefore useful as well as beautiful and has been called a flower to which God has granted wings.
Humming birds are so small that when they are captured for commercial purposes it is impossible to see even the smallest spot for fear of injuring their skins. They are therefore stunned with a drop of water from a blowgun or syringe and fall into a net, when they are quickly poisoned.
Humming birds vary in size from those half as large as a sparrow to those about the size of a bee. Their flight is so swift that they can be well seen only when poised on a flower—Ave Maria.

The Train Robbers.

"Yes," said the distinguished foreigner traveling in this country and being interviewed by the busy reporter—"yes, I've gone about quite a bit in this little big hinterland, I see. And I can't help wondering why your blooming government doesn't catch the train robbers and lock them up, by Jove!"
"Train robbers?" said the American. "Why, have you met up with train robbers already?"
"Tubby Shaw! Tubby Shaw!"
"Who's that?"
"I mention say, yes, I have. These black and white faces, s'know, and then they come in very politely and take me money."
The American thought it over, and then it began to dawn upon him that this was only another story about Pullman porters.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Mistake.

"While in Kansas City last week I had occasion to dictate some notes to a hotel stenographer in regard to a coming visit to a Chicago man. 'I begin one paragraph with this statement: 'On Wednesday evening the visitors will be the guests of the various fraternal organizations having clubhouses in the city.'"
"This particular paragraph came back typewritten thus: 'On Wednesday evening the visitors will be the guests of the various freight terminal organizations having clubhouses in the city.'"—Chicago Post.

OPENING COURT IN LONDON.

Pictureque Ceremony That Accompanies a Criminal Trial.
The setting of a criminal trial in London is in striking contrast with that of any similar scene in an American court room. The opening of court in the morning and after luncheon is a curious ceremony, according to T. Leamling's "A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts." The bar and audience rise and bow to the judge, especially to the one by which the visitor has reached the dusier end of the two shelves, gowned in flowing dark robes trimmed with fur.
Then comes the undersheriff, in very smart black velvet, with breeches of white buckled shoes, cocked hat under arm and sword at side. The sheriffs bow in ushering to his seat the judge, who is arrayed in wig and robe, which, in the case of the lord chief justice or one of the judges of the high court, is of brilliant scarlet, with a dark blue sash over one shoulder, or in the case of the common sergeant is of somber black.
The judge having seated himself in a chair—so cumbersome as to require a little track to roll it forward sufficiently close to the desk—the sheriffs dispose themselves in the seats not occupied by the judge or his guest, and later they quietly withdraw. They have no part in the proceedings. Their only function is to usher the judges in and out and to entertain them at luncheon, for the judges are by custom their guests.
At luncheon time the sheriffs escort the judges from their seats, and all the judges, sheriffs and undersheriffs and any guests they may invite assemble in the dining room of the courthouse for an excellent substantial luncheon served by butler and footman in blue liveries with brass buttons, knee breeches and white stockings.
The luncheon table looks odd with the varied scotches, the rich blues, the bright scarlets and the wigs of the party, who, no longer on duty, relax into jolly sociability. Indeed, the visitor cannot escape the impression that he has in some way joined a group of "suspens" from the opera who are snatching a light supper between the choruses.

Making a Record.

Ella—You say she has driven two men insane? Bella—Yes. She killed one. Ella—What about the other? Bella—She married him—Gibb Fellow.

MAGIC OF WOODCRAFT.

Feats of Trailing the Result of Observation and Deduction.
The truth is that without a knowledge of woodcraft one would soon perish in the wilderness, and woodcraft is simply Sherlock Holmes' work applied to wild life, a matter of observation and deduction. If a man finds a lot of hair adhering to a trunk of a tree he knows it did not grow there, and he is safe in assuming that no animal took the trouble to stick it there. Thus he arrives at the conclusion that some animal has been scratching itself on the tree.
But in order to tell what animal has been there he must be familiar with the habits belonging to all the inhabitants of that section. Not until then can he say that a deer, a moose, a puma or a wolf, as the case may be, rubbed its side against the tree trunk. Of course if there is snow upon the ground the tracks of the animal will aid him in identifying the creature.
Again, if the day is absolutely calm and the sun is shining and he notes that the dead leaves have been displaced and their damp sides turned toward the sun, he knows that the pebbles are exposed because they have recently been disturbed and concludes that some animal disturbed the leaves or pebbles.
In fact, the apparently wonderful feats of trailing are based primarily upon a trained habit of observation—Dan Beard in Leslie's.

AN ELEPHANT'S CHARGE.

The Way It Was Met by a Cool Headed and Nervy Hunter.
Dr. Dunbar Brumton, a well known sportsman in Africa as a district medical officer. One of his most thrilling adventures was with a bull elephant. With a friend, who went off on another track, he had been following up the tracks of elephants all day without success, and just before sundown received word from his comrade that he was going back. Dr. Brumton decided to return also, but before starting on the homeward track sat down and lighted a pipe. He was sitting quietly when he heard the noise of his friend's hunters, and a native who carried a gun said, "Look!"
A great bull elephant was close upon them. Very quietly the doctor laid down his pipe and took his gun, while the natives scattered up the trees in terror. The doctor took a quick shot, but just missed the elephant's brain. It threw up its trunk, opened its mouth, put its tusks forward and charged. A second shot struck in the shoulder, but did not check its onrush. The doctor shot again when it was within a few paces, and, hurrying past him, it fell, with legs outstretched, with a bullet in its head. The doctor turned to his pipe. It was still and he finished his smoke while the natives danced round the body of the elephant.—Chicago News.

Man Eating Sharks.

The sailor says that the most ferocious creature that swims in the sea is the shark. By that he does not mean every shark, but what is called the man eater, which is a certain species of tiger in India is called the man eater because it hunts human beings for its prey, preferring them to animals. The man eating shark is not the largest of this species of fish, but is noted for its strength, also the rapidity with which it swims. It goes through the water so rapidly that few fish exceed it in swiftness, and it is thus able to catch food of that kind. This is especially true in the waters—such as the Indian and south Atlantic oceans, the Pacific ocean and the waters adjacent to them—that are deep enough for the shark to swim in.—Chambers' Journal.

Oddly Shaped Spiders.

The most peculiar spiders in the world as well as the largest ones inhabit the island of Sumatra. They are of all conceivable forms and colors, and some of them spin threads almost as large and strong as the grocer's twine. Some queerly shaped spiders have square heads, others have long red legs, and others have crooked green and yellow legs which support heart shaped bodies. One of the very oddest of the lot has a body that looks like that of a young turtle, the "shell" having four knobs and pear shaped projections all over it.

Rousseau on Show.

Rousseau created a sensation when he visited England in 1794. "Rousseau and a French Lady," wrote Lord Charlemont, "were followed by crowds when he first arrived in London, and as long as this species of admiration lasted he was contented and happy. Garrick not only gave a supper in his honor, but played two characters specially to please him. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick declared that she never spent a more unpleasant evening in her life. The philosopher being so anxious to display himself, he brought over the front of the box so much that she was obliged to hold him by the skirts of his coat to prevent him from falling over into the pit."

Helping Father.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the curate, calling unexpectedly to visit a member of his flock, found him out in two senses.
The gentleman's young son came to the door and announced his father's absence. "He's gone to the golf club," said he casually, and then, reading perhaps some shade of disapproval in the curate's eyes, he extended thus: "He's not going to play golf, you don't on a Sunday; only to drink beer and have a game of cards."
Having thus cleared his father's character, he shut the door on the dumfounded cleric.—London Answers.

Involved.

"Pop, is patience a virtue?"
"Yes, my son."
"And virtue is its own reward?"
"So we are told."
"And do all things come to those who know how to wait?"
"See here, my son, never attempt to monkey with the proverbial buzzsaw!" Puck.

Much Better.

"Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies; it is better raw."
"The doctors are right. A raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one." Brooklyn Eagle.

WASHINGTON'S HUMOR.

A Dinner Invitation That Showed the General's Genial Side.
In spite of his general opinion to the effect that Washington was not an especially grave and austere man. He had a sense of humor and could make or enjoy a joke as well as any one. From Professor C. F. Holliday's "Wit and Humor of the United States" is taken this letter, written to invite a friend, with the ladies of his family, to dine with the general. There is no date, but there is some reason to think that the note may have been written from Valley Forge, where the grave and hardened soldier in a pleasantly genial light.
"Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of mutton, to grace the head of the table, a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the center."
"When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case tonight, he will serve two beefsteaks or plates of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about the width of a hand. I have heard of near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it is a question if in the violence of his efforts we do not get one of apples instead of cherries both of beefsteaks."
"If the ladies can put up with such entertainment and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them."

STAMPING A LETTER.

A Swindler's Way of Doing It Brought Him to Grief.

"Whether a man is a criminal or a law-abiding citizen, he ought to take the pains to stick his postage stamps on exactly straight," an old detective said. "If he is straight he won't lose anything by it, and if he is crooked he will gain. When I was in the zone, I used to service the first class I found out about a man under suspicion was the way he stuck on his stamps. One of the cleverest swindlers I ever landed was tracked through his postage stamps.
"You put a stamp on a certain way for a little while it becomes second nature, and you stick it on that way unconsciously. That was what that man did. All his stamps were stuck on diagonally, leaving a little triangle of space at the corner of the envelope. He was a slippery fellow and had eluded vigilance for months.
"One day I happened to be loitering around a postoffice of a country town, waiting for a letter. It was still and the mail came in, and through the little window I watched the postmaster sort it. Presently I spotted an envelope with the stamp stuck on in that triangular fashion. I got the postmaster, asked him to show me the stamp, and he said: 'That's the way he stuck on his stamps on straight probably he never would have been caught.'—New York Times.

DANGERS OF COCAINE.

Effects of the Constant Use of This Powerful Stimulant.
The most harmful of all habit forming drugs is cocaine. Nothing so quickly deteriorates its victim or provides so short a cut to the insane asylum. It differs from opium in two important ways. A man does not acquire a habit from cocaine in the sense that he is virtually impossible for him to leave it off without medical treatment. He can do so, although he rarely does. On withdrawal he experiences only an intense and horrible depression, together with a physical languor which results in a sleepiness that cannot be shaken off.
Opium withdrawal, on the other hand, results in sleeplessness and extreme nervous and physical disorder. In action, too, cocaine is exactly the opposite of opium, for cocaine is an extreme stimulant. Its stimulus wears off quickly and leaves a corresponding depression, but it confers half an hour of capability of intense effort. That is why bicyclists, prizefighters and race horses are so often "doped" with cocaine.
When cocaine gives out its victim invariably resorts to alcohol for stimulus. Alcohol, however, when deprived of alcohol generally drifts into the use of morphine.—Charles B. Towns in Century.

HIS MISSING ENVELOPE.

He Learned Where It Was and a Lesson at the Same Time.
This happened in a crowded subway express train the other night.
An old man boarded the train at the Fourteenth street station and clung to a strap in front of a young woman who was seated. As none of the men showed a disposition to let the old man sit down, the young woman arose and offered her seat to him.
Before he could sit down a younger man slid into the vacant seat. The young woman was confused, but only for a minute. She leaned down slightly and said to the man in the seat: "You dropped an envelope on the platform, sir."
The man jumped up and elbowed his way to the platform. Half a minute's search failed to reveal the supposed envelope. The man returned and the young woman was standing and said: "Say, lady, where is that envelope? I can't find it out there."
"That envelope," replied the young woman, "is the same place your manners are."
The young man understood and faded from view. The old man got the seat, while the people in the vicinity looked, listened and laughed.—New York Sun.

A Dark Dungeon.

About the middle of February, 1862, while in "sticker" quarters, General Negley of the Second New Hampshire, who later won fame as a soldier, lawyer and statesman, to build a dungeon without so much as a crack or opening anywhere, so that it should be perfectly dark. The dungeon was built with four solid walls, and one day General Negley came over to inspect it. He was accompanied by Colonel Marston. "Where is the entrance," said the general, "and how do you get anybody into it?" "Oh," said Colonel Marston, "that is not my lookout. I simply played your orders."

Why the Deaf Are Grateful.

A pleasant contrast to the sad fate of the deaf is furnished by Dr. Thirwall, the radical bishop of St. David's, who wrote the history of Greece that held the field before the arrival of Grote. In his old age he became stone deaf, but so far from fretting, declared that the "infamy" was really a blessing, because it relieved him from the futile conversation of bores. One day a friend, forgetting the bishop's deafness, greeted him with the usual remark about the weather. The bishop, however, replied: "It is a fine day," belittled the friend repeatedly into the prelate's ear. When Thirwall finally grasped the meaning of the remark he quietly philosophized: "Dear me! How little a man loses by being deaf!"—London Chronicle.

Fully Explained.

"What is Boston coffee?" asked the customer at the lunch counter.
"It's the kind you put the cream in first," answered the waiter girl.
"But why is it called Boston coffee?"
"Because the cream is put in first."
"Yes, I know. But when a man orders Boston coffee why do you put the cream in first? That's the question."
"Because he orders Boston coffee. Anything else you wish to know, sir?"—Woman's Home Companion.

Suffragette who hurled a hatchet at Premier Asquith should have entered the hammer throwing contests at the Olympic games.

The wine of life goes into vinegar, and folks that hugger a bottle shirk the crust.—Douglas Jerrold.

ZINC SMELTING.

Not a Modern Art, Since It Was Known as Early as 1798.
For many years the art of zinc smelting was supposed to be relatively modern among metallurgical processes and to be due to the invention of the Abbe Daniel Dony, a chemist of Liege, the story of whose accidental discovery in 1805 is classical.
The particular type of Belgian furnace may indeed be credited to Dony, but it has long been doubtful whether he was really unacquainted with previous methods. Thus it is well known that the manufacture of spelter was begun in Upper Silesia about 1798, 1800 by Johann Rubberg, who learned the art in England (where zinc smelting was then being carried on by the English process of distillation downward) and brought his knowledge to zinc smelting in Carinthia in 1790.
As remarked by Ignatius in "Production and Properties of Zinc": "It is incomprehensible indeed that ten years later there should have been no knowledge in Belgium of the fact of zinc being done in this branch of metallurgy in England, the two countries being separated only by a narrow strip of water, while the news had previously penetrated eastward to the Polish frontier."
—Engineering and Mining Journal.

MAKING CLOUD PICTURES.

Some Useful Hints That May Help Amateur Photographers.
Your cloud picture depends largely upon your choice of a subject. Rivers and small lakes, mountains and hills and the contrast, while trees in the immediate foreground come next. Wide expanses of level lands or vast stretches of water are unsatisfactory. If you desire an ocean cloud effect be sure to place a cliff or some prominent land in the foreground to break the monotony.
The exposure for cloud effects, made necessary by the laws of light and optics, is necessarily very rapid. Anomalous as it may seem, this does not presuppose extra rapid lens. In fact, such a one may defeat the very object you hope to attain. I make my cloud scenes with an ordinary rectilinear lens by preference. The exposure with an eight stop should be the maximum speed of the ordinary shutter. If the day is exceedingly brilliant the stop must be correspondingly decreased. The great danger is in over exposure, thereby dissolving your cloud.—Charles Street Moody in Outing Magazine.

FLOATING A TOWN AWAY.

Story of the Origin of Commercial Street in Provincetown.
Commercial street in Provincetown had an origin in keeping with its present nautical air and appeal to the imagination. The town originally stood on the spit of sand far out across the harbor, where the lighthouse now is. Many years ago the government bought Provincetown, houses and all, in order to protect the harbor from the threatening sea. The Provincetownians went to the government people and asked what they were going to do with the houses.
"Pull 'em down, of course," said the government.
"Can't we have 'em?" inquired the townsmen.
"Sure," replied the government, "if you'll take 'em away."
"Sure," echoed the Provincetownians. Old wreckers that they were, they applied their technique to the problems of the town. They weakened their dwellings up, necklaced empty casks about them in the way of life preservers and one sunny morning the village of Provincetown, true to its maritime traditions, set sail, schoolhouse and all, and floated away across the harbor to where it now stands. Near the railway track today they point out the certain store as the original seafaring schoolhouse.—Metropolitan Magazine.

THE CURIOUS SNAIL.

This Creature Can Live Without Air, Water or Nourishment.
While the snail has lungs, heart and a general circulation and is in every respect an air breathing creature, it can nevertheless exist indefinitely without inhaling the least breath of air, the elements that it usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs.
"To all organized creatures," said Leppert, "the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment and heat causes death to ensue. We are not aware of any creature that can exist without these elements. The snail is one among the great host of 'organized beings,' for experiments by Spallanzani have proved that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in the case of the snail without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.
The common snail retreats into its shell on the approach of frosty weather, and the opening or mouth of its shell is usually closed by a horny substance which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that it is deprived of three of the four elements of life mentioned above—air, water and nourishment.—Harper's Weekly.

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SMOKE FOR A LIVING.

French Tobacco Testers and Their Peculiar Line of Work.
In the French ministry of finance there is a class of officials whose activity is little known to the outer world. These men are the official tobacco testers, and they pass judgment on every kind of tobacco manufactured in France.
They consist of a chairman and five assistants, and from morning to evening they have nothing to do but smoke cigars, cigarettes and pipes, in order to arrive at an estimate of the different kinds of tobacco submitted to them.
It is not only the products of home industry that come before them for judgment, but the cigars and cigarettes that are sold in France have also to make their appeal to the decision of their palate, and the pleasantest part of the day's work comes when it falls to their lot to test the high price Havana cigars sold by the state.
The officials who undertake this difficult and responsible duty are ex-inspectors of tobacco manufactures who have passed a certain number of years in the service and have given proof of their capability for this peculiar kind of work. Their by no means light duty consists in smoking from 9 in the morning to 5 in the evening, and very often it is by no means the best of tobacco with which they have to deal.
The injurious influence of this tobacco deluge, which produces great dryness of the mouth and throat and might easily lead to alcoholism, they endeavor to combat by drinking great quantities of black coffee, which acts as an antidote to the effects of the nicotine habit. And it is only black coffee that renders it possible for them to distinguish between and estimate the value of the various kinds of strong tobacco.
The danger runs by these officials' officials can best be gauged by remembering the highly poisonous character of nicotine as brought out especially by the experience of a Croatian in the Crimean war, who, on finding a snake in his tent, used the law of the club and plunged the end into its mouth, with the result that it fell dead at his feet as stiff as a piece of iron.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

Everything Out.

A "cub" reporter was sent out by his city editor to cover a fire in the Back Bay district. Before he could reach the house the fire had been extinguished and the fire department gone. Nothing daunted, the reporter rang the bell of the house and soon was confronted by a servant girl.
"I wish to see Mr. Robinson," said the reporter, politely tipping his hat.
"He's out," tersely answered the servant.
"Is his wife at home?" asked the reporter.
"No," came the answer.
"Well," came back the reporter, "I understand you have had a fire here."
"Oh, that's out too," and the reporter went sadly away as the door slammed in his face.—Boston Traveler.

A Suggestion.

The retailer stopped one of his oldest customers on the street.
"I want to speak to you," he began.
"Go ahead, and see if I care."
"You've got to care. This bill of yours has been running a long time now."
"Poor thing! How can you be so cruel as to let it run a long time?"
"Well, what are you going to do with it?"
"I'm going to make you a suggestion. If that bill has been running for as long as you say it has give it a rest. Let it stand for a month or two,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wideawake Prisoner.

The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge, dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."
"All right, your honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."—Harper's.

Allayed His Fever.

Old Bachelor—Whitcher looking so blue and out of humor? De Charlemont—Reason enough. Last night I dramatically told Doc De Rocks that I was consumed with love for his daughter, and the old chump prescribed quinine for a fever and said he'd send the bill later.—Boston Record.

Fills the Bill.

"A sentence with the word exposure," the teacher demanded, and a sturdy boy put up his hand.
"You fellows don't quit your grafting till exposure," he quoted grandiloquently from the noted reformer lecturer he had heard.—New York Times.

The Poet's Roost.

William Watson says of the poet, "He sits above the clang and dust of time."
This might indicate that he takes to the roof when his wife begins her spring housecleaning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curiosity.

Where necessity ends curiosity begins, and no sooner are we supplied with everything the nature can demand than we sit down to the contrivance of artificial appetites.—Johnson.

The man who tells for a principle ennobles himself by the act.—Theodore Parker.

A la Crimison Gulch.

"These great nations," remarked Plute Pete as he thoughtfully folded his newspaper, "have party much the same idea that we have here in Crimison Gulch."
"In what respect?"
"They sort of take it for granted that the one that kin shoot quickest, straightest and truest is sort of naturally entitled to be considered boss."—Washington Star.

Phonograph Records.

"The family in the flat next to ours have a phonograph."
"Have they any good records?"
"Yes," they have one record for six hours continuously playing and another of six hours and twenty minutes almost continuous."—Kansas City Journal.

Deferred Dividend.

"Oh, mother! I just broke a window with my ball!"
"Very well, Tommy, I'm busy just now, but if you'll remind me a little later I'll punish you."—Life.

The Two Partners

A Story of a Merited Revenge

By SARAH J. RATHBUN

Peter Morehead and John Springer were partners in a mine they were developing in one of the western gold fields. Several other prospectors had their eyes on Morehead and Springer's hole in the ground, and their glances were covetous, for it was strongly suspected that there was wealth at the bottom of the digging.

These other men were Henry Seymour, Ben Lyle and Sam Miller. They met one evening in Seymour's shanty, and the topic of conversation fell on the Morehead-Springer property. Different plans were proposed by which they might get possession of it, and finally one was suggested by Seymour that met with favor on the part of the other two. The scheme was to put its owners in such a position that the property could be had for a song.

A few days later Springer disappeared. Miller produced a knife on which were human blood spots that he said had been found near the Morehead-Springer mine. The conspirators went to Morehead's shanty and accused him of murdering his partner. Morehead indignantly denied the charge, but could give no cause for Springer's disappearance. Whereupon the three men incited a number of miners to join with them and hang Morehead to the limb of a tree.

Under the leadership of the three conspirators an effort was made to force Morehead to confess, medieval methods being employed for the purpose. They put a rope around his neck, threw the other end over the limb of a tree and slowly raised him off his feet. Twice under this strain he fainted before he yielded. Then he agreed



THEN HE AGREED TO CONFESS.

to confess if they would grant him a regular trial. By this time the number of hangers had grown to quite a crowd, and the conspirators lost the control. The majority were in favor of granting a trial, and Morehead was taken to jail.

Seymour visited the prisoner and told him that he had become convinced of his innocence, that Morehead would need money for his defense and that he (Seymour) would buy his interest in the Morehead-Springer mine, which would give the accused the necessary funds.

This gave Morehead a suspicion that the accusation made against him was a plot to gain possession of his property. He declined to sell. The trio, who now realized that they must get him out of the way or in the end suffer for their crimes, decided to put their end in acquiring the mine, manufactured evidence against Morehead. At the trial they produced a witness who swore that he had seen the knife found by Miller in Morehead's possession. Other witnesses were brought forward who swore that they had heard high words between Morehead and Springer the day before the latter had disappeared. There was not a scrap of evidence that did not come indirectly and secretly from the conspirators, but there was quite enough of this to convict the prisoner.

Trials, except by Judge Lynch, are necessarily prolonged. Seymour and those in league with him endeavored to create a feeling among the people that Morehead's conviction would fall through and they had better take the matter into their own hands. They went so far as to incite a mob to attack the jail, possess themselves of the prisoner and hang him. It was only by the steadfastness and bravery of the sheriff that the plan failed. Hearing of it in time, he armed a number of deputies, and when the mob appeared declared that Morehead would not be given up without a battle. This was more than the conspirators had bargained for. In order to make capital for themselves they advised the mob they had incited to retire, and Morehead was again saved from being murdered.

Working in this way, under cover, the three men created so much bitterness against the accused that he was finally convicted and sentenced to be hanged. By this time he had become sensible that his enemies were determined to put him out of the way and felt sure they would succeed. He sent for Seymour and offered to sell him the mine if he would arrange with some of the witnesses to confess that they had been mistaken in their evidence and had perjured themselves. Seymour said he couldn't consent to purchase evidence, but he would buy the mine, and the condemned man could use the money received for it as he might see fit. They did not come to terms, and Seymour went away saying that he would think the matter over and come to see Morehead again the next day.

But the next day some one else came who was not expected. Morehead was pacing his cell in an agony of suspense when he heard steps in the corridor and in another moment who should stand looking at him through the bars, but his partner Springer.

change from death to life that he sank down in a swoon. When he recovered Springer, who was in full possession of his faculties, sent away the jailer, and the partners held a conference alone. Springer revealed the fact that he had been told on the day of his disappearance that there was a telegram for him at the railroad station some ten miles distant; that his informant believed that it announced the serious illness or death of his wife, who was in the east. He had ridden on a gallop to the station and on his arrival had been arrested and spirited away on the next train that came along. Extrication papers had been procured by creditors of his in the east in support of a criminal charge of embezzlement, and he was taken east for trial.

How much the conspirators had had to do with this kidnapping the partners did not know except that Lyle had informed Springer as to the telegram and had kept the matter a secret, so that Springer's arrest, which occurred about when no one was at the mine, who knew him, did not become known.

Fortunately Morehead had not let Seymour know that he suspected him and his two pals of having hatched a plot against him, and Springer had not since his return seen either of the three. Springer had been detained some time in the east, during which he had made an arrangement with his creditors. He had written his partner, and the conspirators had been on the watch for a letter from him and intercepted it. Had Morehead consented to the sale of his interest in the mine, which was two-thirds of the whole, the plot would have succeeded. His refusal had placed the plotters in a position that grew more hazardous every day.

And yet, now that their plan had been frustrated, the partners saw the futility of proving it against them. They decided not to take advantage of the law to obtain redress, but to achieve their revenge themselves and by concealed methods.

Morehead was set at liberty without any prolonged legal process. He was permitted to go without even the form of a pardon. He wrote a note to Seymour thanking him for his kind offer of relief when he was in trouble, and Springer spoke of his partner's arrest and accusation as a mistake—a mistake that had nearly cost Springer his life. So interested was Morehead in securing the vengeance he was determined on that he played his game with remarkable naturalness, and so far as Springer was concerned all he had to do was to say as little as possible.

One day Springer went to Seymour and told him that they needed a little capital in order to proceed in the development of their mine. If he would like to invest a little money or had any friends that would like to do so he and Morehead would be glad to take them in. Seymour, at the book, and Springer, who knew by this time who were his accomplices in the plot that had nearly cost Morehead his life, felt sure that Miller and Lyle would be taken into the investment and on the "ground floor."

It was finally arranged that Seymour and the other two should visit the mine at night, since the partners expressed a fear that some outsider might get wind of what the property was producing.

On the appointed evening the three accomplices visited the cabin of the partners and were shown some specimens of ore that they were told had recently been taken out of the mine. These lumps were so rich in gold that they made the would-be purchasers' eyes turn green with covetousness. Then Springer offered to take them into the mine and show them ore not yet detached that would correspond perfectly with the specimens they had inspected.

All five proceeded to the mine and went down into it. Springer carried a candle, which he lit at the entrance. When they reached the bottom of the mine the candle went out. Whether it was blown out by blowing out the draft is not known. A few moments later Springer dashed by Morehead, who gave a post a blow with an ax and let down a dozen tons of earth.

The next day the partners reported that they had lost their mine by the fire, but that it had turned out to be worthless, so it didn't matter. That was the last that was seen of the partners in that region, and they were never heard of in any other. Three men were noticed to be missing, but this he so or not (for another tradition places his birth at Paris), Richieu was the place the cardinal loved and strove to dignify by founding a new town. He approved the plans of a square walled city with six gates, gave exemption from taxes to those inhabitants who built the first hundred houses and built for himself outside a marvelous chateau, rivaling the state of the king, which has since been destroyed.—Westminster Gazette.

Bay Tree Beliefs.
Long before the time of Shakespeare the bay tree was an object of superstition. The withering of such a tree was believed to be a sure indication of coming misfortune to those with whom it was in any way connected. Shakespeare gave voice to the superstition in "Richard III." when he made one of his characters say:
"The thought the king is dead; we'll not stay."
The bay trees in our country are withered.

It was thought by the ancients that lightning would never harm this tree, and it was customary among them to carry bay leaves as a charm against the thunderbolts of Jove. The same belief was long prevalent in England, and reference to it may be found in an old poem dedicated to Ben Jonson:
"I see that wreath which doth the weaver arm
Against the quick strokes of thunder is no charm
To keep off death's male dart."

Life is a tragedy wherein we sit as spectators awhile and then act our part in it.—Swift.

ISLANDS OF CORAL

True Ones Only in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

THE GREAT BARRIER ATOLL.

This Famous Coral Reef, Off the Australian Coast, is the Largest in the World and Extends For Thousands of Miles—Bermuda's Worm Tubes.

There are no true coral islands in the Atlantic. The coral islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans are very distinct from the so-called coral islands of Bermuda and the West Indies.

True coral islands, or atolls, are formed by corals building upward on a submerged reef or peak until the growth reaches the surface of the sea or so near it that broken pieces of coral, drift, sand, etc., accumulate and in time build an exposed islet. At other times the coral reef is raised above the water by volcanic action. The Pacific reefs are often circular or semicircular in form, and such reefs are known as atolls.

The largest coral reef is the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which extends for several thousand miles. The coral islands of the Atlantic are formed by wave broken shells and bits of coral which have become solidified and fossilized by chemical action and age. This material is known as a fossil limestone and is soft and durable, but where freshly broken or cut it is very soft and can be chiseled and sawed into blocks for building purposes.

Many of the West Indian coral islands are partly composed of fossil coral reefs which have been raised far above the present sea level by the volcanic uplift of the rocks to which they were attached. Such coral reefs, says the American Boy, are often found hundreds of feet above sea level and in places are found alternating with layers of lava, showing that the islands have been raised and submerged several times in the past.

The atoll-like reefs in Bermuda are not coral at all, but are formed of innumerable worm tubes belonging to certain annelids. These worm tubes are often thickly incrustated with other growths, such as corals, seaweeds, bryozoans, etc., and thus have the appearance of being composed of real coral.

Corals, when alive, are not white, but are of many beautiful and vivid shades of green, pink, red, brown, yellow, lavender or orange.

A mass of living corals, when seen through the wonderfully clear waters of the tropical sea, is a very beautiful and brilliantly colored sight. There are a great many kinds of coral. Some are rounded and massive and are known as "brain corals." Others are broad and spreading or branched, while others are delicately formed and very brittle. Others are covered with rose shaped or star shaped markings and are called "rose" or "star corals." Some of the openings or indentations in the coral mark the spot where a coral animal lived. The animals or "polyps" are very similar to sea anemones in form and have numerous fleshy tentacles, which may be drawn in out of sight when danger threatens. The entire coral is covered with animal matter when alive, and it is only after all the flesh is removed and the skeleton is bleached that the white coral appears. All the corals mentioned are known as "stony corals."

Another very large group of corals is the "horny corals," or Gorgonias. The well known "sea fans," as well as the "red coral" used for jewelry, belong to this group.

Corals are not all confined to tropical seas. There are numerous species found as far north as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and Greenland, but these are not the reef building species, but belong to groups inhabiting the deep sea. One species is quite common on the coast of New England, but Bermuda marks the northern limit of reef building species in the Atlantic—Exchange.

Locating Himself.
The telephone girl in a certain New York hotel answered a queer call over the house exchange the other morning about 11 o'clock. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said: "Hello! Is this the Se-and-so hotel?"
"No," replied the girl, who was slightly surprised. "This is Such-and-so hotel."

His Favorites.
"I am inclined to suspect the sobriety of the last student in our class."
"Why, so?"
"When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology he replied swallows, bats and larks."—Baltimore American.

Net Normal.
"I don't like those people at all. They're too good."
"What's the trouble?"
"They've kept the same maid for eight years and insist that they've never had a washwoman disappoint them."—Detroit Free Press.

Willie's Question.
"Pa, was Job a doctor?"
"Not that I know of."
"Then why do people have so much to say about the patients of Job?"—Boston Transcript.

Who accepts from another sells his own freedom.—From the German.

An Accomplishment to Be Revived.
Tommy Hardup—Can you whistle, Mr. Wigwag? Wigwag—No, my boy. My whistling days are over. Tommy—Then you'd better learn again. Wigwag—Why, Tommy—Can't you hear? I've heard you whistle so much money and you'd have to whistle for it.

Dear Little Edward.
Uncle—What have you learned at school today, Edward? Edward—Just how to take the back of my history book. I had a real good Indian story, so the teacher can't find out that I ain't studying.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is very easy to get angry with somebody for doing what it would be very unreasonable for anybody to get angry over if you do it.

Self Accused.
"Do you remember that \$5 you borrowed of me a year ago?"
"I should say I did. I lent it of it to Brown, and the skunk hasn't paid me yet."—Boston Transcript.

HOW THE EARTH DRIED.

And Why the Drying Up Process Is Constantly Going On.

When water is decomposed by radium or by ultra violet rays it produces hydrogen and peroxide of hydrogen, and it does not form oxygen. Electrolytic decomposition forms oxygen.

A German investigator bases a new theory relating to the drying of the earth on the fact that one form of decomposition produces oxygen, while the other form does not. Part of the water vapor emitted by the sea is decomposed by the ultra violet rays of the sun. The hydrogen formed rises toward the high atmospheric strata, and all the water does not return to the surface. Therefore the quantity of water on the face of the globe is always diminishing, and the earth is incessantly, if gradually, drying.

To cite one example: On the north side of the Alps occur a continual falling off in the depth of the lakes and a gradual formation of swamps. Two hundred and fifty years ago there were 149 lakes in the cañon of Zurich. Today there are seventy-six. The destruction of the forests and the cultivation of the land partially explain this, but the loss of hydrogen is an important factor. The hydrogen accumulated in the higher atmosphere is diffused in interstellar space—Harper's Weekly.

REPORTED THE WEDDING.

The Dramatic Critic Got the Job and Did the Best He Could.

In the absence of the regular society reporter the dramatic critic of the Daily Doings was detailed to cover a wedding. He did his best, he said, "but I feel sure I shall make a mess of it."

This is what he turned in, omitting the preliminary remarks about the size of the house and the delay in bringing the performance.

"Mr. Barker, in the role of the bridegroom, acted the part in a stiff yet listless manner. He has a good stage presence, but mars the effect by a total lack of animation and an almost inaudible voice. Miss Perkins, as the bride, was much more effective. Her costume was bewildering, yet true to life. If one may venture to criticize, her effort to overcome her obvious stage fright was a trifle too evident. She was in good voice, however, and her enunciation was clear and distinct."

"It must be pointed out that both Miss Perkins and Mr. Barker were prompted in their lines and had to be prompted almost constantly by the Rev. Henry Harper, who, as the officiating clergyman, was decidedly the star of the performance."—New York Press.

Homesickness Spoils Photographs.

Amia thought, though, so did her New York relatives, that the photographer was unparagonably disconcerted. For three consecutive days he refused to take Amia's photograph. On the fourth day he told her, "In justice to her," he said, "I do not want to take her picture now. She is too homesick. She does not want to be photographed while in New York. If they are longing for home I put them off with one excuse or another until the homesickness wears off."

"If you want your aunt's pictures to turn out well just hang up one of those dangerous photographs. The picture is visiting in New York at present and bring him here so she will meet him unexpectedly. The meeting will put sparkle and animation into her face, and, withal, she will be disappointed with the photographs."—New York Times.

A Hard Road to Travel.

To add to Bunkerton's discomfort in looking for a new house, he had been brought to a standstill by the absolute impassability of the highway, and his temper, already sorely tried, finally gave way.

"What kind of people are you up here in this rotten old state?" he cried, addressing an old countryman who stood close by inspecting his stranded car with curious eyes.

"I dunno," said the old man. "About the same as most folks, I callate."
"Do you call this sort on the face of the earth?"
"Not ex I knows on," returned the old man. "This here ain't the pike; it's more Whitley's trout stream run dry. I wondered what ye was drivin' up fer."—Harper's Weekly.

Child Love.

Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with perspiration, his cheeks glowing with the glow of manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or more beautiful, the sobbing child, the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation, soften all his wrath to pity and to mirthful and clamorous compassion.—Emerson.

Cold Wave.

Nellie—They say mistakes are coming. Mame—Do you care? Nellie—Yes, I do. I think most men look much more handsome and knightly with them. Mame—Well, of course, I suppose you know. I was too young to take notice when they went out of style.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Melody Becomes Malady.

That persons have very diverse ideas and tastes in music was exemplified in an incident which a pupil's world relation lately. A young woman was having quite a struggle with a song and one woman in the audience said to her companion:
"Isn't that a beautiful melody?"
The other looked bored and said:
"It sounds more like a malady to me."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Making Her Comfortable.

Host's Youngest—Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mr. Newryche? Mrs. Newryche—Dear me, what an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? Youngest—Oh, only 'cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots.

In the Hall of Fame.

"His father is in the hall of fame."
"Why, I didn't know the old gentleman was dead!"
"Have to be dead to be in there?"
"Sure."
"Well, he is only in there during the pauses."—Coleridge.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 18, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark v, 21-43. Memory Verses, 41, 42—Golden Text, Mark v, 41—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

At the request of the people of Gadara He left their coasts and recrossed the sea to His own city, Capernaum, and the people received Him gladly, for they were all waiting for Him. There are many places today, chiefly in so-called Christendom, where He is not wanted as the opposer of Satan and his will, for much that is called good work and much progress is really not for Christ, but against Him, while there are many others longing to hear of Him. I have just read of one valley in Mr. Beauchamp's territory in China where a thousand people are crying long for a teacher and many leading families have put away their idols. May the Lord direct us to the open doors and make us willing and obedient. Trouble comes to the rich as well as the poor, the devil is the oppressor of all classes, and in this lesson we see a rich man, a ruler, and a poor woman, both in great trouble; a little girl twelve years developing and a poor woman twelve years growing weaker and both seemingly in hopeless condition. We find the life of a girl and a woman, both in the feet of Jesus, Jesus, the ruler of the synagogue, felt at His feet and brought Him greatly for his only daughter, who was at the point of death, that He would come and lay His hands on her and heal her. The sick woman had spent all her living upon physicians, had suffered much and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse. She had such faith in Him, no doubt by hearing of His wondrous works, that she believed if she could only touch the hem of His garment she would be healed. Jesus arose to go with Jairus, His disciples followed, and much people thronged Him. It was in this throng that the sick woman came and succeeded in touching the border of His garment and was immediately healed. Jesus, knowing that someone had believably touched Him, turned Him about and said, "Who touched my clothes?" Peter and the other disciples said, "The multitude throng and press thee." But He insisted that someone had touched Him in a special manner and that virtue had gone out of Him. It is just so still—many meet to worship Him, but they do not know the woman who did. Many know about Him, but comparatively few know Him in the sense of receiving power from Him for themselves or others.

When the woman saw that what she had done was known to Him she felt down before Him and declared unto Him before all the people why she had touched Him and how she was healed immediately (Luke vii, 47). This is what He wanted, that He might do more for her than she had expected. She had already received what she came for and expected, but He loves to do exceedingly abundantly above all we can ask or think (Eph. iii, 20). She had no thought that He would speak to her personally, much less call her by name. She could never forget those words from His lips, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace" (verse 34; Luke vii, 48; Matt. ix, 22). This "good comfort" is just His "good cheer" of Matt. ix, 2, 3; John xvi, 22. Had she not publicly confessed her healing by her words from His lips, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace" (verse 34; Luke vii, 48; Matt. ix, 22). This "good cheer" is just His "good cheer" of Matt. ix, 2, 3; John xvi, 22. Had she not publicly confessed her healing by her words from His lips, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace" (verse 34; Luke vii, 48; Matt. ix, 22). This "good cheer" is just His "good cheer" of Matt. ix, 2, 3; John xvi, 22.

What about the anxious father all this time and the only daughter, whom he left dying? The incident we have been dwelling upon probably took much less time than we have taken to write about it. The father, who had minutes seen very long, and it may have been so with Jairus. But God is never too late. Though He tarry, we must wait for Him and be patient (Heb. x, 36; Hab. ii, 3, 4). While He still talks to the woman, the father is crying from the ruler's knee that the little girl was dead, which as soon as Jesus heard He said to Jairus, "Be not afraid, only believe" (verse 36). Reaching the house, He said to the waiting people: "Why are ye thus in grief? The child is not dead, but asleep." And, taking only Peter, James and John and the little maid's father and mother (Luke vii, 52). He went in where she was and took her hand and said, "Daughter, arise." And she arose and walked, and He commanded that something should be given her to eat (43). There was no further laughing to scorn (40), but great astonishment, for they had never seen anything like this. This manner of man was not ordinary, a man full of compassion for all sick and suffering and with the power to heal the otherwise incurable and to raise the dead—truly a man and as truly God, how our great High Priest at the right hand of the Father, kneeling in love, us, caring for us and still saying the same words, "Be of good cheer." "Be not afraid, only believe."

The Moon's Offspring.

Looking out the window one evening, Little Marie saw the bright full moon in the eastern sky and apparently only a few inches from it the beautiful Jupiter, shining almost as brightly as the moon itself. Marie gazed intently at the spectacle for a moment and then, turning to her mother, exclaimed:
"Oh, mother, look! The moon has laid an egg!"—New York Press.

Not Attractive.

Mrs. De Good—Why aren't you going to church? Mr. De Good—Last Sunday the roof leaked, and three or four drops went down my back. Mrs. De Good—The roof has been repaired since then. Mr. De Good—Huh! Then they'll be good later on to pay for the repairs.—New York Weekly.

Brick Through.

Ellie—He is said to be a very versatile young man. Stella—He is. One night last winter he started out to teach me to skate, and before we got through he was teaching me to swim.—Exchange.

Fooled

It Doesn't Appear Who Was Fooled Till the End of the Story

By READ GRIDLEY

After being graduated at an American college I took a course at Heidelberg. My reason for doing so was not to learn more from books, but to take part in the rollicking German student life I had heard so much about. I joined a duelling corps and became proficient with the small sword.

Upon leaving the university I traveled for awhile before returning to America with Baron Donhoff, a Prussian with whom I had been on intimate terms at Heidelberg.

One day we entered a railway coach at Berlin to go to Munich. There were seats for six persons in the coach, one half the passengers facing the other half. Donhoff and I rode backward, I by a window, Donhoff on my right. Directly opposite me sat a pretty girl from the States.



"WHO INFORMED YOU OF THIS FIGHT?"

her for an American, first, because she was traveling alone, and, secondly, by a certain air of confidence in herself that our American girls possess.

Next her sat a middle aged German woman and next this woman a lieutenant in the German army. He had about him a supercilious air that made me think that I would like to snub him. A draft of air coming in at the window by which the American girl sat, he shrugged his shoulders as if chilled and, without saying by your leave, reached past both women between him and the window and pulled it up, closing it.

The American girl as soon as he had reached himself lowered it. The lieutenant, with a scowl, again reached out to raise it when I interfered by holding his wrist. He sank back in his seat and, fumbling in his pocket, pulled out a cardcase and handed me a card. It read, "Lieutenant Adolph Becker." Of course this meant a challenge.

Donhoff arranged with a friend Becker or sent him for a meeting the next morning in a corner of a park, where such affairs usually took place. We had no fear of the police, who did not interfere in duels unless their attention was called to them so pointedly that they could not very well help themselves. Donhoff and I went to the ground, where we arrived about the same time as Becker, his second and a fat little man with glasses and a case of surgical instruments. Being the challenged party, I had chosen for weapons the small sword. We were about to take our positions when the police appeared from concealment and put us all under arrest.

"Who informed you of this fight?" I asked.

"An American lady," I said.

"That's too bad," I exclaimed. I was really disappointed. "We thought we had fooled her."

A police official handed me a note signed Ethel Warren, saying that if I would call upon her she would be pleased to see me.

Well, there was nothing to do but drop the matter, at least for the present, and, acting on the explanation I had given Miss Warren that Becker must fight or get an apology, I made him one in earnest. I was too much displeased, though, to think of making Miss Warren go to see her for some time, but finally did so to set myself right as to that first apology to Becker.

She received me very graciously and with a half triumphant, half comical smile.

"You thought you had deceived me," she said, "in that mock apology. From the car window I saw you and your friend converse together, then saw him join the officer immediately after leaving you."

"Then why did you treat me so contemptuously?" I asked.

"How could I have better led you to believe that I had been deceived by your story?"

A Dig at Dubleigh.

Dubleigh—Your little dog barked at me, but stopped when I looked him straight in the eye. Do you suppose he noticed my presence of mind? Miss Keen—Possibly. They say animals often see things that human beings cannot.—Boston Transcript.

The Value of Experience.

It is expedient to have an acquaintance with those who have looked into the world, who know men, understand business and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.—Bishop Horne.

Benefit of the Doubt.

"His wife looks as if she had some secret sorrow."
"Yes, but don't blame him too hastily. Her shoes may be too tight."

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

In the season to have your old or defective heating apparatus changed. You want to have it changed while the work is being done. The fire can be lighted in the new plant the same day that it is put in the old one.

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"I cannot be stopped without an apology from me I offer you one."

"I accept your apology," replied the officer, with no very good grace.

I gave the American girl a furtive glance to discover if she were deceived, but could not exactly make out whether she was or not. I thought I saw on her face an expression of dissatisfaction—indeed, contempt for me—because I had made the apology. This I did not like. Possibly she considered that I had shown the white feather. This view of the matter was strengthened by her subsequent treatment of me, which was, to say the least, not cordial. I addressed a remark to her, and her reply was very cool and given with a manner indicating that she did not care to continue the conversation.

It was certainly irritating to have taken upon myself a duel in defense of a fellow country woman to be snubbed by her for having crawled out of it. I had not considered this possibility and was not prepared for it. But what could I do? The rest of my ride was unpleasant in the extreme. I could not very well change my seat, and I was obliged to sit facing the girl, who took no pains to conceal her contempt of the course I had taken in order to avoid a meeting with Herr Becker.

Finally, thinking that she did not understand such matters, I explained to her that an

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1912.

(Entered at the Post Office, at Second-Class Matter.)

NO. 41

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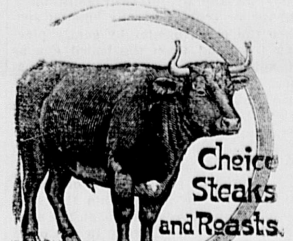
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a. m., 12:20, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, 5:20, 6:20

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UNDER

SUSPICION

A Young Man's Footprints

Accuse Him

By Edgar Knowlton

I awoke with a start. The gray of

the morning was just coming on.

Something had happened.

And yet there was nothing in the

surroundings to tell me this. Every-

thing was as it had been. The house

was perfectly still, too still. At any

rate, the stillness seemed awful. What

prompted me to get out of bed and go

to Mr. Morton's room I don't know.

But I shall never forget the sight I

saw there—a ghastly face and the bed-

clothes bespattered with red spots.

He had been murdered!

My first impulse was to cry for help.

Help for what? Mr. Morton was dead.

Who had killed him? Then the idea

first occurred to me that I was the

only person in the house at the time

of the murder, except the man being

murdered and the murderer.

I had gone to work on Mr. Morton's

farm several years before. He was a

married man, but his wife had left

him, and he lived alone. He was a

harsh man, but somehow he had taken

a fancy to me and kept me with him.

One day a neighbor said to me that

he believed Morton quite capable of

leaving his property to me in order to

keep it from going to his wife. This

suggestion I now remembered, and it

sent a cold chill through me, for if he

had made a will in my favor I would

be regarded as an incentive to the

crime on my part.

What should I do? Go at once to the

nearest neighbor and announce the

murder? I dressed myself and put on

a pair of old shoes that I had worn the

evening before to rest my feet, then

went down out and across a field

to Farmer Goodwin's. The soil in the

field was soft, and I noticed tracks

heading for the house I had left. They

skirted the field and were seldom visi-

ble. I did not stop to examine them.

I wished to report the murder before

it was discovered by any one else.

Farmer Goodwin lived two miles

from Mr. Morton, and when I got there

he and his family were sitting down to

breakfast. I wished him to come with

me at once, but he said that if Morton

was dead nothing could be done, and

he might as well eat his breakfast. I

was obliged to wait for him and was

on this account delayed an hour, dur-

ing which time I was walking the floor

with impatience and suspense. When

at last he was ready to go with me I

could not help running ahead of him.

When we came to the field I had

crossed I saw a man named Robbins

coming. He was stooping low and

again to examine something. When we

reached him we learned that the mur-

der had been discovered. Having busi-

ness with Morton, he had gone to his

house and, no one answering his knock,

had entered the house. His first glance

at me was one of suspicion. He was

examining tracks pointing from the

house. They were not the tracks I had

made shortly before, being a hundred

yards from them. The look Robbins

gave me rattled me. I looked at the

tracks, but scarcely saw them.

I noticed Robbins glance at my feet.

The tracks he was examining were not

the same as I was now making, but

about the same size. He told us not to

walk on the former, since if left un-

touch they might serve for a clue.

He went back to the house with us,

and we held a consultation as to what

should be done. I proposed to get out

a horse and ride to the county seat, six

miles distant, and notify the sheriff.

Robbins said that Goodwin had better

go instead. My heart sank within me,

for I knew that the suggestion was to

hold me, and that meant I was under

suspicion. But Goodwin wouldn't go,

and, since Robbins' wife was very ill,

he consented to my going.

On the way so terrified was I that I

tried and convicted of the murder

that I seriously considered flight. But

I knew I would be taken and my at-

tempt would be sure to convict me. I

rode slowly to the county seat, for I

dreaded to get back to the house with

that terrible corpse in it and to Rob-

bins, whom I knew suspected me. I

found the sheriff and we rode back,

he talking to me all the while about

the situation at the time the mur-

der was committed. When I told

him that at my going to bed Mr. Mor-

ton had been the only person at home

I saw his brows contract and from

that time forward knew that he was

examining me with a view to im-

PLICATE ME.

When we reached Morton's house the

two men I had left were on the porch

and several other persons were wait-

ing about. As we rode toward them I

noticed that none of them looked at

the sheriff; every eye was on me. We

dismounted, and Robbins took the

sheriff inside, motioning to me to re-

main without. This added to my fear

that I was to be implicated.

The two men remained inside quite

awhile. When they came out the sher-

iff walked straight up to me. It was

all I could do to stand steady. I was

conscious of turning white. He put his

hand on my shoulder and said:

"Young man, I shall have to hold

you under suspicion."

"What proof have you?" I asked

falteringly.

He conferred with Robbins again,

then returning to me said that during

my absence my shoes had been taken

out to the tracks Robbins had discov-

ered and the soles and heels fitted the

tracks exactly.

"Furthermore," he added, "your

shoes were on them dirt taken from the

field."

"What shoes?" I asked.

"We found them on the first floor in

the hall."

"I have not had them on since before

supper last night. I always put on the

shoes I now wear in the evening."

I spoke in a pleading tone, for I

did not expect my words to be be-

lieved. Indeed, neither of the men paid

much attention to what I said, but be-

gan to devise a way to make a record

By Clarissa Mackie

A black and white illustration of a man in a top hat and a woman in a coat standing at a table. The man is looking at the woman, who is holding a small object. A sign above them reads "CUTTING". The man is wearing a dark coat and a top hat. The woman is wearing a light-colored coat with dark buttons. They are standing at a round table with a glass and a small object on it. The background shows a window with curtains and a sign that says "CUTTING". The signature "G. T. W. 1894" is at the bottom.

peas into the very bowels of the city. Strange to say, Tescott met no one, nor did he hear a sound that indicated any human life was near. Yet he knew that that golden tortoise was moved by some human agency, was drawn down by some invisible means a wire, a silken cord.

He was hesitating before a narrow,

A BONE IN THE THROAT.

THE VANISHING SEA COW.
A Marine Curiosity That Is Rapidly
Nearing Extinction.

about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil, for God was with Him (Acts x. 38). They would not have wondered if He should have been with them. Could they not forget that He was their own townsman, who had been brought up in their midst whom they had seen and known day by day for nearly thirty years. Had He not made and rendered their plows and sows? Had He not been their Meen by His presence that they should think to Himself? Whom did He call Himself to be? Truly they knew Him not; but, oh, if they only had been loved His word and inquired of Him as they would have done, how much might have been for them! What a heartache as we would say Israel always gave him, drawing from Him such words as: "Oh, that they were wise," that they understood, that they would have been as he had been known!" "How often would I . . . and ye would not!" "Israel would none of me" (Deut. xxiii, 29; Luke xi, 42; Matt. xxiii, 37; Ps. lxxxvi, 1). How patient and long suffering He has been! How scattered now these many centuries, and He has been keeping his sentence, bearing with His church and his untions and the devil, but there was a sentence in Isaiah which He did not forget that day at Nazareth. He stopped just as He came to it and shut He book.

We are still living in the acceptable

originated in the reign of Queen Anne in those famous Saturday dinners at which a select group of the privy council assembled to discuss the business of the day with the ministers of the queen and of colleagues whose presence was not desired. The cabinet has always kept to the tradition. It is a secret committee of government and a secret committee of the cabinet. It is a committee of the cabinet where the one function begins and the other ends no one can ever say.

"All its members are collectively responsible for its acts of one of them, but there are no means of knowing the decisions of the cabinet are at any moment, but the members are not, or how many of the ministers may dissent from the opinion of the majority, or whether indeed it is the majority or a minority that really directs the policy."

The case of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the attorney general, to the cabinet was a double novelty. Not only was there no precedent for an attorney general being a member of the cabinet, but never before had the official representative of the government in the cabinet bank mentioned, as it did in the case of Sir Rufus Isaacs, the words "his majesty's cabinet." This appointment therefore marked a further development in the acquisition of a corporate existence by the cabinet.—New York Sun.

By Hugh L. Trask

On his way, introduced him to her, and straightway the ladies were putting themselves in the way for an introduction.

There was one young lady, Miss Edith Crane, at the place who did not know directly, so she made introductions to the supposed literary lion. This was because she was of a retiring disposition. She said she could as well look upon him from a distance as take the trouble to arrange to know him. This being about the only lady who did not know him, he was not intent upon introducing her, but he was not intent upon introducing, naturally fell to the man who had introduced him to the others. Harrington spoke of him as "the philosopher" and those who didn't know his name fell to referring to him by this

A. GRANT

MAIN ST., Woburn, where he carries the largest line of samples of the latest designs in both Foreign and Domestic Woollens of any tailoring establishment in the County. "All fresh from the Looms," and is prepared to take orders for Suits, Overcoats and Trousers at popular prices. Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing done at short notice and best workmanship. Don't forget the name and number, as it guarantees the best results for your money.

A. GRANT, 415 Main Street, Woburn
Chambers 1 to 2.

A Wide Acquaintance.
 A young man, who had been afforded
 much advancement while clambering
 up the slippery rounds of Washing-
 ton's social ladder. One day after she
 had returned from circumnavigating
 the globe she essayed to entertain a
 traveling room with a boastful account
 of her adventures. "I had been every-
 where, and her flow of slaughter house
 English was augmented by frequent
 ravings of her bedlamoned hands
 and forceful noddings of her tharred
 head.
 "Did you see the Dardanelles?" ask-
 ed a sprightly debutante.
 "And the Himalayas?" inquired an
 other fair young bud.
 "I dined with them in Paris," replied
 the dowager triumphantly.
 And she wondered why every body

[illegible]

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., as second-class matter.

NO. 492

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly

Of Large Circulation

Among People of Culture

Live Editorials

All the Local News, and

Choice Literary Selections

Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper

Read by Thousands

Of Intelligent People

Every Week.

Unequaled as an
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every

Friday Morning

At 434 Main Street.

Delivered Promptly.

Business Cards.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —

Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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CHARLES H. TAYLOR
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AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All
Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures,
Sepia and Colored.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of
work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals,
conducted on hand.

Office and Warehouses,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 44.
Residence and Night Telephone 2484.

WOBURN POST OFFICE

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1912.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m., 2:30, 3:45, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30

p. m. From New York direct 7:30 a. m.

From Worcester, Lowell, Springfield, and Northern

Mass. direct, 7:45 a. m., 6:40 p. m.

From Burlington 9:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE

FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash.

D. C., Western and Southern, 7:45 a. m., 10:15, 11:00

a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11:00

p. m. For North, direct, 7:45 a. m., via Worcester, 8:45

a. m., 12:30, 2:30, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11:00

p. m. For Worcester and Northern, 7:45 a. m., 6:40 p. m.

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John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Councillors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Personal attention given to sales any-
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Best results guaranteed.

Wendell's

Experience

He Learned His New Lesson

Easily

By CLARISSA MACIE

It was a lazy day. Spring had ar-

rived early that year, and in April the

moosey banks of the Virginia brookside

were starred thickly with delicate for-

getmenots and purple violets. The sun

shone down warmly through the trees,

changing the bursting buds to misty

green leaves until the whole wood was

permeated with green light shot through

with sunlight.

Jack Wendell tramped through the

crisp leaves of successive years and

with a wistful, half defiant glance up

the winding road that led to Everglade

Hall he threw himself down beside the

murmering brook and plucked repro-
bably at the flowers.

"Forgetmenots—rubbish!" he ejacu-

lated bitterly. "All women are faith-

less."

"Rubbish to that!" retorted a sweet

voice from the other bank, and Jack

started to observe a pretty girl en-

gaged in plucking violets and for-

getmenots and tying them into little

bunches. She wore a pink frock, and

with the background of green moss

and the golden green atmosphere of

the wood surrounding her she looked

to Jack's bewildered eyes like a pink

and white fairy evolved from the April

day. Her skin was pink and white,

and her hair was golden, like the sun-

shine and her eyes were like the blue

sky and the daisies below. When she

spoke to Jack she had flashed a saucy

glance at him from under golden brown

lashes.

"Why rubbish?" demanded Jack ar-

gumentatively.

"Oh, because," said the girl, looking

at a completed bunch of violets with

half closed eyes.

"I thought I smelled May pinks,"

sniffed Jack, abandoning the argument

for the while.

"I have a basketful here," said the

girl.

"Making May baskets?"

"Somebody is going to make baskets.

These are for the kindergarten

children."

Jack flushed redly. Phyllis Lambert

kept the kindergarten school in Red-

land. The path he had longed to take

led directly to the door of her

woodland school. He had been in love

with Phyllis ever since he had first

taken his little sister, Blanche, to the

kindergarten. Blanche was five then,

and he was fifteen, and Phyllis was

twenty-five. Now Blanche was fif-

teen, he was twenty-five, and Phyllis

was—Jack refused to consider Phyllis

increasing age. He had been in love

with her to such detrimental effect

that his father had found business for

him in a distant city and hoped the

boy would forget his sweetheart.

But Jack was obstinate and would

not forget. It was his Wendell ob-

stinate that compelled him to haunt

Phyllis Lambert's steps until she had

laughingly promised to wait for him.

She had given him a bunch of forget-

menots, and he had gone away happy

as a king, and he had stayed away

cheerfully working to make something

of himself for Phyllis' sake.

There was no objection to Phyllis.

Lambert except the difference in their

ages. Phyllis was sweet and fair and

very lovable if inclined to be some-

what shallow and nervous, but Jack's

parents ever held before him the fact

that by the time he was ready to mar-

ry her his bride would be thirty-five

or forty years old and "look it, too,"

as his mother added emphatically. It

was perhaps unfortunate, under the

circumstances, that Jack should ap-

pear for his age and Phyllis old

for hers.

But a letter from Phyllis had

brought him home flying now. She

had changed her mind. She did not

want to marry any one at present.

She did love him as she should,

and she preferred that their en-

gagement should end. And she returned

Jack's letters and the ring he had in-

stated upon placing on her plump,

white finger and was "his sincere

friend, Phyllis Lambert."

So Jack had come flying home, aston-

ishing his parents, who evidently knew

nothing about the broken engagement.

He had hurried through lunch, and with

some incoherent remark about a walk

in the woods he had plunged into the

path that led to Phyllis' woodland

kindergarten. At the brookside, where

the path diverged toward the school,

he had paused and thrown himself

down. Then it was that his bitter re-

mark had found a hearer in the person

of the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

As a matter of fact, Jack Wendell had

been practically blind since he was fif-

teen—he had had no eyes for any other

girl than Phyllis. They simply did not

exist for him.

"May baskets," repeated Jack gloom-

ily, a shadow passing over his face.

"Perhaps they will hang one on your

door," remarked the girl in a comfort-

ing tone.

"I hope not! I hate spring flowers,"

said Jack ungraciously.

"Even forgetmenots?"

Jack glanced at her demure, down-

cast face.

"Even forgetmenots," he said stiffly.

There was a pause while she daintily

bunched her flowers and tied the

bunches with long, tough blades of

grass.

"I suppose I ought to go away and

leave you alone. You were here first,"

observed Jack without moving from

his comfortable position. His back

was against a tall chestnut tree.

"Suit yourself," said the girl care-

lessly. "If you were a perfect stranger

I might object to it."

"As it is?" interrupted Jack, begin-

ning to be interested.

"We know each other well. You

slapped my face once," said the girl

calmly.

"I slapped your face once?" Jack's

amazement was genuine. "Why, I

never!"

"Yes, you did, Jack Wendell. You

were eight years old, and I was only

five. It was at Miss Quilty's school."

"At Miss Quilty's school—ah, yes!"

Jack was scanning her face to discover

some trace of the little schoolmarm

of seventeen years before. She must

have been a rosebud of a little lass,

but as for slapping her face—he simply

didn't believe it.

"I suppose you remember all about

it?" The girl's head was bent over her

flowers.

"All but your name," lied Jack cheer-

fully. "It was remarkable how little he

was thinking about Phyllis Lambert

now. "I know it isn't Susie," he added

thoughtfully.

"Yes,"

"Sure. It must be Angela!"

he declared at last.

"The girl burst into merry, tinkling

laughter, showing a double row of

pearly teeth. She tossed a bunch of

violets across the brook, and he caught

them with a gasp.

"Violet Merriam," he said quickly,

and a flush deepened the pink of her

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 255.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1912.

THE BOSTON GLOBE
1873-1912.

We clip the following from a printed circular signed by General Charles H. Taylor, present owner and proprietor of the Boston Globe, of which he is Editor.

The circular contained other entertaining statements respecting the Boston Globe, not the least of which is that notwithstanding there were only 60 persons connected with its publication no less than 1,000 people obtain a good living as employees on it, at the present time.

In its Editorial and business dealings with the public the Globe has always been squeared. To Independence, Intelligence and Industry its remarkable success has been due.

"On Monday, Aug. 18, 1873, just 39 years ago today, I took charge of the Boston Daily Globe."

"The changes in the Boston press since 1873 have been many and some of them have been startling. When I came to the Globe, Messrs. Andrews, Pulsifer and Haskell were the owners of the Boston Herald. Col. Charles O. Rogers, who had built the Boston Journal and made it the most successful newspaper in New England as long as he lived, had been dead about four years, and Col. W. W. Clapp had succeeded him. Col. Charles G. Greene was the editor of the Post; Col. Worthington was still the head of the Traveler; Mr. E. F. Waters was business manager and Mr. Goddard the editor of the Daily Advertiser. Henry W. Dutton and Son were the owners of the Transcript and Mr. Daniel M. Haskell was the able editor."

"The management of all of these papers has changed, some of them many times. Several of them have been sold to new owners at different periods; but the Globe has gone steadily forward with 'malice toward none and charity for all.' I think I may fairly say that I, with my associates, have built up the Globe and have created its own constituency and business without trying to capture the patronage of or endeavoring to undermine any other newspaper. So far as the other papers are concerned, I have always rejoiced in their prosperity and regretted their defeats and losses, because my own years of severe trials led me to appreciate and sympathize with the troubles of others."

A BIG RECORD.

We join Bro. Wilson of the Star in congratulating Editor Hobbs on the completion of his 32d year as proprietor of the Woburn Journal, but his record of continued service on one paper is surpassed by several suburban newspaper men. The writer has been Editor and proprietor of the Athol and Worcester West Chronicle since January 1866 when it was established by him—a period of nearly 47 years.—(Athol Mass.) Chronicle.

But can the Athol Veteran cross his fingers on the waistband of his pants and say that his first regular Editorial work was done in 1852 on a small up-country Whig weekly, and so poorly that the defeat of General Scott, for President that year, were attributed to it?

That's the question—can he? NOT THE DEAN OF SUBURBAN PRESS.

Editor Hobbs of the Woburn Journal completed his 32d year of proprietorship on August 1, having taken possession of it Aug. 1, 1880. This is a record which is probably not surpassed by any other Suburban newspaper man—Winchester Star.

Mr. C. S. Parker had considerable to do with launching the enterprise in 1872. In August, 1874, he became Editor and proprietor and is still rather more than the nominal head of the Advocate-Minuteman plant. We have the impression that Mr. Waterman of the Athol Chronicle has been in the harness since 1866. Friend Hobbs is a fine old man, the senior of most of us in matter of years, but he is not the Dean of the suburban press.—Arlington Advocate.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

J. G. Maguire—Citation, George Blaney—Citation, N. E. Tel. Co.—Tel. No. 100, Lester L. Harbottle—Citation, Henry F. Miller & Sons—Pianos, J. W. S. F. Johnson—Citation, Food, Putnam & Wood—Fishes, Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank—Book List.

Many Woburn people attended the Rockingham Fair last week.

The loss by death of Town Treasurer Spurr is a sorrowful experience for Winchester. The office had been in the Spurr family several years.

Alice Tobin, 9 years of age was missed from her home in Moultrie last Sunday and was found by the police of Revere who notified the Woburn officers and was returned to her home.

The Woburn Postoffice will be closed Sunday, September 1, 1912. Open Monday September 2, 6:30 to 9 A. M.; 6:30 to 7:30 P. M. A. M. delivery and collections by carriers throughout the city.

Serg. F. H. Keen of Co. G Woburn won first prize in the Hayes match at Sea Girt, N. J., Wednesday, by a score of 50.

Mr. C. E. Smith of Bennett street is expected to return home from the hospital tomorrow.

A loaded wagon belonging to a man in Tewksbury was overturned last Saturday night in the open culvert across Main street at North Woburn, near the car barns. It interfered somewhat with the running of the Wilmington electric cars.

The annual reunion of the 39th Mass. Vols. will be held at Somerville, Friday, Sept. 6th at the armory on Highland Ave. This is the 50th anniversary for the Regiment's departure for the front. Business meeting at 10:30 A. M. Dinner at 1 P. M.

Mrs. Hannah E. Shattuck aged 79 years was struck and instantly killed at Winchester Station last Tuesday morning by the train due at 8:14 from Boston to Newbury. N. H. She lived with her son-in-law, Mr. F. E. Belcher of 14 Prospect street, Winchester.

Mr. George W. Fowle, of Jamaica Plain, aged 91 years, attended the funeral of George A. Hobbs, late editor of the Woburn Journal, yesterday. Mr. Fowle was the first proprietor of the JOURNAL, having founded it in 1851.

Last Sunday, Aug. 27, was the hottest August 25 ever experienced in this town. The thermometers showed a lower temperature than on some other days this summer, but it was the hardest weather to bear that ever prevailed here! People just naturally wilted under it.

Ex Mayor William E. Blodgett and family with Mrs. H. B. Williams and Ex-Mayor D. W. Bond and wife started Thursday morning on an auto trip through the Western part of the State. The party expect to be away over Labor Day.

The Glen Ridge Club held a well attended lawn party last Wednesday evening on the Miller estate corner of Cambridge and Russell streets. Cold-well large Victor Victrola furnished music for dancing and candy, ice cream and punch were on sale. Games were played and a general good time enjoyed. A second party will be held next Wednesday evening at the same place, weather permitting.

The Woburn JOURNAL family were pleasantly surprised last Saturday afternoon by a call from Mrs. Herman Rinaldo of Geneseo, Illinois, daughter of Mr. P. S. Schnabel, a retired merchant and President of the Farmers' National Bank of that city. She was accompanied by her daughter Miss Rinaldo, who graduated from Smith College at Northampton, Mass., class of 1912 and is to take a postgraduate course at Brown University, Providence Rhode Island, where her mother will remain with her during her course of study. Mrs. Rinaldo and daughter have been guests of Miss G. Rutledge Place of Smith College, a graduate also of 1912 for a few days, who, with her sister, Miss Edith Place, were also callers with them at the Editor's home.

Convict Ship "Success"

A few weeks ago there was unveiled in the little hamlet of Topperville, near Dorchester, England, a simple monument to the "Six Men of Dorset" who may be said to be the first of the British trade unionists. Arthur Henderson, M. P., performed the ceremony of dedication and in his speech he referred to the fact that these men, the leader of whom was George Loveless, were transported into penal servitude on the Convict Ship "Success" which is now on exhibition at Warren Bridge, Hingham. This fact being called to the attention of some of the leaders of the labor movement in Massachusetts, they have announced their intention to visit the old ship and suggestions have been made to organize special days when the "Success" would be devoted to trade union lectures.

The Six Men of Dorset were farm laborers earning a wage of seven shillings a week but this was reduced to six by the masters at a time when owing to the Corn Laws the cost of living was high for that period. These men feeling unable to exist on six shillings a week held a meeting of protest. To combine in any way to secure an augmentation of the price of labor was held to be a conspiracy and the men were arrested, tried and sentenced to seven years transportation on the "Success." Their sufferings on the voyage and after landing in Australia resulted in an agitation that stirred all England, and after serving about one half of their sentences the men were released. The monument to them has been erected in the little chapel at which one of them was a local preacher.

The angel could have written him down as "one who loved the Lord," and also as one "who loved his fellow man," and if, like Abner Ben Adhem, his name stands out all the rest, it rests secure in the hearts of those of us who really knew him.

THOMAS J. FEENEY.

Shocking Sounds

In the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. But the warnings of the human back warn you the kidneys need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. It has been used for centuries for the relief of kidney trouble. Write to Peter Bock, Boston, for a free trial bottle. It is certainly a great kidney medicine. Try it. 50 cents at all Druggists.

Farewell Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland entertained a number of young people at their pleasant home on Scott street on Monday evening, Aug. 26. The affair was in the nature of a farewell party for their niece, Miss Florence Smith, who has been spending the summer with them.

A feature of the evening's enjoyment was the making of a newspaper the guests comprising the editorial staff. The local hits caused much merriment. Refreshments were served. All present wished Miss Smith bon voyage as she leaves for her home in Pasadena, California on Thursday of this week.

Among those present were Mrs. Edw. Bailey, Mrs. Walter West, Mrs. Frank Newcomb, Mrs. Melvin Gould, Misses May Armstrong, Maude West, Daisy Holdridge, Ruby Waugh, Jessie West, Blanche Blackburne, Gerda Andrus, Elsie Parker, Elsie Patterson, Louise Turner, Mabel Parker, Cora Barrall, Katherine Given, Florence Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland.

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cohasset, Ga. I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help. I used Bucklen's Aftershave. It cured me. Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, scabs or piles. Try it. Only 50c at all Druggists.

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose that you resolve to effect.—Shakespeare.

George A. Hobbs.

It is no easy task to announce the death of one who for 32 years has edited the Woburn JOURNAL. To fully comply with what would be his desire, could he express it, the announcement would consist of the simple statement that he passed away at his home, at midnight of August 26, in his eighty-ninth year—that and nothing more.

One may be pardoned for slightly overstepping this silent prohibition, however, in the belief that the man's service to the community justifies, if it does not actually require, this license on the part of a friend.

For nearly a quarter of a century I knew Mr. Hobbs very intimately. In 1886, six years after he took the JOURNAL, I entered his service as an apprentice—in the language of the printing office as "printer's devil." I enjoyed the privilege of his friendly guidance during the three years I remained in his employ, and I treasured the intimacy that covered the intervening period until his death. This brief acquaintance, though brief, was based, therefore, on intimate knowledge of the man.

Mr. Hobbs was a native of Maine. As a young man he taught school, studied law, and for a time was clerk of the Supreme Court of the Pine Tree State. In the late fifties he went West to Geneseo, Illinois, where for 20 years he edited the General Republic.

Returning East, he became interested in the Biddford Journal, and in 1880 came to Woburn as Editor and Proprietor of the Woburn JOURNAL.

This brief recapitulation is necessary in order to understand the positive character of the man. During his young manhood the country was undergoing tremendous changes. It was being stirred to its very depths by debated questions of human rights and of prohibition. He was opposed, on principle, to the sale of liquor, and his adherence to the Republican party from the time of its birth was also to him a matter of profound principle.

To these two issues he was committed with a fidelity that knew no weakening. He believed in them, absolutely and unreservedly. To their maintenance and defense he dedicated his pen without regard to personal cost. The liquor traffic he always regarded as a moral wrong, and as such he never lost an opportunity to denounce it. His Republicanism had the fervor of a semi-religious devotion. Its declaration of principles he regarded as the Decalogue. He did not hesitate privately to condemn individuals within the party, but his public utterances always upheld the party, in the fullest faith that, regardless of the shortcomings of individuals, the party would be committed to the Right.

Such a man could be nothing if not partisan, but those who quarreled with his avowed partisanship conceded his virile honesty. He wanted nothing for himself. He not only did not seek political favors, but he declined to accept them. A half century before the magazines announced their refusal to accept liquor advertising, he had placed his publication on record to this effect, not merely on the ground that such advertising would be objectionable to his readers but because he believed the liquor traffic to be a moral wrong.

Sometimes his uncompromising attitude gave color to the belief that he was a gruff, stern man, but such an estimate was far from the fact. Although somewhat reserved in manner, he was at heart kindly, considerate, generous and kind. He was not a man who could be easily hurt. He was a man who could be easily hurt. He was a man who could be easily hurt.

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Gawin R. Gage.

In the year 1871, when walking to the State House in Boston, I met my old Sabbath school teacher, Mr. G. R. Gage. He remarked as we reached the near entrance of the State building that this was the Twenty-ninth year that he had had the responsibility of paying the State tax for the Town of Woburn. For that long period he had held the important office of Town Treasurer, and I never heard of an error or inaccuracy in any of his accounts in those long years. Varied and special and important as every figure and fact of the large and particular work must have been, in the multitude and stray figures he had to care for, he was just and true and able.

Some time after the year above referred to, a change in the politics of the Town, placed a successor in the office, and I hope Mr. Gage bore the change with magnanimous satisfaction. He came to the Town and Church in Woburn about 1840, and with Mr. James Fowle for years carried on an honorable business as Merchants' Tailors.

Mr. Fowle was too, a man of thought, intelligence and honor, and his memory is sweet. The amount of work in their building was large and pressing, and the detail of the business was long and mixed. Sometimes young men and older men, would call for garments when promised, and be disappointed in receiving them. It was occasionally world at these times, he was unreasonably, and from the disappointment.

And it was once my own misfortune to go with a young man's pride for a promised garment, when Mr. Gage asked me of what special piece of cloth I had chosen to have it made. Fullness of work, and a crowding of duties rendered it impossible for me to promise in time, and knowledge of the superb business qualities of these gentlemen framed a proper excuse for the situation.

But for generous response to calls for assisting young people struggling for an education, Mr. Gage was noble and great. His spirit and kindness to the young men and women of the town, and his sense of duty, were not only to be seen in his life, but in his death. He was a man who could be easily hurt.

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Boston Theatres.

B. F. KRITH'S THEATRE.

Louis A. Simon and Katherine Osterman, supported by a company of fourteen people, will make their first appearance in Boston as co-stars at B. F. Krith's Theatre next week in "A Persian Garden." Louis A. Simon is without question one of the funniest comedians the American stage ever produced, and Katherine Osterman is one of the cleverest of comedienne.

For their excellent engagement together these two stars have been unusually fortunate in their selection of a vehicle, for "A Persian Garden" is by far the funniest and most tuneful miniature musical comedy ever staged in vaudeville. Another big novelty of the week will be the first American appearance of Olga Petrova.

The Russian mimic and impersonator, who comes to Boston direct from a tremendously successful engagement in London, where she duplicated her St. Petersburg success.

THE HOLLS STREET.

Capacities audiences have welcomed May Robson at the Park Theatre, Boston, during the past week and laughed long, heartily and often at plays and players. There are many ways of getting laughter out of an audience, but there are no fairer, squarer more direct and honest ways than those employed by May Robson and Edna May.

Uses them all in her new comedy, "A Night Out," which has taken Boston by storm. It is a scream from beginning to end, and the situations are funnier than the dialogue, which fairly caricatures. If one can imagine a splendid old lady making amorous approaches to a deaconized professor in order to test his affection for her scoldy widowed daughter, doing it so charmingly, so real and fetchingly, as to win the attention, and to her daughter's utter astonishment, a promise of marriage, thereby proving his infidelity and then when she has, to the hilarious delight of the audience, achieved her purpose, calls for her daughter when she has been listening to it all. The Hollis Street Theatre will open on Labor Day Matinee for a limited engagement of four weeks.

THE BOSTON.

Beginning Monday, Labor Day Matinee, September 24, "The Greyhound," the latest play by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner and the newest production by the Wagenhals & Kemper Co. "The Greyhound" was the dramatic sensation in New York last season, where the play ran for six months at the Astor Theatre to absolutely capacity audiences. It has also to its credit a long season in Chicago, on the night of September 4, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, in the State of Massachusetts, on the sixteenth day of September, A. D. 1912, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

Office at 434 Main Street.

\$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1912.

Entered at the Post Office, Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 43

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly

Of Large Circulation

Among People of Culture

Live Editorials

All the Local News, and

Choice Literary Selections

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Of Intelligent People

Every Week.

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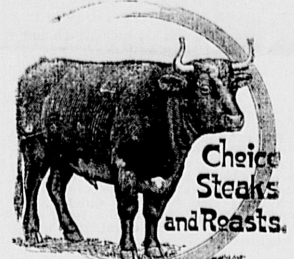
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No. of Telephone 144

Residence and Night Telephone 288 6.

WOBURN POST OFFICE

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MAILS WILL BE DELIVERED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:30, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

From New York direct 7:00 a. m.

From New York via New Haven 7:00 a. m.

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John G. Maguire,

Councillor-at-Law,

No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Councillors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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AUCTIONEER

492 Main St., Woburn

Personal attention given to sales any

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Best results guaranteed.

A Country

Library

It Wielded a Strong but

Silent Influence

By F. A. MITCHEL

To me, a city business man, there

is nothing more delightful, by contrast

with my accustomed tumultuous life,

than a country library. There is no

need in one of these secluded nooks

for the card used in city reading

rooms, on which is printed the word

"Silence," a word which seems to re-

cognize the fact that there is turmoil

about and a great effort is necessary

to keep it out.

Being nervously tired, my physician

recommended me to go to a quiet

place and rest. I chose the village of

B., where no summer boarders were

to be found, and, finding quarters in a

private family, settled myself down

for a season of doing nothing. At

first the sensation of idleness was

pleasant, but I soon grew tired of it,

and one morning passing the town

library, a dilapidated little building

for the purpose, I went in.

The librarian was sitting at a table

with books in piles about her. The

door closed behind me noiselessly,

and my footsteps made no sound on

the rug that led from it to the desk.

"I shall be in this town for awhile,"

I began, and my voice, sounding very

loud, in the empty room, I purpose

being to rest, I would like to acquire

the privilege of reading here."

"This is a free library," she replied.

"Any one may use it."

I wondered if her voice was natural,

in the country all is death, the

bodies resting in graves or on shelves

in tombs. Here there are no bodies,

but your shelves are loaded with living

thoughts."

She raised her eyes to mine, and I

saw that what she said might be in

my comparison appeared to her.

"There are graves here, too," she

said.

It was now my turn to listen.

"And again," she continued, "we

weed out books that are dead. Some

of them are the remains of a past that

has no longer any existence. Some are

composite photographs, never having

had any life in them, while some are

dead books that hold a tomb in the

cellar or are cremated."

"Do all of your bad books find

graves?" I asked.

"Yes, in time. It is the good that

lives."

"How do you account for that?"

"For the reason that there is a con-

stant development in mankind out of

our primitive condition. There was

in that condition only the germ of

human good buried in brutality. As we

advance the good increases, while the

brutality drops off."

I was amazed to have come from a

great city, with its intellectual stars,

to a country town to find this feminine

philosopher.

"But, pardon me," she continued,

"my time belongs to the library. How

can I serve you?"

By permitting me to go into one of

these alcove tombs or columbariums,

as the Romans called the receptacles

of the urns that held the ashes of their

dead—and enjoy the books."

"Your smile is inept," she replied,

smiling. "These shelves do not hold

the ashes of authors. The volumes

would better be typified as phono-

graphic records."

"Right, but even that simile fails,

for the book—or the phonographic rec-

THRIFT OF THE SWISS.

Hard and Perilous Work of the Hay-

makers of the Alps.

The thrift of the Swiss turns every

bit of ground in the Alps to the best

account. If a few square yards can

anywhere be made or reclaimed the

requisite labor is not grudged.

The farmer makes the very soil. He

builds terraces along steep inclines,

lines them with blocks of stone and

then packs the earth on them. Thus

he transforms the mountain and the

rock into a little patch, where he

plants a vine or raises oats or corn.

Along the edge of precipices the pen-

sant haymaker goes in search of grass,

clinging to the rock with iron clamps

on his feet. He hangs on the sides

of the cliffs, he swims in the valley

and mows down a few tufts of grass

on craggy shelves here and there.

His scythe on his shoulder, armed

with his iron shod stick, provided with

his clamp irons, a cloth or net, and

in his bag he sets out at midnight

in order that the dawn may find him

at work. During the two months of

hay harvest he goes down to the vil-

lage only three or four times to renew

his supply of food. By this hard and

perilous occupation an Alpine mow-

er makes from 3 to 5 francs a day, his

food not included, and many times

some projecting rock he must seek

a bed and pass the night.

Once dried the wild hay is carefully

gathered into a cloth or net and

carried down to the first little plain,

where it can be made into a stack,

which is weighted down with large

stones to prevent its being blown

away.

In the winter, when everything is

covered with snow, the mow-er climbs

again the mountain, carrying a little

wooden sled on his shoulders. He

loads it with hay, seats himself in

front of it, and with the swift

ness of an arrow, thus the hay crop

of the Alps is brought in.—New York

Sun.

PATENTS IN GERMANY.

These Inventors Are Looked Upon as

Teachers to the Nation.

In Germany a patent is regarded to

be equivalent to a promotion of

national knowledge by the disclosure

of a heretofore unknown art, writes H.

F. Wertheimer in "Paper." The inven-

tor is judged to be some kind of

teacher to the nation; therefore the patent

office does in no way care for the real

father of an invention. To the first

applicant is allowed the patent, and

lack of first and true inventorship does

not invalidate or bar the grant of a

patent unless the invention has been

fraudulently obtained or stolen. If

the person from whom a patent has

been stolen files an opposition at the

patent office, the latter starts an annul-

ment proceeding against the patent

which is refused or annulled. Moreover,

under certain conditions a fraudulent

patent may be annulled by a law-

suit to assign the patent or even the

patent application to the rightful

owner.

This broad principle regulates easily

the status of persons who have actual-

ly carried out the invention previous

to a patent application by another, as

well as the question of interfering ap-

plications. Such persons are not af-

fected by the patent, for they have not

been instructed by the inventor. In

other words, they have not derived

any new or useful knowledge by the

disclosure of the patent; therefore

they have a legal right to use the

patent for their own business, but this

right can only be assigned to others,

together with the transfer of their

whole business. In other terms, they

are entitled to a limited free license.

Infringement suits are relatively

rare and by no means so frequent as

in the United States. Furthermore,

Vindicated

A Story of the Alps

By SARAH J. BAKER

There is a silent grandeur about mountains that cannot be affected those who dwell among them. It is their greatness, mingled with their stillness. Then, too, mountaineers are constantly incurring dangers, and a certain sensitiveness grows up in people thus exposed as to their steadfastness in standing by a companion in peril. Indeed, they are very exacting with one another in this respect, and any disposition to save oneself at another's expense is treated with contempt.

Largely on this account there is no class of men with a greater sense of responsibility than mountain guides. A guide is held accountable for the safety of the person he conducts. If both are endangered the guide is expected to stand in the breach.

Recently a man of forty, prematurely gray, entered one of the hotels in Grindelwald, Switzerland, at the foot of the Jungfrau, and registered as coming from Colorado, U. S. A. He made no friends among the other guests of the hotel or the people round about, though he took long tramps among them and spoke the German language, but with the accent of a native who had lived long abroad. His uncommunicativeness gained him the name of the "silent stranger," though some called him the "melancholy stranger," for about him was that which indicated he had experienced some great grief.

Not long after his arrival while on one of his tramps he stopped at a chalet, and ascending the steps, paused at the open door. A woman was within, bending over an oven. She did not turn, and he spoke to her. At the sound of his voice she started.

"Can you give me a little bread and cheese," he asked, "and some wine?" The woman turned and faced him. It seemed, for a moment, that she was

intending to speak to him about something not pertaining to his request; then, with a single "yes," she motioned to a table on the porch. He drew a chair to it and seated himself, while the woman went to a cupboard and from it brought him the refreshment.

"Do I address you as Frau or Fraulein?" he asked, looking up into her face inquiringly, as she stood waiting for further commands.

"Fraulein," she replied, lowering her eyes under his gaze, and seeming to reflect his melancholy. She was four or five years his junior, but retained a comeliness that must have been even more attractive when she had been younger.

"You love your home in the mountains?" he asked, looking up into her face inquiringly, as she stood waiting for further commands.

"Yes, I could not live anywhere but here."

"I, too, live in a mountainous country. My home is in the western part of America. The mountains there are beautiful, but not so picturesque as your Alps. The snows in the Rockies lie in patches and are melted in summer, which gives them a bare appearance. The white peaks of the Alps mingle with the white clouds, and it is often difficult to tell cloud from mountain."

She made no reply to this, standing demurely and waiting.

"Supposing," he went on, "I had a mind to ascend the mountain, do you know of a guide I could employ to take me?"

"Herr would not need a guide."

"One Wilhelm Burche has been recommended to me by the landlord of the hotel. Can you assure me that he is a good man and a fearless guide?"

The conversation seemed to be wearing on the woman, and when her guest asked her this question with his eyes fixed searchingly on hers, a slight shiver passed over her. She did not reply.

"Speak," added the stranger without removing his gaze.

"I approve of, or condemn, no man," she answered. "Surely, I have never blamed any one."

The stranger at this relaxed the gaze he had fastened upon her. She turned and went into the house. When a little later she looked out at where she had left her guest he was gone. The refreshment she had placed before him was untouched.

One morning the melancholy stranger announced that he had come to Grindelwald for a purpose. A friend of his many years before had attempted to make the ascent of the Jungfrau and had been lost in a crevasse. Doubtless the body had been in a measure preserved by the cold atmosphere, and he proposed to make an attempt to recover it. When asked why no such attempt had been made at the time of the accident he replied that the only person who had deemed a descent for the purpose possible was the guide who was making the ascent with the lost man, and no one could prove it practicable by an attempt without considerable assistance, involving expense.

The stranger hired a number of persons to go with him to join in the proposed work and procured a thousand feet of rope. He consulted with no one as to a plan or the best time for putting it into execution. It was known

that some one was to be lowered into the crevasse, but when and into what crevasse were not given out. When all was ready the stranger and his assistants, carrying the rope, attended by many curious persons, sallied forth to make the ascent to the place where the accident had occurred.

The way led past the chalet where the stranger had tarried not long before and conversed with the fraulein. She came out and stood looking at the throng.

"Fraulein," said the leader of the party, "we go to find the body of a tourist who was lost in a crevasse or, rather, over a precipice on the mountain side years ago. His guide, Hans Richter, a young man of twenty, returned without him and displayed an end of the rope cutched to his own person as proof as to indicate that it had been broken. Richter explained that the tourist had slipped, the rope had broken and the tourist had gone into the crevasse. Richter claimed that he had hauled himself up as to understand the shock. Once Wilhelm Burche charged Richter with having cut the rope in order to save himself, while his charge was dangling over the crevasse. We are going to lower a man to recover the body so that we may discover whether the end of the rope was cut or it is frayed or cut, that we may prove Richter's guilt or innocence of Burche's charge."

"Who," asked the fraulein, "is to be lowered into the crevasse?"

There was silence for awhile, during which the woman appeared to be thinking; then she said:

"If you are in Richter's interest you may be charged with tampering with the rope before it is hoisted up."

"True, and on that account one who is to be trusted will be lowered with me."

"Who else dares to go down there?"

"One whom I will make independent for life if he is pulled up again."

The woman made no reply, but, seizing wraps, put them about her and joined in the ascent.

No one, unless the woman, knew the crevasse referred to by the stranger. Richter had been over the ground but yesterday. When he reached the gap there was a murmur among his followers that a descent into it was too perilous to be undertaken. But the stranger would not be deterred. He had

handed a large roll of bank notes to a man of the party, who counted a hundred thousand francs and handed them to a friend for safe keeping. Then ropes were placed around the bodies of each of the two men, who were hauled alternately to push themselves from the sides of the crevasse. Then after a short prayer the descent was begun, the stranger carrying the end of an extra rope.

Some time elapsed after the men signified that they had reached the bottom before a signal was given to hoist on all three ropes. The two live men and a dead body came up nearly at the same time, and the crowd gathered round to note the result. The stranger stood looking down upon the body which was perfectly preserved. One of the men seized the end of the rope, examined it and said:

"It was not cut."

"My friends," said the stranger, "I am Hans Richter, and this," turning to the woman who had joined them, "was at the time this accident happened my sweetheart, Wilhelm Burche wished her, and when I came down from here and reported the loss, he strove to ruin me by spreading a report that I had cut this rope and purposely frayed the end attached to my waist. I was told that my betrothed believed the calumny, and, pained by your endurance, I went away to America. There as a miner I have made a fortune, a part of which I have sent to clear myself of this charge."

Then all gathered around the American with congratulations, and the old or ones, who had known him as a young man, were loud in their sympathy. He approached his former sweetheart, who gave him her hand and said:

"True as there is a God above I never believed you guilty."

Then the party descended into the valley.

When Richter and his former sweetheart were alone he said to her:

"When did you discover who I am?"

"When I first heard you speak."

"And you did not marry my rival?"

"You see that I did not."

"Can you leave your Alps to come and live with me in the Rockies?"

"I will go with you anywhere."

"It is more beautiful here, but too silent. There one hears the sound of the stamp mill and the voices of busy men. Since you will let us go of busy men."

His Conquest.

He was a slimy pure, edition de luxe lady killer. The girl in the seat opposite him was easy to look at. Further, she looked demure and unimpassioned. It wasn't long before he had things going right—he thought. He had raised the window for her and readjusted the blind; he had flashed her bag from under the seat, where the porter had shoved it; he had handed her pillow a better position for her; he had handed her a magazine; he had looked after her comfort in every way he possibly could, and she had been very sweet about it besides. He thought he was coming along splendidly. She started to get off the train before he expected her to leave, but he carried her luggage to the platform for her. Then she turned and handed him a nickel with a sweet smile and the remark, "I think it is so nice of the railway company to furnish an assistant porter."—Argonaut.

How the Katydid Sings.

Everybody is familiar with the rasping notes known as the katydid's "song." It is the male only that is capable of emitting the well known sound, and he does it in a most peculiar manner. His "vocal organs" are at the base of his wings and consist of two flat excrecences of thin, dry membrane. It is the rubbing of these two membraneous plates together which produces the "song." If your shoulder blades were so loosely put together that one could be slipped under the other and the underside of one and the upper side of the other were so rough that the operation of slipping them past each other would cause a rasping sound you could imitate the katydid's musical efforts very nicely.

Setting Her Right.

A newly married woman made a pile for dinner. "I'm afraid," the bride said, "that I left something out, and that it's not very good."

The husband tried it and said: "There is nothing you could leave out that would make a pie taste like this. It's something you've put in."—Ar o naut.

IF WILSON WINS IT IS FREE TRADE

HISTORY SHOWS THE DEMOCRATS MEAN THAT WHEN THEY TALK OF TARIFF REVISION.

NATION'S TWO SAD VENTURES

During the Polk and Dallas Administration Tariff Blundering Caused Such a Period of Anguish That One Dislikes to Refer to It—Under Cleveland a Similar Proceeding Resulted in Distress and Starvation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Twice before in our history we have had a Presidential campaign much like the present. In 1844, Mr. Polk of Tennessee was nominated for President and Mr. Dallas of Pennsylvania for Vice President on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Polk was supposed to be a low tariff man while Mr. Dallas was a Protectionist. With this ticket they thought they would be enabled to go throughout the country preaching either protection or free trade where it would best serve their purpose. In other words the battle cry was "Polk, Dallas and the Tariff of '42," which meant that while Polk was a free trader they would abide by the then existing tariff that was thoroughly repugnant to the result.

Polk and Dallas were elected, and in 1846 was passed the famous free trade law of that year made possible by the vote of the Vice President himself, who had been put on the ticket because he was a protectionist, and for 14 years we had as near free trade in this country as was possible with such hardships and times of anguish and pity that we do not like to recall them.

Again in 1892 the Democratic Party was nominated for its stated purpose to free trader Grover Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland had served a term as President but had not been able to carry out his tariff ideas because Congress was not of the same belief. He had, however, handed a large roll of bank notes to a man of the party, who counted a hundred thousand francs and handed them to a friend for safe keeping. Then ropes were placed around the bodies of each of the two men, who were hauled alternately to push themselves from the sides of the crevasse. Then after a short prayer the descent was begun, the stranger carrying the end of an extra rope.

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The Proper Retort.

At a dinner a married man praised the beauty of the Atlantic City girls. Then, with a foolish chuckle, he added:

"I had an awful bunch of them after me when I was down there on my vacation."

The lady beside him looked at him coldly and retorted:

"Dear me. They must have been an awful bunch."—Exchange.

The Better Name.

"So you are thinking of calling your baby boy Peter. I wouldn't; I'd call him Paul."

"Why so?"

"He would have a better chance in life. It's Peter, you know, who is always robbed to pay Paul."—Boston Transcript.

Proof Positive.

Crawford—Do you think he's henpecked? Crabshaw—He never mentioned it, but I've noticed that the portraits over his mantelpiece are those of his wife's folks.—Judge.

TAFT OR WILSON

REPUBLICAN VOTES WILL DECIDE FOR ONE OR THE OTHER.

BULLMOOSE EGOIST CAN'T WIN

Republicans are in the majority and will elect Taft or Wilson.

The Republican who does not vote for Taft is not merely cutting off his own nose to spite his face; he is aiming to destroy the party of Lincoln, of Grant, of Garfield, McKinley and Taft. He is approving by his vote the proposition, utterly subversive of Republican principles and of popular government, and blighting to the aspirations of American youth and manhood, that one in ninety millions is fitted to rule the American people, and that, as the Napoleonic egoist in question cannot be elected, and his puff-blower ambition gratified, the Republican party must be destroyed.

Every intelligent citizen, Republican or Democrat, knows what will happen should Wilson be installed in the White House. He is the first man, southern-born and bred, nominated for the Presidency by a regular party convention in sixty-eight years. The last was James Knox Polk, in 1844. With Wilson as President the South would flock to Washington, and every vote would be made to elect the policies of Republican administration and to eject the multitude of faithful employees, many of whom hold their places in reward for their loyalty to the Union in the struggle for the Nation's life. The Democratic majority in the present House of Representatives swept by enacting a measure providing a seven years' limit for civil service employees. President Taft and the Republican majority in the Senate would be unable to do so. The proposed Democratic outrage, and it was defeated. It shows, however, the spirit that actuates the South-dominated Democracy, and who can doubt the attitude of Wilson's electors. A similar measure would become a law.

Wilson has already promised that he and his party would break down the "tariff wall," that is, the tariff would be revised by its enemies. What Republican can stand for that?

The defeat of Taft would be the election of Wilson, and the undoing of nearly all that has been accomplished since 1890, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of lives, of billions of treasures, of the genius, the efforts, the sacrifices, in war and peace, of the American people, who led the Nation to its present height of achievement, of unexampled prosperity, and of opportunity for even the humblest to reach the highest places in the gift of the people, and for every law-abiding citizen to live in comfort, and to maintain his family in respectable circumstances.

It is for Republicans to decide whether these conditions shall or shall not continue.

THE TWO GREAT ISSUES.

"I cannot think that the American people, after the scrutiny and education of a three months' campaign, during which they will be able to see through the fog of misrepresentation and demagoguery, will fail to recognize that the two great issues which are here presented to them are, first, whether we shall retain, on a permanent basis, our present popular constitutional representative form of government, with the independence of the judiciary as a necessary key to the preservation of those liberties that are the inheritance of 1,000 years, and second, whether we shall welcome prosperity which is just at our door by maintaining our present economic business basis and by the encouragement of the tariff or by the destruction of it through legitimate use of capital."

—From President Taft's speech accepting the Republican nomination.

RELATED CONVERTS.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

Theodore Roosevelt opposed woman suffrage up to a date so recent as eight weeks ago. In his primary campaign he said nothing except that he would favor woman suffrage if the question were submitted to a vote of the women alone and carried.

And he had a respectable woman ejected from one of his meetings because she insisted upon a plain yes or no answer to the question whether or not he favored votes for women.

Hiram Johnson went out into the country campaigning last fall and he stubbornly refused to say one word for the suffrage amendment.

He is always ready to make true to his messengers. He is, 12; Jer. 1, 7-9. Those who He sends must not fear of any kind, even of verse 26, 28, 31, and the comfort to be obtained by considering even sparrows. Note in verses 37-39 the whole-hearted, self-renouncing devotion to Himself which He expects and in verse 42 the reward for the smallest service.

The "Copper."

There are two theories as to the source of the term "cop" or "copper," the familiar name for an officer of the law in the mouth of the mischievous gamin. One derives it from the letters C, O, P., central office police—the other and more usual explanation of the word is that it referred to the eight point star made of copper and surrounded by a copper ring worn by the Metropolitan police of New York in the late fifties. This badge, a huge affair, which was fastened to the buttonhole by a chain about four inches long, was later superseded by a special badge of smaller size.

For His Own Pleasure.

"I suppose your wife was more delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first."—Judge.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson X.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 8, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. ix, 35, to x, 15. Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Matt. x, 40—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

If we consider the full portion assigned by the committee for the lesson today we begin with ix, 35, "Jesus went about all the cities and villages teaching in their synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease among the people" (almost identical with ix, 23, and end with "When Jesus had said this, he came to his own country, and to his disciples, and he began to teach in their synagogues, and they were astonished, saying, 'How can he do this here? He is the carpenter, the son of Mary, and the brother of James and Joseph, and the brother of Jesus, who is called the Christ?') This is summarized the daily life of Jesus and His followers, telling of the kingdom and showing how our mortal bodies will then be affected. It seems to me that there is a great difference between teaching people how to reach heaven when they have to leave these mortal bodies and telling them of a kingdom of peace and righteousness which will last forever which we shall reign with the Lord Jesus Christ in bodies like His glorified body and never again be weak or weary or sick or die.

The work of the devil has been so long and so successful in the result of sin and the curse that it is generally accepted as the normal condition, and no other is looked for. Jesus had ever before Him the joy and glory of this kingdom of which He loved to tell and give samples of it, and, looking upon the earth bound natures who knew not of it, He was filled with compassion upon them as He saw them groveling and no one to tell them of the glory and how to get it. A plentiful harvest to be reaped, but few laborers, and He said, "I send you out as laborers into my harvest. Who will go with me?"

Therefore ask the Lord to send forth to ask the Lord of the harvest to see to His own affairs. It is His harvest, and He cares, and yet we are to ask Him to send forth the laborers. As, v. 8, He asks, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and it is for the willing ones to say: "Here am I. Send me."

The question then seems to be that of I Chron. xxix, 5, "Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?" This of our lesson seems to refer the matter back to the Lord, but there is at least this in it: We cannot honestly ask Him to send forth laborers unless we are willing to say, Here am I; send me. This seems to be implied also in what He then did, for He called the twelve unto Him, gave them power over unclean spirits and all manner of sickness and disease and sent them forth to do as He had been doing—teach the kingdom of heaven as at hand, heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils and, as they had freely received the power, so freely bestow the benefits (verses 1, 7, 8). Miracles had been wrought through Moses and Elijah and Elisha, some of judgment and some of mercy, but never before had a commission just like this been given to men, and it seems to have been given equally to all, even to Judas Iscariot. They were sent forth to do as He had been doing, and the power was His, all was of Him, and they were His messengers.

As the Father spoke through Him and wrought through Him, so He would speak and work through them. They were to be His messengers, and with them and would see to the results. So it is or should be still—God working in us to will and to do of His good pleasure (Phil. ii, 13).

The great question in any good work is generally that of funds to carry it out. He told them not to be anxious about that, as He would see to it. Matt. vi, 33, stands always, or, as some one has put it, Make them His service; let them be His messengers.

As in Deut. xx, 10-12, they were to carry every voice, leaving it to the people to accept or reject it. There was one seemingly strange thing about their commission. They were not to go to either gentiles or Samaritans, but only to Israel, and He said to the women of Tyre and Sidon, "I sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. x, 24). It was not until Israel had rejected Him and crucified Him and He was risen from the dead that He gave commission to go into all the world.

There are truths in this chapter which apply to the whole of this age, while some have special reference to the sending forth of the twelve. He is always the same, and the world will be the same as long as it has its present ruler, whom He will send to the pit when He sets up His kingdom. Those who are truly His and filled with His spirit must expect to find themselves as sheep in the midst of wolves, and for His sake persecuted, treated as He was, for the disciple is not above his Master. In emergencies, when under arrest, we can trust the Holy Spirit to speak through us (verse 20), and we should be so filled that He can speak through us as at all times. He is always ready to make true to His messengers. He is, 12; Jer. 1, 7-9. Those who He sends must not fear of any kind, even of verse 26, 28, 31, and the comfort to be obtained by considering even sparrows. Note in verses 37-39 the whole-hearted, self-renouncing devotion to Himself which He expects and in verse 42 the reward for the smallest service.

At half past 9 they left the train at Villa Heights and struck the cool autumn air with a pleasant sense of freedom in the scarcely settled community. They were merely a parcel of boys anyway and played leapfrog all the way down to the first puzzling corner of the street that ran down from the station.

"Second house from the station and all lighted up," announced Billy Lemnick as they passed a modest, rather old-fashioned cottage and stopped before a modern house that the moonlight revealed to be of stucco with a tiled roof. Every window was an oblong of friendly light and bespoke a welcome for the invading house-warmers. Late curtains veiled the interior of the rooms, but at an upper window, where a white shade was drawn, a shadow crossed and recrossed.

"Hope they haven't given us up," muttered Case as they passed in single file on the concrete walk and tipped up the steps to the piazza.

"Hardly, when he named the 9:10 as an alternative. Shall we ring him up—or sing him up?" Billy Lemnick, the practical joker of the office, turned and looked at his companions with raised eyebrows.

"Scare him up," decided Bob Oakley. As he spoke he turned the knob of the front door. It yielded easily, and after an instant's hesitation he removed his hat and tiptoed softly inside, followed by his eight companions in various stages of disapproval, compliance, uneasiness and fun loving mischief and the idea of getting a rise out of old Jimmy Pendleton.

The pleasant homelike rooms seemed quite deserted, although there appeared a certain air of expectation about the house. Flowers were grouped here and there, a card table was placed near an electric drop light and an open piano bore a sheet of music. Overhead was the sound of a light footstep passing back and forth.

"I feel pretty mean," acknowledged Case after a moment or two of consideration. "We—"

"Too late now," admonished Billy cheerfully. "Mrs. Jimmy is coming down now. I see a pink gown in the office. Only one thing to do—line up and give 'em that song Oakley composed one day when he was sick."

The nine formed a wavering line, their eighteen patent leather shoes pointed toward the stairs. They stood still and stared the dog-eared song that Bob Oakley had composed and dedicated to Jim Pendleton:

Hello, Jimmy Pendleton
And Mrs. Jimmy too!
Here's to you for me warming!
Pray bid us welcome—do—
For we are the merry
House warmers.

The merry house warmers suddenly stilled into a ghastly silence. All the jovial laughter died from their merry eyes and their patent leather shoes turned

Antiquity of Gloves.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove? Little was said of gloves in ancient times, but in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius, so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered, no less than those of the glutton in Antiquities, who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while not get in advance of his bare handed fellow diners.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 20, 1912

THE FATEFUL PRIMARY.

Next Tuesday is Primary Day—a momentous date in political history.

There is a contest on in both of the great parties. The odds seem to favor Foss, on the Democratic side, although Pelletier has gathered strength with the force of a whirlwind.

On the Republican side Benton and Walker are contending, although with less bitterness. There the odds seem to favor Walker, whose legislative record is strong.

If the Republicans could unite, as they did in Maine, the probabilities are that Walker could win the governorship. But the Progressives are going to have a candidate in election day in the person of Charles S. Bird. Will he split the Republican vote wide enough to elect a Democrat?—that's the question. Present indications do not give him the ghost of a chance of winning the Governorship for himself.

The wise strategy would seem to suggest a concentration on Walker. He was a Progressive before some of those who now label themselves as such had given thought to the meaning of the word. He is fearless, vigorous, and just. Against either Foss or Pelletier he could win.

It is time for those who desire such a result to let the "tumult and the shouting die," to sum up things sanely and calmly, and especially to give thought to the fact that a Democratic Legislature means a Democratic senator to succeed Senator Crane—probably Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston.

Broadly considered, these are the essential points in the situation. Will Massachusetts Republicans see the wisdom of doing as the Republicans did in Maine—got together and adjust their own household any differences of opinion that may exist, or will they learn the humiliating lesson that will come from a household divided against itself?

A big, concentrated primary vote will answer the question.

COMPULSORY MILITARY DRILL.

It's a pity the present School Committee did not ask the members of the Committee at the time of the disbandment of the former High School Battalion why compulsory military drill was abandoned.

Had they done so, it may be doubted that they would have reviewed it; certainly they would have received some testimony that would have caused them to be less precipitate in declaring themselves in favor of it.

Isn't that parents are being asked \$3 to \$4 per pupil for military drill and physical culture outfits, although this tax is in itself an objection; quite apart from all this, the compulsory part of the programme probably will be as objectionable to present-day boys as it was a dozen years ago.

In theory, it was supposed to strengthen muscle, develop character and cultivate patriotism. In practice it was found to do so little along any of these lines, that for two or three years before its abandonment, suggestions to that end were made in the School Committee.

The money and time expended in this direction might well be used more profitably, and we predict this fact will make itself clear as soon as the "new" wears off.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS."

The Editor of the Evening News touches a pertinent issue when he points out the latitude allowed certain growing youngsters who are permitted to group themselves on street corners and indulge in speech that shames the passerby.

One need not be unsympathetic with youth and its natural inclination to somewhat exuberant manifestations, to concur in his criticism. To pass it over with the excuse that "Boys will be boys" is to condone an unwholesome condition.

Vulgar and profane language is no necessary part of youth. Moreover, it will be found that those making use of it contaminate not only themselves but those with whom they associate.

We hear a good deal of sentimental argument nowadays for the need of a further development of the use of schoolhouses and school yards, and the extension of playground systems, but under some conditions such an argument and extensions would tend to extend a net.

A little stricter policing, coupled with a little sharper admonition from the constituted authorities, would be to the point. Within reasonable limits it is well to concede that "Boys will be boys," but let us not forget that "Boys should be boys," not street corner nuisances.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Edison Elec. Illum. Co.—Electric Show.

—Miss Anna Burdett entered Wellesley College as a student this week.

—The High School numbers 415 pupils this year, 195 boys and 215 girls.

—Mr. Cyril Silver of Lowell street is a pupil at the Hebrew Seminary, Maine.

—Mr. Stephen Bean returns to Brown University where he is a student, this week.

—Miss Marion Chalmers entered Wheaton Seminary, Norton, as a student this week.

—The Moonlight Club observed their annual roast corn supper last Tuesday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Norton are visiting their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Norton, Frances street.

—Mr. Thomas Marrinan of the Woburn Machine Company will sail from Boston for England this week.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Woodside has two Easter lilies in bloom from bulbs planted in the Spring, a rare sight in September.

—The Woman's Missionary Society of First Church had its first meeting of the year this afternoon. A letter from Miss Mary Fowle, Siras, Turkey, was read.

—The first meeting of the Directors of the Woburn Woman's Club was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George H. Newcomb, 23 Mishawam Road.

—The temperature last Sunday was oppressive and the sudden drop during the early hours of Monday morning after a copious rain and change of wind to the north was very welcome.

—Funeral services were held for Mr. Charles B. Bryant at his home, 49 Mr. Pleasant street, last Sunday afternoon conducted by his pastor, Rev. Henry C. Parker of the Unitarian church.

—Mr. William P. Brown died in Winthrop last Monday, and burial took place at Woodbrook Cemetery last Wednesday with Masonic services at the grave by Mr. Horace Lodge of which he was a member. Members of Co. K, 39th Regt. attended.

—Miss Cora Boutelle is a pupil at the Lowell School this year, and her sister, Miss Bertha Boutelle, enters Taft College. Both are graduates of the High School, class of '12, the daughters of Mr. Theodore Boutelle.

—At the reception to be given the teachers of the public schools next Monday evening by the school committee, Samuel W. Mendum, chairman of the board will give the address of welcome following which there will be an entertainment and refreshments served.

—Rev. A. A. Simmons of the Montvale Congregational church was ordained last Tuesday evening. The conference of pastors and delegates of the Woburn Association which included twenty-four churches opened at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the ordination service in the evening at 7:30. Dr. Stephen A. Norton of Woburn was moderator at the conference and made the Ordination Prayer in the evening. Rev. George H. Tilton of New Bedford gave the Right Hand of Fellowship. Rev. A. A. Simmons pronounced the Benediction.

—The funeral of Enoch H. Curtis, the victim of the fatal disaster on Thursday, Sept. 12, was held at his home, 125 Pearl street, North Woburn Sunday afternoon, Sept. 15, at 2:30 o'clock. Services were conducted by Rev. George H. Tilton of the North Woburn Congregational church. About seventy-five members from the Woburn Lodge of Elks, of which he was a member attended the service, and the burial was in the cemetery at 4 o'clock. The floral contribution from the Elks' Club, with the hands pointing to eleven o'clock. Burial was at Woodbrook cemetery.

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—Mr. J. Q. A. Brackett and family returned from their summer home at Southport, Maine this week.

—Miss Marguerite Maloney daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Maloney left this week to resume her studies at Trinity College, Washington, D. C., this being her second year there.

Flowerland.

"Flowerland" is the pretty title of the bazaar under the auspices of the Woburn Lodge of Elks which will open at Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Mass., the week of October 14th, and will be something new and unique, a radical departure from the common fair and will be filled with interesting and surprising features. Its name indicates its nature, and in the getting up of the various booths methods have been employed never used before in such work with the results that should be striking. Each of the booths around the hall will represent a flower; one the wisteria, a second the sunflower, another the rose, and so on, while the center piece will be a most elaborate and beautiful structure, typical of the four seasons, its beauty of form and color heightened by brilliant electric decorations not of the usual temporary style seen at fairs, but a part of the structure itself.

People who think they have seen everything in the way of fairs, and are tired of the sameness of the Lodge bazaar will find that this thing here is decidedly new and pleasing. The first night the fair will be opened by parade and band concert on the Common, and at eight o'clock will be officially opened by D. D. G. E. R. Judge Edward B. O'Brien of Lynn. The second night Governor Foss will attend together with his council, and on Wednesday evening invitations have been issued to Mayors of the surrounding cities including Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston. On Thursday evening the members of Woburn Lodge will entertain the near by Lodges of Elks, and on Friday evening the various contests will be drawn.

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Boston Theatres.

N. F. KRITH'S THEATRE.

One of the strongest and most brilliant galaxies of stars ever seen in one vaudeville bill is announced for B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, headed by Sam Chip and Mary McKim. Harry Tighe and his big company of vaudeville, and The Great Tornadoes from Germany. For several years Chip and Marble have been touring the circuits in a musical comedy called "In Old Edam," and thousands of vaudeville devotees have laughed at the quaint antics of the little Dutch boy and girl. This season Mr. Chip and Miss Marble bring a brand new act, written especially for them by Herbert Hall Winslow, and entitled "The Land of Dykes." John W. Dunoe, who played the old Dutch grandfather in "Old Edam," will have the part of the Burgomaster, and Sam Chip is the old man's gardener. Miss Marble is the burgomaster's daughter, in love with the gardener. This is one of the most unique and prettiest picture book fantasies ever staged, and abounds in bright lines and catchy music. Harry Tighe and his famous comedians will appear in a new college comedy, assisted by Edith Clifford, which is said to be the funniest and most original act Mr. Tighe has ever staged. The Great Tornadoes is a troupe of six aerialists from Germany, who present the most startling feat on the wire, and others to appear are the Hickman Brothers, a pair of newcomers; Lillian Ashley, a dainty singing comedienne; Helen MacMahon Trio in lively songs and dances, and a number of others to be announced later.

THE TREMONT.

"The Woman Hater's Club" the new European opera is a big hit at the Tremont Theatre, where it starts the second week of its three weeks engagement Monday night, Sept. 23d. The latest A. H. Woods offering will give the Tremont Theatre a new lease on life. The opera is a musical play to reach positive success. It is an entertainment that is too attractive to be missed by the lovers of fun and music. The American public has been badly imposed upon by many European importations that were proclaimed better than "The Merry Widow" and "The Chocolate Soldier." In the case of the new "Woman Hater's Club," however, there is no disappointment and no false promises. It sparkles like fresh champagne, it is delightfully musical without descending to the frothy appeal of ragtime and its generally insipid and consistent and inviting in its story. Its comedy is light and airy. Sallie Fisher heads a big company of 80 people, including Walter Lawrence, Dolly Costello, Joseph Santley, Lovell Canyon, and Mrs. Stuart Robson. Among the songs which are sure to become popular are "It Is Marie" and "Take Me To Your Heart." "The Woman Hater's Club" is lavishly staged and the chorus is large.

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Letter From The State Ornithologist.

THE PERILOUS LEOPARD MOTH INCREASES AS THE BIRDS DECREASE.

Do you know the leopard moth—that curious spotted creature which crossed the Atlantic in the latter part of the nineteenth century and for twenty years has ravaged the forest of cities in New York and New England? Do you know why it has recently, for the first time, begun to destroy the trees in the rural and suburban towns of Massachusetts? It is an interesting story, for it shows how difficult it is not to impracticable it is for us to control certain insect pests, how easily native birds accomplish this end, how the English sparrow has justly been called a real harm and how the decrease of native birds allows the increase of insect pests.

The leopard moth was introduced into New York City probably on some shipment of nursery stock from Europe. In its first or larval stage it is a grub or borer. The eggs are laid on the bark of the tree. When the larvae crawl out on the bark, as they occasionally do, they are very conspicuous, and the bird, especially the English sparrow, will peck them; but the English sparrow seems to ignore it. As the injury is done within the tree and as the insect attacks both trunk and branches no spray will reach it, therefore the methods of checking its ravages are too expensive to be practical as it is necessary for a man to climb each tree and find and remove every borer. In this case human labor is both costly and inefficient. The woodpeckers, chickadees and nuthatches work for nothing, board themselves and get the grubs and dances, and a number of others to be announced later.

It can not be expected that the vote in Massachusetts for president will be held together the way the Vermont Democrats were lined up for the Democratic state ticket a few weeks ago. There are many old line Democrats who are out for Mr. Taft openly and a good many more who say they will vote for the president when they get into the voting booth, but are not inviting political pressure by saying so publicly. There are also many Democrats who are with the Progressive party, though not so many today as with Mr. Taft.

Mr. Wilson's Taft Attitude. One thing which has arrayed many Democrats against Mr. Wilson is his Taft attitude. He has always been a free trader, and his present attitude on that question has not allayed the fears of industrial New England, which harbors many Democratic protectionists. There are Democrats in Massachusetts today who think Mr. Wilson is very far from being sure of election, though two months ago they believed he had a mortgage on the presidency. That doubtful feeling seems to be growing rapidly.

Mr. Wilson being a southern man by birth and feeling, falls naturally into the free trade attitude. That has always been the general southern sentiment, and he comes naturally enough by his low tariff views. His efforts to show that any revenue tariff in order to yield the requisite revenues for government support must be high enough to protect home industries is hardly in accord with his views before his entry into active politics and does not convince manufacturers that he is a safe man for president.

The Foss-Pelletier Scrap. The Foss-Pelletier contest is losing none of its interest. It is noticeable that Mr. Pelletier is quite bumptious and places a large estimate upon himself. Some of the friends of Governor Foss wished to add to the galaxy of nations and so suggested that Pelletier have a joint debate with John R. Murphy, one of the old war horses of the Democracy, upon the respective records of the governor and the district attorney. Mr. Murphy made the proposition, but Mr. Pelletier sneeringly replied that the governor should not send a boy to do a man's work, and that the friends of Murphy should know "on what meat doth this, our Caesar, feed; he hath grown so great." Certainly John R. Murphy might be regarded as a foe man worthy of the steel of any district attorney Boston has had in recent years. No doubt Mr. Pelletier would prefer to meet Governor Foss himself, as a less formidable antagonist.

As the light stands today the governor has made heavy inroads into the Pelletier support in the last week or so. The declaration of the Democratic leaders that they can win with Foss but that with Pelletier the result would be exceedingly doubtful has certainly impressed the Democratic rank and file. The average Democrats are much intent on nominating a winning ticket, more so than on naming some particular candidate. It looks more like the nomination of Foss today than a week ago, and the tide had begun to turn his way even then.

The Literature of the Campaign. The campaign has not been marked for any literary achievement on the part of any of the parties; nevertheless, there is a deep feeling of inquiry apparent everywhere, and this is to some extent manifested in the demand for campaign literature.

The Republican club of Massachusetts is sending out a considerable amount of such literature to city and town committees throughout the state, and to others who ask for it, whether individuals, clubs, or other organizations. Among this literature is the platform adopted at the Republican national convention in Chicago, June 22d. There is also along the tariff line a speech of Senator Hoar of Idaho, delivered in the United States senate last May. This is one of the elaborate analyses of the protective tariff and has had a large readership. Another document is the letter of Theodore Roosevelt to Conrad Kohrs of Helena, Mont., written from Oyster bay in 1908, incorporated in the speech of Congressman Campbell of Massachusetts made last June in the national house. This letter was a laudation of William Howard Taft after Mr. Taft's nomination at Chicago, four years ago. It is a complete endorsement of the present Republican candidate for president. Another document is entitled "The truth about those delegates" and is the statement of the Republican national committee on the contested delegates in the Republican nation 4 convention of last June. This statement and a small abstract published under the same title states the position of the national committee.

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FOSS LEADING OVER PELLETIER

Democrats Having the Contest of a Decade For Governor

FIGHT OF FACTIONS FIERCE

Many Democrats Likely to Vote For Mr. Taft—Campaign Literature Already Being Distributed Through the State

Undoubtedly Republicans are feeling rather more confident today over the political situation in the state than they have for some time. One reason for this is the fact that Prof. Woodrow Wilson is not arousing much vital interest here. It is quite true that he cannot expect to get the votes of the foreign born citizens of many races. It is said by Italians that he will not begin to get the usual Democratic vote cast by citizens of Italian birth or extraction. The Polish voters are reported to

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Office at 434 Main Street.

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VOL. LXII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1912.

Entered at the Postoffice at Woburn, Mass., Post Office No. 46.

NO. 46

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a. m., 2:45, 3:45, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 p. m.

From New York direct 7:00 a. m.

From Worcester, Lowell, Stoughton, and Northern
via Worcester, 10 a. m., 2:45, 5:30 p. m.

From the North, direct, 7:45 a. m., 9:40 p. m.

From Burlington, 7:45 a. m., 9:40 p. m.

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Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-
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For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Worcester, 8:45
a. m., 9:40 p. m.

For Lowell and Stoughton, 7:45 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

For Worcester, 7:45 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7:45 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

Business Routes 7:45 a. m., 1:15, 2:45 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.

Money order office open at 7:30 a. m., close 7:30
p. m., Saturday 8:00 p. m.

Registry Division open at 7:30 a. m., close at 4:30
p. m., Saturday at 8:00 p. m.

Money Order and Registry Division not open on
Sundays or Holidays.

SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9:30 to 11:00 a. m.

Mail distributed from Boston, via Boston
10 a. m.

Mail collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.

Mail closes at 4 p. m., at box outside the postoffice.

Mail collected on holidays, 4:00 p. m., throughout
the city.

EDWIN E. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

LOCATIONS.

11 Middlesex Leather Co., Court St., Private.

12 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.

13 Cor. Main and Clinton St., Central Square

14 City Almshouse.

15 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.

16 Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.

17 Junction Kim and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.

18 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.

19 Junction Marlboro and Lexington Sts.

20 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.

21 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.

22 Cor. Ebbett and Bedford Sts., (Cummingsville)

23 Cor. Ebbett and Bedford Sts.

24 Cor. Win and Bedford Sts.

25 Cor. Sturges and Beacon Streets.

26 Cor. Milwau Road and Washington St.

27 Junction How and Washington Sts.

28 Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.

29 Montvale Ave. opp. Green Street.

30 Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.

31 Central St. opp. Schoolhouse (Montvale).

32 Salem St., Walnut Hill.

33 Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.

34 Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.

35 Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.

36 Eastern Ave. opp. Jefferson Ave.

37 Fowle St. near Highland Station.

38 Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.

39 Main Street near Ash Street.

40 Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.

41 Cone St., P. A. Loring's Factory.

42 Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.

43 Cor. Green and Madison Sts.

44 Main St., opp. Salem St.

45 Cor. Main and Park Sts.

46 Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St.

47 Main Street, near Calhoun's Shop.

48 Cor. High and Prospect Streets.

49 Cor. Warren and Chicago Streets.

50 Cor. Main and Ruby Sts.

51 Main St., opp. Catholic Church.

52 Cor. Pleasant and Union Sts.

53 Merrimack Chemical works, North Woburn.

54 Washington Street, opp. Cambridge Street.

55 Pumping Station, North Point. (Private.)

56 Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)

57 Bees & Cobb and J. F. Crane's Factory. (Pri.)

58 Main St., opp. J. F. Crane's Factory. (Pri.)

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100 Main St., opp. J. F. Crane's Factory. (Pri.)

GEO. A. CAMMALL, AUCTIONEER

492 Main St., Woburn

Personal attention given to sales any-
where in the State.

Best results guaranteed.

Who Set Us Right?

A Bad Beginning With a
Fair Ending

By EDWIN L. SHEPARD

I was sitting in my private office

on the door opened and in walked

a seedy individual without being an-
nounced. A clerk stood in the door-
way and had evidently tried to stop

him without success.

"Never you mind, young man," said

the intruder. "Frank Steadman and I

are old friends, aren't we, Frank?"

I looked at him curiously, but could

not place him. I was about to order

him out of my office when a memory—

a painful memory—came up and

checked me. Could this degraded look-
ing creature be Stevies?

"Leave him with me," I said to the

clerk, who retired and shut the door.

Then I said to the man, "What can

I do for you?"

"You don't remember me?"

"Are you Joe Stevies?"

"Yes."

"A dozen years have changed you."

"Not for the better, either."

"Well, tell me the object of this

visit."

"It's a good while since we kept

books side by side at Ackley's, since

when you have gone up the ladder and

I have gone down. I've thought you

might help me to a small share of your

winnings in the game of life.

"Hatter I should turn you over to the

police."

"I'm not afraid of your doing that.

If you were ever going to do it you

would have done it at the time of the

deficiency. Besides, you wouldn't wish

to have it all come out now, would

you?"

I sat thinking. Ten years before I

had been a young man with a young

head on my shoulders and a young

man's heart in my bosom. The first

warm flush of love had come upon me

a love that stirred noble impulses and

in me called out what was inad-
visable. Add to this inexperience, a

complication, and the result is obvious.

Joe Stevies, Arthur Dittmar and I were

clerks with the same concern, Clara

Dittmar, Arthur's sister, and I had just

become engaged. Stevies, who was

born of the crown of his head to the

sole of his foot, corrupted Arthur Ditt-
mar and involved him with himself in

the business. Stevies appropriated funds

of the firm, making a cat's paw of Ditt-
mar for the purpose, and I, learning of

Dittmar's situation, tried to help him

out. The result was what might have

been expected. Stevies threw the

blame on Dittmar, and I lifted it from

Dittmar's shoulders and put it on my

own. I have explained so far as pos-
sible what prompted me to do so. The

shock that the revelation young Ditt-
mar's trouble would cause his sister

was the principal reason, but my ef-
forts to help her brother had involved

me, and, though perfectly innocent of

any wrong, I would be smirched and

seriously handicapped in my future

career. I was just coming of age at

the time and, receiving an inheritance

sufficient to make up the deficiency,

sunk it in the hole. When it was all

done I saw no necessity or advantage

in telling Clara about it. I did another

foolish thing in deceiving her as to my

inexperience, permitting her to suppose

that it was lost in speculation.

Clara and I were married, and in-
stead of going into our own home or

boarding our nest egg we began life in

a boarding house. Nevertheless, being

married to a woman who turned out to

be a good manager, with my faculties

concentrated on one object, I advanced

rapidly. I was inclined to take risks,

and they all turned out well. The con-
sequence was that a few years before

reaching middle age I was in business

for myself and worth some money.

"You mean," I said, referring to Stevies' last word, "that you want money. It seems to me that I am the last man you should come to for that."

"You're the only man I have to rely on for it."

OVER A PRECIPICE.

Nerve Racking Experience of a
Hunter in the Tyrol.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Perils the Daring Adventurer Braved
to Rob a Golden Eagle's Nest of its
Spent and the Anxious Hours He
Spent Dangling in Terror in Mid Air.

"How can you rely on me? I took

your written assurance, though it didn't

seem necessary since you were the

